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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

TREMAINE MISS MARIE
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THE FRONT PAGE

We Are Not At War Now

IT IS true that the wartime emergency is not over, and that it would be a disaster if the practically complete sovereign authority which the Dominion has been exercising owing to the state of emergency were to come to an end immediately and its powers were to be reduced to what they are in times of quietude.

Nevertheless it is equally true that the war itself is over, and that in one vitally important respect the processes of government should now revert to normal. There is no armed foe anywhere in the world carrying on hostilities against the Canadian people, their armed forces, or their allies. The need for extreme secrecy and for extreme rapidity of action, which existed while we were facing an armed foe, has therefore disappeared.

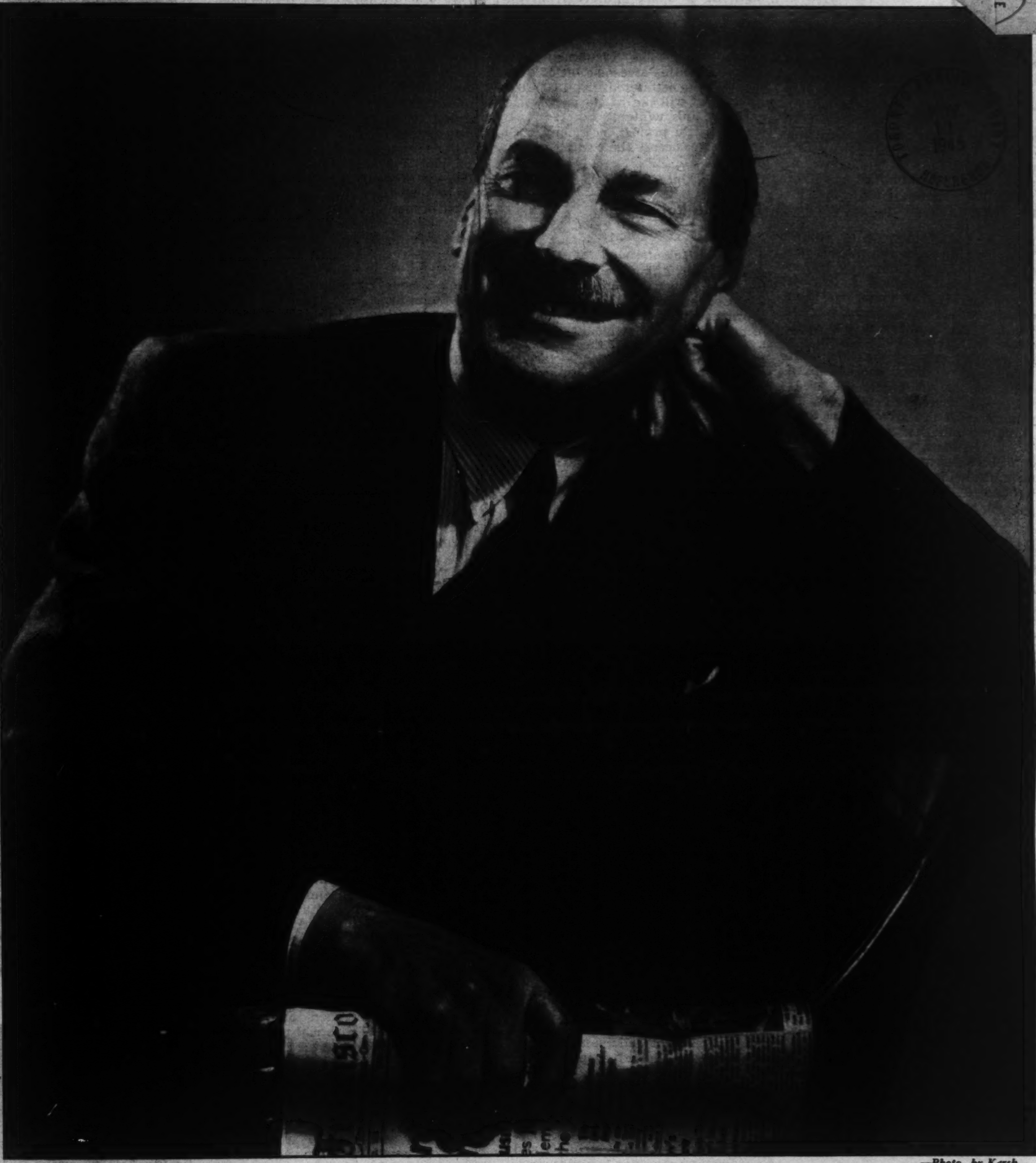
All secrecy about the actions of government, except in so far as it is necessitated for concealment from an enemy or a potential enemy, is contrary to the essence of parliamentary democracy. So is excessive rapidity of action, if it involves a lack of due consideration by the elected representatives.

It follows therefore that when a parliamentary democracy is no longer in conflict with an armed enemy, its affairs should cease to be managed by orders-in-council drafted and passed only by the cabinet and not by Parliament. It follows even more that such orders-in-council as continue to be indispensable should not be held secret for a single day. The demand of Mr. Bracken, supported by the entire Opposition side of the Commons, for the early production to Parliament of all orders-in-council passed since the session commenced is absolutely reasonable and proper. The Government objection on the ground of an alleged excess of clerical work involved is neither reasonable nor proper. The practice of making carbon copies is well understood at Ottawa, and when an order-in-council is typed for the signature of the authorized officers it should always be accompanied by another copy for transmission to Parliament.

We have, we must confess, been gravely disappointed in the behavior of the Government in these respects since the surrender of Japan. It appears to be unable to shake off the habits and methods of administration which were excusable and to a degree unavoidable in face of the enemy, but which are entirely avoidable and quite inexcusable when the enemy is no longer there. Governments of all party kinds and in all countries are liable to this persistence of habit, and this is one of the reasons why a wise democracy usually dismisses a wartime government as soon as possible when the war is over. The Canadian Government, by a dexterously timed election, secured for itself another five years of power just before the war ended, but its behavior is being far more jealously watched by the electors now than when their whole attention was directed to Mussolini, Hitler and Hirohito. The public is far from confident that the difficult business of conversion from war to peace economy, and of the disposal of war assets, is being managed throughout in a way of which it could approve; and its distrust is intensified by everything that can be construed as an effort at concealment. A timely frankness, in the production of all relevant information so that Parliament can give it proper consideration, is absolutely essential if the Government is to retain the confidence of the people during this most difficult period.

Japanese Problem

IT IS fortunate that shortage of shipping, and possibly a certain willingness on the part of the Dominion authorities not to be hurried in a distasteful task, have enabled Canada to avoid up to now the final step in the deportation proceedings concerning persons of Japanese race. The more clearly the Canadian public has realized the nature of the step demanded by certain of the British Columbian politicians and newspapers, and especially the fact that it includes in many cases the cancellation of Canadian citizenship, the wider has become the protest against it, and it now includes a considerable number of influential daily and weekly newspapers, headed by the Winnipeg *Free Press*. There is at last some solid reason to hope that the deportation will not be carried out. The best course that its opponents can take to achieve that end is to influence public opinion in their own communities towards offering a hospitable reception to any peaceable and law-abiding Japanese who desire to settle there, thus relieving British Columbia of the problems which admittedly arise from their concentration in one province.



—Photo, by Karsh

Prime Minister Attlee is expected to address Canada's House of Commons and spend two days in Ottawa during his visit to this continent for discussions with President Truman and Mr. King on atomic energy.

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What is Religion?

THERE'S a lot of talk about a revival of religion. "What is the universe?" asked Eddington a good many years ago. His devastating answer, "Probably a vortex in the ether," becomes more devastating when the best evidence seems to show that the ether is probably nothing. A whirl in nothing!

And so some scientists are beginning to see that if there be any reality whatever it must be beyond neutrons, atoms and other invisibles which at one moment may be "mass" and at the next "energy." Perhaps, they admit, there is a God, a Creative Purpose, an Absolute, towards which human intelligence may strive.

Editors also are talking. Since atomic energy can be harnessed to destroy man and all his works, what can be done to wipe out the Will to Destroy? A way of life built on selfishness has been followed by mankind since the dawn of creation. It has brought

(*Continued on Page Three*)

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Fate Of The White Collar Man; Manitoba Vote; About France

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

SINCE reading your editorial "Bumping Ceilings" in your issue of October 27 I am struck by one particular sentence and wonder on what you base your claim. The sentence reads as follows;—"The policy of the Government, and of the nation, is that everybody should get as nearly as possible what he was getting before the war, plus any necessary increase due to war influences on the cost of living and minus whatever contribution the tax policy calls on him to make towards the cost of the war."

In the case of the "white collar" worker earning more than $3,000 per annum his salary is not only frozen but he was not granted a cost of living bonus. If this bonus had been granted it would have been converted ultimately into salary, as has been the case with those under $3,000.

In my particular profession, that of banking, we have worked long and hard hours to handle the great increase in volume of business, to say nothing of the tremendous task in handling nine Victory Loans plus two War Loans. We have been ground between high taxes, willingly paid, and an increase in living costs of around 19% with nothing to offset.

Ottawa, Ont. TERIBUS

Must People Starve?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

PERMIT this rural Canadian to compliment you upon your editorial of October 6 entitled "UNRRA and You".

In my opinion, UNRRA has been doing a fine job, under conditions of unusual difficulty. Unfortunately, once the "tumult and the shouting dies" there is a widespread tendency for purse-strings to be drawn tight. After all, 1 per cent of the contributing nations' income in a given year is a comparatively trivial burden in contrast to the war expenditures of the past six years.

As I understand this financial mechanism, it would call for $1,350,000,000 from the United States (annually) and $72,000,000 from the Ottawa treasury. So, in the grim circumstances across the liberated countries of ravaged Europe, it is decidedly disappointing to see that, at the same moment in which President Truman called upon the Congress for a second "annual contribution" to UNRRA'S vital work, a balance of $550,000,000 of the original U. S., contribution had not yet been formally appropriated, at October 11.

Food, fuel and clothing are at the core of the UNRRA effort. There is a time element in this vast humanitarian job which we dare not lose sight of — apart entirely from the wisdom behind the phrase: "He gives twice who gives quickly."

In the editorial columns of my home paper, The Chatham *Daily News*, I see this awesome bit of comment: "It is estimated that 13,000,000 Europeans will die of starvation and exposure this winter!"

I desire to protest, now, any such loss of lives across the coming winter months.

Chatham, Ont. THE GOOD SAMARITAN

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The Manitoba Vote

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WRITE to commend the excellent editorial, "Labor Politics", in your issue of October 6. Your comment on the effect of the C.C.L.-C.C.F. political tie-up has been substantiated in the recent Manitoba election.

The membership of the C.C.L. affiliated unions in this province largely increased during the war—notably among the aircraft, cordite and packing house workers. The C.C.F. vote has also largely increased, as a consequence of the endorsation of the C.C.L., and the corollary agreement that the members of the C.C.L. unions should vote for C.C.F. candidates.

Winnipeg elects ten members at large under proportional representation. The vote on the first count shows:

C. C. F.	29,872
Liberal-Coalition	23,221
Conservative-Coalition	10,226
Independent	8,309
Labor Progressive	6,953
Social Credit	630
Socialist	222

The quota to elect, 7,222. Mr. Farmer, the C. C. F. leader, received 11,237 first choice votes, 4,015 over the quota. In 1941, as a cabinet minister, he received 2,249 first choices; and in 1936, 1,969 first choices. Whence the great increase? The answer is: The C.C.L. union-instructed vote concentrated largely on the leader to ensure his election, which being done, his surplus helps elect other candidates on the slate.

But, as you envisaged, there is a debit as well as a credit side to this arrangement, as the results in the rural districts clearly show. What was gained in the urban vote was lost in the rural—and more than lost—as owing to our inequitable electoral distribution, a rural vote has several times the value of an urban one.

In a radio talk, during the campaign, in criticizing the C.C.F., I cited your editorial, and urged that trade unions should not endorse any political party, but should support those candidates who have proven themselves to be tried, tested and true friends of labor.

Coalition of the Right has come to stay in Manitoba. The C.C.F. is the official opposition. A stronger and more united opposition is badly needed. The ineptitude of the C.C.F. is the greatest obstacle to achieving it.

LEWIS ST. GEORGE STUBBS,
Independent Member-Elect
for Winnipeg
Winnipeg, Man.

A Defence of France

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

LONG residence abroad has instructed me in the baneful effects upon foreign sentiment which are often produced by the printing, especially in high-class publications, of such contributions as the letter entitled "France's Leaders" signed by Maurice B. Bodington.

It strikes me as monumental hypocrisy for Anglo-Saxons to vilify France because she yielded slowly and reluctantly to our pressures after 1919 and so found herself disarmed materially and spiritually, when war came. Biologically weakened, if not ruined, by World War I, she strove desperately for national and collective security, first by endeavoring to retain a portion of her own armaments for defence against a Germany whose General Staff and industrial planners were already known to be cautiously preparing a war of revenge; and, secondly, by vainly striving to build up collective security.

Misunderstood by the Anglo-Saxon nations, though supported by the fear-stricken neighbors of Germany, her policies were denounced by our press and our public as militaristic and imperialistic right up to Hitler's *Einmarsch* into Rhineland in March, 1936. Every Canadian delegate to Geneva who mentioned the subject to me from 1925 to 1935, revealed the same obsession. Since your correspondent hails Mr. Churchill as "wise beyond his generation," let me quote only one of that great statesman's unheeded warnings. In the House of Commons in 1934 he exclaimed: "The awful danger, nothing less, of our present foreign policy is that we go on perpetually asking the French to weaken themselves. There is nothing to be said for weakening the Power on the Continent with whom you would be in alliance."

In a Genevese garden in June, 1931, Dr. Sugimura, the Japanese diplomat, then Deputy Secretary-General of the League, explained to me why the Disarmament Conference, scheduled for February, 1932, must be, fundamentally, "a conference to disarm France". It turned out to be more or less that, in spite of the fact that in Manchuria and China Japan was already waging the first campaign of the second World War, and that Nazism was taking over the Reich. As late as the spring of 1934, after Hitler had been in power for sixteen months, Louis Barthou's refusal to subscribe to German re-armament provoked an outpouring upon France of the vials of wrath of British and American pacifists and pro-Germans, lay and clerical.

In the following October, Barthou, the last great Foreign Minister of France, was assassinated at Marseilles. I heard a Canadian representative exclaim: "He should have been killed twenty years sooner!" Had de Gaulle's project of a mechanized and offensive army been accepted by the French Government, foreign clamor would certainly have denounced France more loudly than ever. President Roosevelt himself had demanded the suppression of "offensive" weapons. I may add that the President of the Disarmament Conference, honest, pacifist Arthur Henderson, shortly afterwards confessed his error to his friend, Sir Norman Angell, by acknowledging that in the nature of things Security would have to precede Disarmament. In other words, he rallied to the "security thesis" of France and her supporters, now essentially vindicated in the Charter of the United Nations.

Unhappily, it was then too late. France, almost emptied of young men, and with an industrial potential equal to only a quarter of Germany's, utterly dispirited and under the ban of Anglo-Saxon opinion, turned to appeasement under Laval at the close of 1934. After the German re-occupation of Rhineland, in 1936, she was cut off from her friends in Central Europe, and condemned to helpless passivity. At the Quai d'Orsay the daily quip became, "Any orders from London"?

Under such conditions, foreign propaganda and conflicting pressures (whether Fascist, Nazi or Communist) tore the nation asunder and left her generals, politicians and people hopelessly disoriented. Hence "Munich", the War and the inevitable collapse. Even had her titular leaders been above reproach, her fall could have been only briefly postponed. It has taken the Big Three several years to break the might of Prussianized Germany. Nevertheless, in the six weeks before the Armistice, 135,000 French soldiers were slain in fighting for our common cause, a fact which our valued "free press" has never brought home to the people of Britain, Canada or the United States.

S. MACK EASTMAN,
University of Saskatchewan.
Saskatoon, Sask.

NOTE: Dr. Eastman served the International Labor Office at Geneva as Chief of Extra-European Studies. EDITOR.

Scottish Herring Catch Is Staple Food For Europe

Despite wartime perils of mines and submarines, Scottish herring fishers continued to bring in their catch, for fish caught off the British Isles formed an important item of Britain's wartime diet. Now of course, the fleets of "drifters," as the herring boats are called, go farther afield—like the crew below, hauling in their catch somewhere on the Dogger Banks.

Cured, the herring are packed for shipment to home and foreign markets.

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

wars and more wars; final catastrophe is just around the corner.

Therefore, they admit, perhaps the Golden Rule of doing as you would be done by is the only hope of the world. Nobody can follow that rule (as Jesus said) unless he be born again. And that means Religion in mass production, spiritual concepts in a material world, reverence, self-mastery, humility. The Editors re-read the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans and see with alarm that our society is not too different from that of Rome two thousand years ago—"All unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things; disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful."

COUNTRY SUNDAY

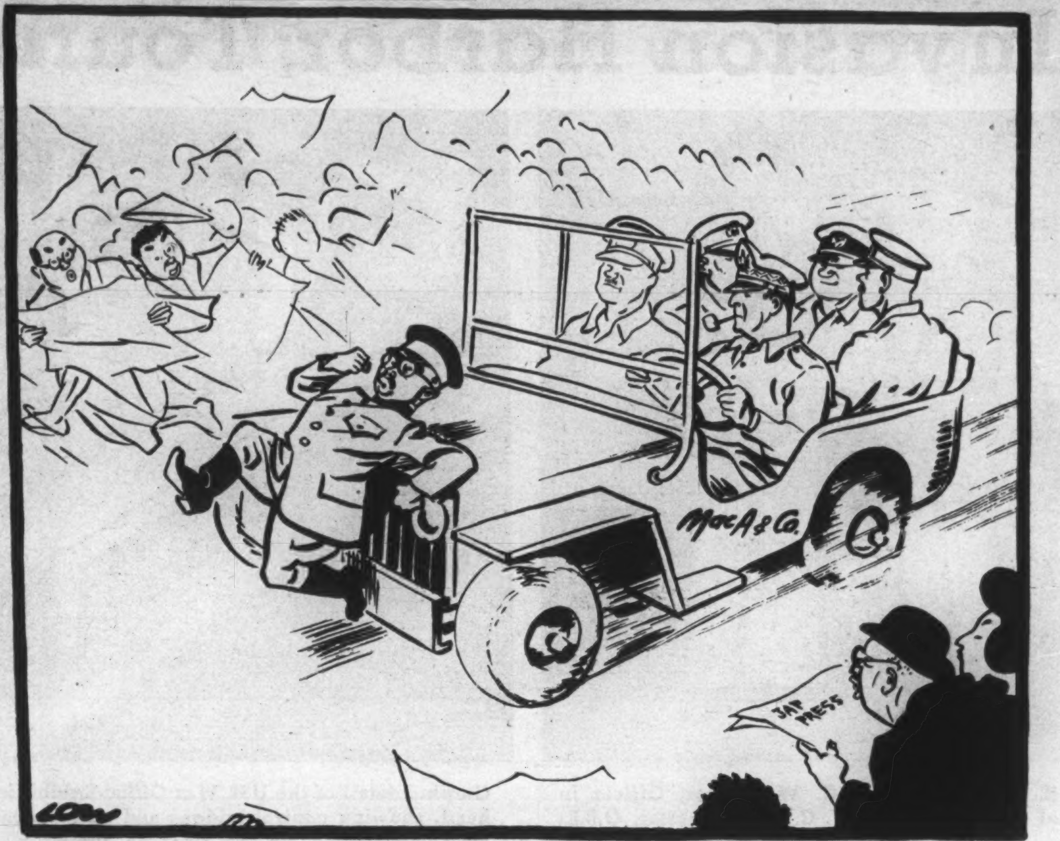
OH, quiet and lovely this last autumn day
Thinning out into winter! Here,
As the few final leaves come down, rustling russet snow,
And the russet pulpwood matches the river to shore, —
Here, for a few hours, peace, O peace, come in—
Steep out the week's tight wrinkles in the brain,
Discussions leading nowhere, hopes false after all,
Old human ills not cured by many doctorings;
Blot for the brief day too
Even gallant plan and careful resolve made
To try again tomorrow — yet again — weighing
Each word, each move of eye and finger even,
Lest unwilled they work for worse.
Just for today, before the long winter falls
Crushing the brittle leaf, binding the stream,
Let this pale clear peace lie on us — we on it —
Let tomorrow untie the intricate knots of care.

Anne Marriott.

In a word, the Editors are scared. Perhaps there is a God, a Creative Purpose, an Absolute, towards which human intelligence may strive.

The Churches are talking. But are they getting down to the root of the matter? Are they content to forget small differences of method, petty argument about creeds and rituals, sour pride in what they think, childish contempt of what others may think? Are they playing as a team or as individual cliques? Are they doers of the Word and not hearers only? Are they going out into the highways and hedges and compelling people to come in?

They believe that there is a God, a Creative Purpose dominating the life of man. Are they reaching out towards him in penitence inviting the spiritual dynamic that changed a swearing fisherman into a Christian martyr and the founder of a Church, that made-over a blasphemous tinker into John Bunyan, that has set thousands of young men seeing visions and as many old men dreaming dreams? For let it be remembered that only by the love and labor of saints and poets long dead came the small measure of true civilization which we enjoy.



SON OF HEAVEN LEADS WORLD TO DEMOCRACY! FACE! BANZAI!

Copyright in All Countries

Alaska Highway

WE HAVE received from numerous sources testimony which convinces us that we did inadequate justice to the Alaska Highway when we described it, a few weeks ago, as "never anything more than a fairly good tote road over which only very heavy trucks or primitive ox carts could travel with anything like facility."

Mr. Richard Finnie, author of "Canada Moves North", and a life-long student of our northern development, writes that at the time of its completion as an all-weather artery two years ago it was throughout its 1500-odd miles "as good as any other gravel road anywhere, and better in grades and alignment than any other road of comparable length on this continent". Chief Justice Harvey of the Alberta Supreme Court writes that he motored with Major-General Foster, Commissioner for Northwest Projects, for 900 miles from Whitehorse to Dawson Creek, and found it an excellent road for a trip which averaged 35 miles an hour, but was often much faster. "I have never travelled over a road other than a paved road which was in better condition for motor traffic. In many places it was quite as good as any paved road."

These testimonies do not touch the point that the road, owing to its climatic conditions and drainage difficulties, will be a good deal more costly to maintain than the ordinary road of similar quality, and that traffic will necessarily be light owing to its distance from any large population. The question of financing its upkeep is a very live one in Western Canada at the moment, and there are even proposals to turn over to American sovereignty a strip along the whole length of the highway in exchange for territorial adjustments in our favor at boundary points. This "corridor" idea is scarcely likely to appeal to either nation, but the Whitehorse *Star* advocates as an alternative a long lease with the United States bearing most of the upkeep cost. Obviously the chief value of the road is for the purpose for which it was constructed—as a link between the United States proper and the American territory of Alaska. Canada is glad to provide the territorial facilities for this link, but is scarcely in a position to provide much of the cost of its maintenance.

Capital Planning

THERE has been considerable protest by Canadian artists, with Mr. Lawren Harris notable among them, against the Prime Minister's project of placing the task of replanning Ottawa in the hands of a non-Canadian. The argument is, in essence, that the proper designing of a national capital involves the expression of characteristic national qualities, which the foreigner cannot possess. Other arguments are used by the baser sort of campaigners which we can only describe as much more protectionist, but with these we need not concern ourselves, any more than Mr. Harris does.

We should like to feel able to join this campaign, for many of the persons engaged in it are among our best friends and the most able and unselfish promoters of Canadian art. But we are not convinced by the argument of Canadian self-expression, and in artistic matters the purely protectionist argument we find revolting. Does the designing of a planned capital require that its author should be a native? Is it the kind of art task for which the hereditary possession of national qualities of character is necessary, and the mere ability to understand and sympathize with them, as the perceptive outsider can, is of no value?

Did the Americans make a mistake when they confided the planning of Washington to a Frenchman, the Australians when they confided that of Canberra to an American?

Town planning is an art in which the practitioner grows in skill as a result of experience. It is not the fault of the potential planners whom we may have among native Canadians, that they have had no opportunity to acquire experience; that is the fault of Canadian governments. It is true that we might make Ottawa a first opportunity for one of them; but if they are to practice, is it wise to let them practice on the one city which above all others should be the work of a skilled hand? And since none of them have done any planning—in the sense of carrying it out in an actual city,—how are we going to determine which of them shall perform this tremendously important task? When inviting a foreigner we need consider only his artistic achievements; when selecting a Canadian we have to ask whether he is to be an English-speaking or French-speaking one, a Torontonian or a Vancouverite, a Social Crediter or a C.C.F.-er.

Ottawa surely deserves a *great* town-planner. And how many *great* town-planners are there in the world?

Annulment Business

WE ARE awaiting with breathless interest the outcome of the rivalry between Mr. Duplessis, Attorney General of Quebec, and Mr. Justice Forest of Montreal, as to which shall be the true upholder of public morals and the sanctity of marriage. Mr. Duplessis, as we noted a few weeks ago, undertook to exercise his right to intervene—somewhat as the King's Proctor does in a British divorce court—in all cases of annulment of marriage, most of which seem to get into Mr. Justice Forest's court. Mr. Justice Forest threw out Mr. Duplessis (in the person of course of his representative) on his first appearance by claiming that intervention by any third party in a suit must be written and not oral. But the Attorney General can write, so the rebuff is only temporary. The *Gazette* calls it a snub.

The marriage was duly annulled, on the ground of lack of parental consent. Plaintiff was a French-Canadian in the merchant marine, who married a Nova Scotia girl twenty years old, in Nova Scotia, before a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, whom the judge took occasion to reprimand for not questioning the applicants as to their civil status. The plaintiff raised the point that his "wife" had deserted him and gone to live with another man. The judge described this as a "grievance", which seems odd if she was not his wife anyhow. The case was naturally not contested, by anybody except the Attorney General, who as we have noted was thrown out.

On the same day Mr. Justice Casgrain annulled the marriage of a French-Canadian girl to an English-speaking Protestant, performed by a Protestant minister in Montreal. The annulment was granted on the sole ground that the man refused to keep a promise to have the Protestant marriage "regulated" by a Catholic ceremony, which was held to constitute "error as to person". There was no contestation, and the Attorney General, while represented, did not intervene. It will be interesting to find out in due time which of these annulments the Attorney General thinks should be appealed and which he accepts as valid.

The Passing Show

JOSEPH CHRZASZEZ, mechanic of Montreal, Carolina Chrzaszez, wife of Alvin Gordon Hale of Montreal, Stephanie Frances Chrzaszez, typist, Frank Chrzaszez of the Canadian army, Henri Chrzaszez of the R.C.A.F., Edward Chrzaszez of the R.C.A.F., and John Walter Chrzaszez have applied to change their family name to Cross.—Quebec *Provincial Gazette*.

Well, it was a heavy Chrzaszez to bear!

•

Sir Stafford Cripps warns the world that the atomic bomb can bring civilization to an end within the lifetime of today's generation. This, of course, presupposes that there will be some civilization to bring an end to within the period mentioned.

•

A New York financial paper announces a newly invented television camera tube which is so sensitive that it can pick up things entirely obscure to the human observer. As an initial test, it could be tried out on Comrade Stalin's foreign policy.

•

From President Truman's declaration that the atomic bomb secret will be retained until nations are prepared to outlaw it, we gather everybody will have to be satisfied with throwing the old fashioned stuff at one another for the time being.

•

Objecting to the time wasted in the House of Commons, a writer says that some M.P.s will talk hours at a stretch and think nothing of it. It is likely that most of their listeners are thinking along the same lines.

•

Middlebrow Oratory

Our Correspondent makes complaint
That in the House of Commons now
The breath of Poetry is faint.
Few Members sport the lofty brow.

Not that they have a lowbrow style!
(That thought should perish at its birth!)
With facts and figures they beguile.
Of Art there seems to be a dearth.

That is to say, they're middlebrows.
(Virginia Woolf first used that word.)
With few quotations do they rouse
The Speaker. (Poor long-suffering bird!)

A line of Tennyson or Pope,
A drift of Scripture now and then,
That's all. Let no one ever hope
For Blake or any Modern men.

And as for Homer, Cicero,
Theocritus, Euripides—
The classic periods never flow
From lips political, with ease.

So What? is our urbane reply.
Our Members take from us their law.
As middlebrows we live and die,
Free from the *Ars Poetica*.

J. E. M.

•

Caption in SATURDAY NIGHT:

AT WHAT AGE SHOULD
A CHILD BE INTRODUCED
TO MUSIC STUDY?

In self defence, we would say that the atomic age would be appropriate.

•

Judging by the spectacular array of ties now blossoming on the display stands of our departmental stores, we advise our male readers to prepare for the worst this coming Christmas.

•

"Often a mere trifle causes young married people to fall out", writes a columnist. They must learn that they can't have their trifle and throw it, too.

•

An epidemic of dog-fleas reported from Toronto should keep the little tykes happy. They now have something to do on Sundays.

•

Dr. Clifford Adams, of the Marriage Counselling Service, Pennsylvania State College, says that the United States is the most married and divorced nation in the world. A kind of Fifth Freedom (not mentioned in the Atlantic Charter.)

•

The latest washing machine for domestic use is described as "the complete laundry". With the difference, we hope, that all the shirts put into it do come out again sooner or later, and in one piece.

•

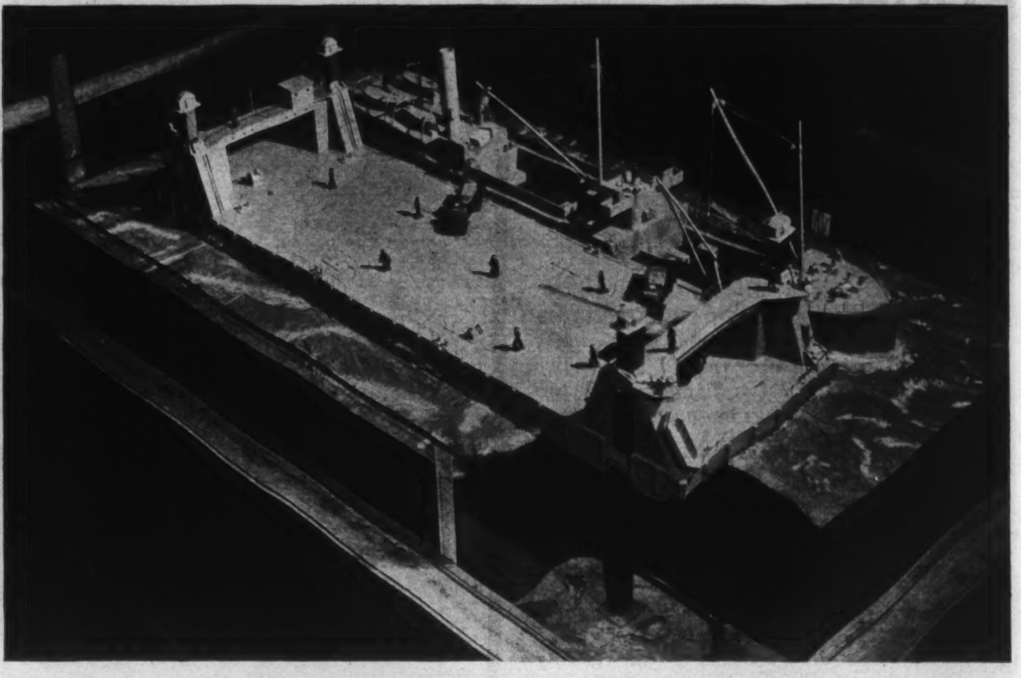
Headline in British Sunday paper:

GOERING BELIEVES
IN LIFE HEREAFTER

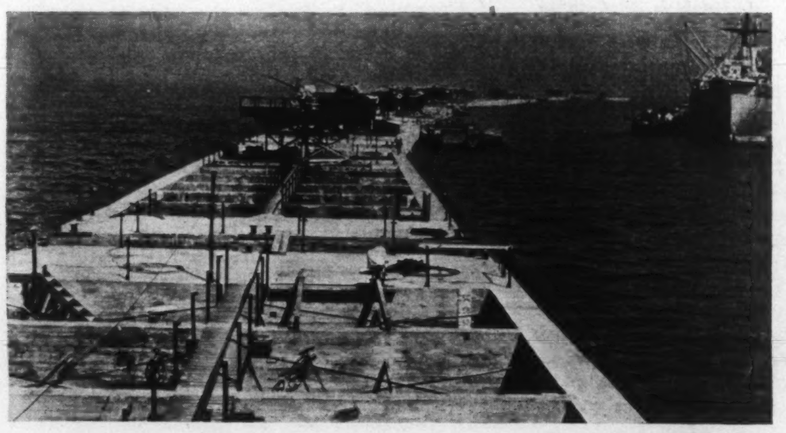
He must have had a vision of fat in the fire.

"Mulberry", Invasion Harbor, Touring Canada

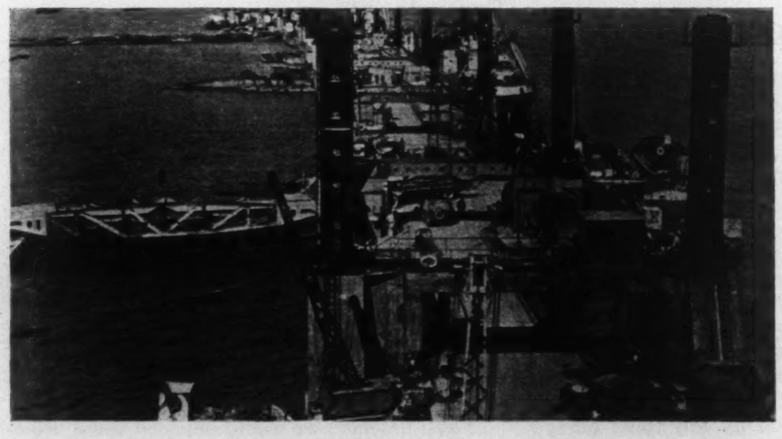
War Office Party on tour with "Mulberry": (L. to Rt.) Lt. Col. C. W. Glover, Officer in charge of Exhibit; Mrs. M. C. Lancaster, personal assistant to Col. V. C. Steer-Webster, O.B.E., Chief of Mulberry Mission to Canada, who stands next; Staff Capt. F. H. Greatrex.



Graphic detail of the U.K. War Office Exhibit is this working model of spud pontoon pierhead, showing control bridges and ship unloading. Model is cut away to show how great steel legs rested on sea floor to steady platform which rose and fell with the tides.



Looking along a group of 7,000-ton concrete caissons sunk off Arromanches to form an effective breakwater. Note A.A. guns.



A view of the pierheads during unloading operations. To the left the "floating roadway" stretches out towards the shore.

By Margaret R. Kirkland

CANADIANS have a special interest in the exhibition of "Mulberry", the U.K. War Office model of the prefabricated harbor used in the Allied liberation of Europe, now touring the Dominion and at present on view at Simpson's in Toronto, November 6-24. For the floating port, known by this code name, had its origins in Dieppe.

Dieppe proved that men could not storm heavily defended beaches in frail landing craft—no matter how great their numbers or how valiant their hearts. Even where such landings were conceivable on less heavily defended beaches, the vagaries of the Channel weather made the subsequnt build-up and maintenance of the force so risky without adequate ports that some alternate course was sought.

"Thus the plan emerged to assault the beaches where the defences were lighter," said Col. V.C. Steer-Webster, O.B.E., Chief of the Mulberry Mission to Canada, "and—to take our harbors with us."

So the brains and hands had to be found to build a harbor that the liberating armies could take with them and set up at sea. "Mulberry," born of British engineering genius and Canadian sacrifice—is that harbor.

The model, now on its tour of twelve principal cities in the Domion, is the identical large-scale replica used by the Allied Chiefs of Staff in planning the real invasion. The pierheads manned with anti-aircraft guns, the geat flexible steel roadways constructed to rise and fall with the tide, the concrete caissons and breakwaters formed of gallant sunken ships—all are shown in this exhibition.

By early 1943, tentative models had been secretly constructed in a room in the War Office in London. And in the autumn of that year, some 100,000 British workers were organized in ports, harbors, factories and shipyards all over England to construct and complete "Mulberry" in seven months.

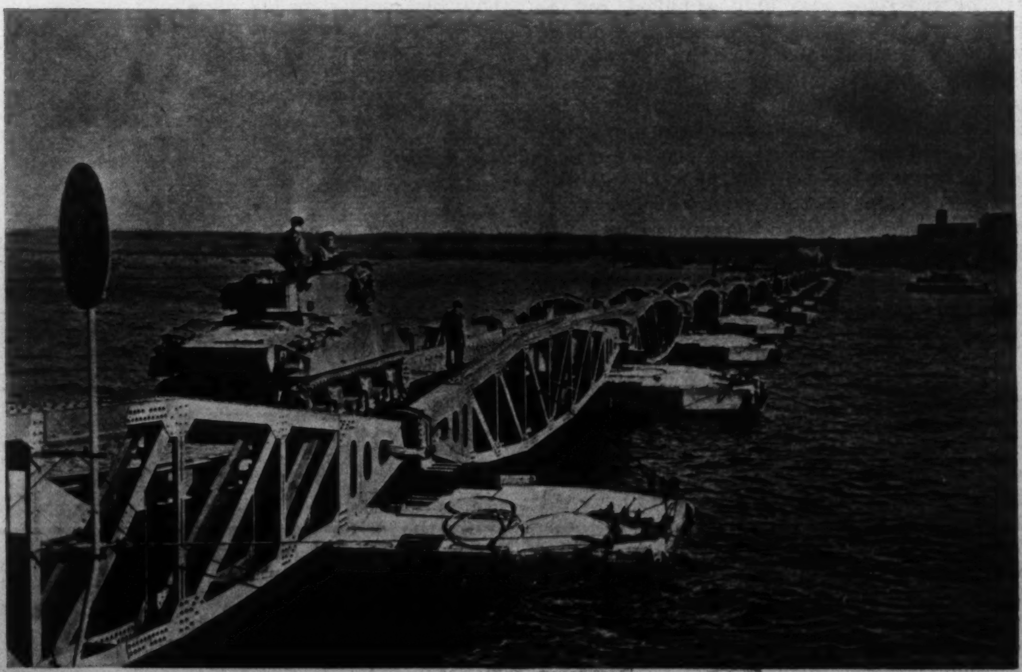
BY D-Day the mighty harbor was assembled in selected gathering points throughout Britain for the journey to France. Over six miles of piers and causeways went to sea in 480-foot sections, the total comprising 50,000 tons of fabricated steel work. Each of the pierheads was manned with a crew who lived on the pier, travelled across the Channel with it and operated the mechanism which lowered the great legs of the pier to the sea floor to make it a steady landing platform. Each one of the 150 concrete caissons forming the breakwater were as huge as a five-story apartment block and weighed 7,000 tons. The whole port, weighting approximately 1,000,000 tons, was towed across the sea by the Royal Navy, and when placed in position enclosed an area two miles long and one mile wide. It survived, on D-Day plus thirteen, a June gale of winter ferocity—the worst to blow up the Channel in 40 years—and bore the liberating armies and their amunition and equipment ashore until the fall of Antwerp.

From the moment the harbor was placed in position off the French coast and men and supplies began to pour ashore, every phase of the operation was followed step by step, on the basis of signals to and from Normandy, in the secret operations room at the War Office, where a relief map of "Mulberry", built to exact scale, was located.

How successfully the harbor functioned can be told best in figures. By D-Day plus 10, 500,000 men and 77,000 vehicles had been landed. By the end of July, the total had reached over 1,600,000 men, 340,000 vehicles and 1,700,000 tons of stores.

Incidentally these same caissons are serving today as a dike to hold back the sea at Walcheren in Holland, replacing those destroyed by the Germans when they flooded this area in their unsuccessful attempt to check the Allied advance. The job of towing caissons, weighing from 2,500 to 7,000 tons, this great distance, speaks volumes for the ingenuity and resourcefulness, available now for peacetime reconstruction.

For the visitor, a trip through the Mulberry Exhibition provides an unforgettable picture of one of the mightiest constructive operations in the world's experience—a British invention, British designed, built with British material with British labor. And yet without Dieppe the harbor might never have been born. Canadians whose husbands, sons and brothers marched safely across the miracle causeway into Normandy know that the men of Dieppe marched in spirit with them.



Close-up of "floating roadway" showing first tank ever to land from the LST Pierhead.

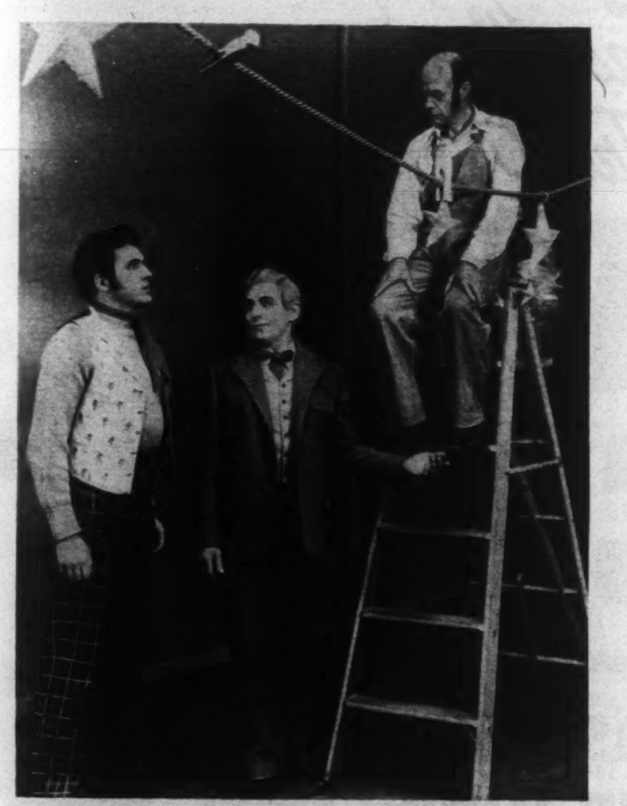
Mulberry was used not only to take ashore supplies and men, but to evacuate the wounded.

"Carousel", Smooth Blend of Song and Fantasy

Skylarking Julie Gordon and Carrie Pipperidge take a tongue-lashing from Billy's boss, but Billy (John Raitt) gets fired.

His love for Julie (Jan Clayton) arouses in Billy his first sense of responsibility.

But it's typically misdirected, and Billy loses his life, staging a shipside holdup. Here he lies in death surrounded by neighbors.



But restless Billy isn't content "Up There." He succeeds in wheedling a 24-hour visit to earth from "The Heavenly Friend" and the "Starkeeper."

By Don Stairs

"CAROUSEL" is the Theatre Guild's latest musical hit. Canadian visitors to New York are recommended to include it in their theatrical or musical itinerary, not overlooking, of course, "Oklahoma" or "Bloomer Girl" for they are all surcharged with toe-tapping melodies.

The book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II are based on Ferenc Molnar's fantasy "Liliom". Richard Rodgers has woven into the bizarre narrative some of his most tuneful and lilting melodies. Agnes de Mille was in charge of the dances and the direction of the superb cast and the whole production was supervised by Rouben Mamoulian.

The narrative of the play revolves around episodes in the life of Billy Bigelow on earth and "Up There". The curtain rises on him as a lusty, amorous, quick-tempered and irresponsible vagabond in the role of barker for Widow Mullin and her merry-go-round. His conduct with two skylarking mill-hands, Julie Jordan and Carrie Pipperidge, on the Carousel arouses the Widow's ire and he loses his job only to be rewarded by Julie chucking hers too and casually taking up life with him. Shortly thereafter Julie's announcement that she is to have a baby drives Billy to an ill-timed and amateurish shipside hold-up in order to provide his child's patrimony but a revolver shot ends his tempestuous career.

As he lies in death, surrounded by Julie and seaside neighbors who have thronged to the scene, there enters a strange gray wraith, "The Heavenly Friend" who, invisible to them all, bids Billy arise. Arm in arm they depart for the celestial "Up There". Julie bears him a daughter, Louise, but Carrie in marrying the "refined" and "bewhiskered" Mr. Snow legitimizes the large brood which he sires.

Billy meanwhile "Up There" finds celestial time passing rapidly. He pleads with the "Heavenly Friend" and the "Starkeeper" to be permitted to re-visit the earth and his daughter when she reaches the age of fifteen. He is granted twenty-four hours. Before he goes he purloins one of the stars from the Starkeeper.

But Billy, back on earth, is plagued by his impotence to bridge the years and his paternal relationship as he talks to Louise, and in an evil temper strikes her, only to be made instantly invisible again.

Canadians will be able to hear excerpts from the music of "Carousel"; they will be included in a program over the Dominion Network of the C.B.C. on Sunday, November 18, at 8.30 P.M., E.T.

But Louise, his daughter, now 15, cannot believe he is her father, and Billy, in a rage strikes her, only to be made instantly invisible again.

Much of the opera's charm lies in its colorful ballet, tuneful and lilting melodies. Here the waif, Louise, is high-hatted by the respectable brood of once-wild Carrie.

The seaside setting offers opportunity for dances like this Hornpipe, led by Annabelle Lyon and Peter Birch. The latter was acclaimed this year's outstanding dancer in musical comedy.

How Will Canada Pay For War and Peace?

By REX FROST

Canada's military participation in the First World War, plus immediate reconversion, cost $1.69 billions. The Second, $18.44 billions.

In this, first of a series of three articles on War Costs and Taxation, Rex Frost drawing comparisons between the two financial situations, avers that low cost industrial and agricultural production provides the keynote for the continued high national income that will ease the problem of liquidating Canada's present heavy burden of war.

AROUND the end of the 19th century Dominion Government budgets averaged about 50 million dollars a year. A substantial portion of such expenditures took the form of capital investments—canals, public works and buildings. Nevertheless, at the turn of the century, Opposition leaders were campaigning against what they termed "government extravagance." Fifty million dollars in a twelve month. . . outrageous spending!

Until the First World War came along, Canadians thought of public finance in millions of dollars. Yet during that war Canadians subscribed a total slightly over one billion dollars in Victory Bonds. So the billion became the new 20th century Canadian standard of financial obligation. With the coming of peace, finance ministers began to talk about half-a-billion dollar budgets. Nowadays we speak glibly of the billion as normal budget currency. We live in an age when numerals followed by long strings of cyphers mean little or nothing to the average man. Our mental gymnastics have been eased somewhat in that government bulletins quoting public finance omit the last three or six noughts making the financial hurdles appear less formidable.

It is difficult for any citizen of our community fully to comprehend the buying and spending worth of One Billion Dollars—it's a figure beyond the concept of our normal standard of values. A mechanic paid $1 an hour on a 48-hour-week basis would have to work without interruption 400,000 years to earn a billion. A Canadian agriculturist, farming 100 acres annually and continuously with wheat, if that were possible, could gross a billion dollars in about 300,000 years, at present average yields and prices. In the higher income brackets, a billion dollars is almost equally incomprehensible. It would pay the salary and sessional indemnity of the Prime Minister of Canada for nearly 40,000 years. . . . that of the President of the United States for 13,330 years.

Dominion Government expenditures since Confederation provide a colorful illustration of the progress of financial reckoning. In the 46 years, 1868 to 1913, Federal budgets aggregated 2.5 billion dollars. World War No. 1 and its first two reconversion budgets saw total expenditures of 3.3 billion dollars in six years. During the 19 years of uneasy peace, 1921 to 1939, Federal appropriations were 8.7 billions. Meaning that Dominion Government budgets from Confederation until 1939 grossed 14½ billion dollars. The 1939 to 1945 conflict has cost Canada 18½ billions so far. In the last six years the federal government has appropriated more money than its predecessors spent in the prior 72.

It is interesting to recall that our participation, financially speaking, in the 1914-18 war-to-end-war was a relatively economical undertaking, compared with Canada's more recent experience. In the following table (next column) are some interesting comparative figures.

Less Than U.K., U.S.

Canada's share in the cost of cleaning up Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito works out at less per unit of population than in Britain or the United States.

Britain's war bill to date—£20,457,000,000, roughly 90 billion Canadian dollars, is the equivalent of $2,000 for each citizen of the "tight" little island.

The Treasury of the United States has appropriated $235,800,000,000 on war account, or $269,000,000,000 Canadian dollars, thus rating the American contribution at $1,996 Canadian dollars per capita.

The War Bill of each of these three Allied nations will however, be very much larger before it is finally liquidated. The peace time costs of war have to be considered. If past experience means anything, these peace time war costs likely will run appreciably more than those of the conflict itself. That at least was Canada's experience following World War No. 1.

Between 1920 and 1939, the Ottawa Government paid out 2 billion dollars in interest alone on war borrowings, a figure which exceeded the original cost of the military struggle. Pensions to service men and next-of-kin accounted for another 700 million dollars. Soldiers' civil re-establishment, costs of the War Graves Commission and numerous sundry items provided the federal government with an added bill of 550 million dollars between the two wars. In fact, these peacetime costs of war continued with persistent regularity to constitute a substantial proportion of federal budgets deep into the 1930's. In 1933, $178 millions of a total budget of $531 millions were on World War No.1 account. By 1936 the wartime hangover appropriation had dropped to $158 millions.

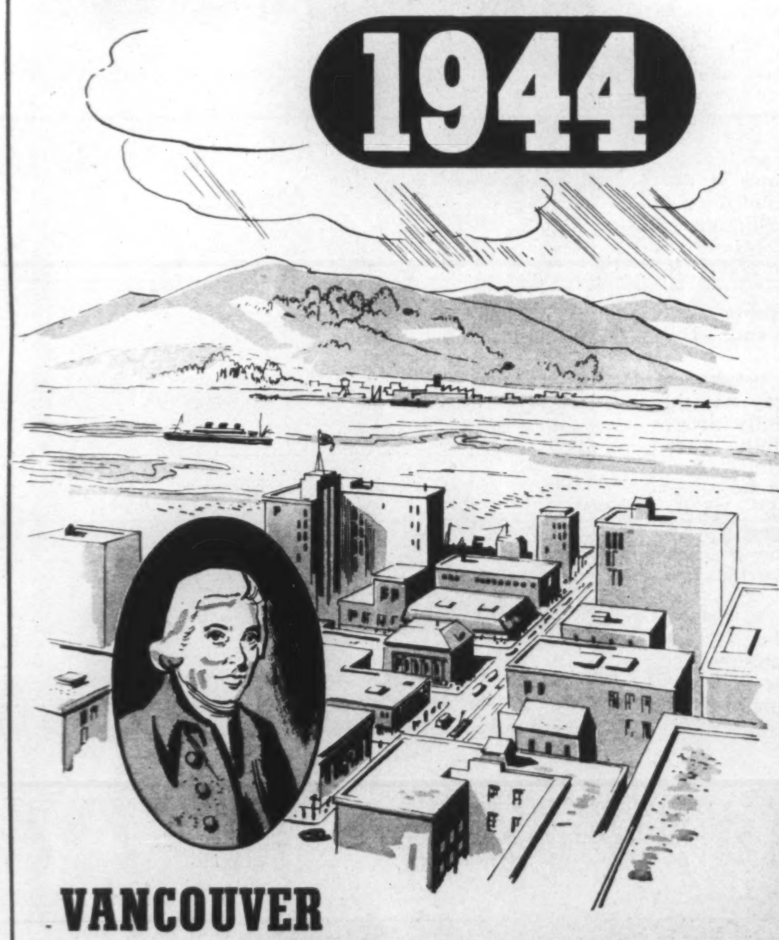
As late as 1939 Ottawa passed special "enabling" legislation to borrow $100 millions to finance maturing Victory Bonds. Nearly two decades after the cease-fire bugles sounded,

	WORLD WAR NO. 1	WORLD WAR NO. 2
First year	$ 63 millions	$ 778½ millions
Second year	175 "	1,382½ "
Third year	331 "	3,789½ "
Fourth year	394 "	4,679 "
Fifth year		4,453½ "
Sixth year		3,365 "

Total War No. 1 cost	$953,000,000
1919	537,000,000
1920	208,000,000
Six year total cost	$1,698,000,000
Cost per capita	$200.

Total War No. 2 cost	$18,448,000,000
1946	???
1947	???
Six year total cost	$18,448,000,000
Cost per capita	$1,727.

Wing Commander E. C. Cross, whose appointment as Chief of the Royal Ontario Museum's recently established Division of Museum Extension, has been announced. Mr. Cross's duties will involve the editing of the Museum's news releases and interpretative accounts of its researches. Prior to his enlistment in the Royal Canadian Air Force, he served as Acting Curator of Mammals in the Museum.



Pages in Canadian History

VANCOUVER
—Canada's Gateway to the Orient

IN 1944, Vancouver—Canada's gateway to the Orient—celebrated its 58th birthday. Named after Captain George Vancouver, the first white man to chart Canada's western coast, Vancouver today is the largest city in British Columbia and the third largest in Canada.

In the same year, the New York Life Insurance Company entered its 100th year having successfully completed 76 years of business in Canada. During this period the New York Life played an important role in contributing to the economic development of Canada's Pacific Province, and has helped lay the foundation for the tremendous developments that lie in store for British Columbia. To thousands of British Columbians, the New York Life has assured security and financial independence.

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the Canadian Government had to raise $13,000 an hour to cover interest on war bonds—another $6,000 an hour for pensions and civil re-establishment, plus a further $3,000 for sundry costs of war—a total of $22,000 an hour for peacetime charges of a conflict in which Canada's active participation abroad 20 years earlier had worked out at $47,000 an hour.

Summarising our overall costs of the First World War, we find Canada paid:

For actual participation and immediate reconversion — 1914-1920	$1,698,000,000
To finance peacetime costs— 1921-1938	3,250,000,000
Total	$4,948,000,000

Of this total, about $4¼ billions had to be financed between 1921 and 1938.

The figures may be better understood and related to more recent war costs by considering them alongside the national income. Canada emerged from the first war with an estimated gross national income slightly over 4 billions a year. Postwar inflation and prosperity however, swept it to a new high of 5.2 billions in 1929, followed by a depression that slumped the figure as low as 2.8 billions in 1933. Between the two wars however, we managed to average 4.1 billions a year, practically maintaining the wartime income level through the following 20 years of peace.

It is worth noting that Canada's 1914-20 war bill represented five months' proportion of the national yearly income. The total war cost, including the 20-year aftermath accounted for 16 months. With the outbreak of the Second World War and its accompanying surge of production, Canada's national income mounted rapidly above pre-war levels. Reaching an estimated high of 9.5 billions in 1944, it averaged 7.5 billions over the entire period of the conflict, nearly twice that of the first world war.

On this basis, recent war expenditures may be rated at the equivalent of 29 months of our estimated national income during the combat session. As a matter of interesting comparison, a prominent English economist calculates Britain's wartime expenditure to be 34 months of the wartime national income—that of the United States as 27 months.

At the present moment it is virtually impossible to forecast prospective postwar costs with any degree of accuracy. The starting point for analysis of the immediate outlook is that Canada will emerge from the reconversion period with about $12 billions of funded debt on world war No. 2 account. This is practically 12 times as great a load in dollar value as we assumed following the first conflict. The national income being however, materially higher now than in 1920, reduces the net present impact of the debt to about seven times its previous weight. Withal, it's a staggering load.

High National Income

Fundamentally, the crux of the whole postwar financial situation depends upon our ability to maintain national income at, or close to, its present high level. It is from this taxable source that the war bills are to be paid. Maintenance of national income depends primarily upon production—the higher we can keep production, the easier it will be to meet the war bill and the lower will be the relative taxation rate necessary to cover commitments.

Following World War No. 1, the expansion of machine power in both industry and agriculture facilitated lower-cost mass production and made possible the continuance of a high national income level. Low-cost production is essentially the keynote of today and tomorrow in both these spheres of endeavor—a large proportion of the world beyond Canada's borders is hard up and cannot afford to pay high prices for the manufactured goods and farm produce we would sell them.

The current demand of labor for higher wages with less work does not fit into this immediate postwar picture, unless it can be shown that higher wage scales and shorter hours, combined with more scientific machine output, can ultimately result in lower costs of production.

In these days, every Canadian might well consider what would be his personal family position if he found himself confronted with a debt the equivalent of 29 months' previous earnings. A nation basically is composed of a large group of families, and what is true of each component family should be true also of the nation as a whole. The natural impulse of the head of a family in debt would be to get out and dig, to work just a little harder and longer to bring in the extra revenue.

Added impetus to this goal of debt reduction might well be gained from mental absorption of a sentiment recently expressed by a German economist who, with Teutonic bluntness, visualized that Germany eventually could win the postwar economic and financial struggle because, as he put it, "We Germans are not afraid to work hard and live frugally."

This statement is virtually a challenge which Canadians, heavily in debt, and wanting to compete for world business, cannot afford entirely to ignore.

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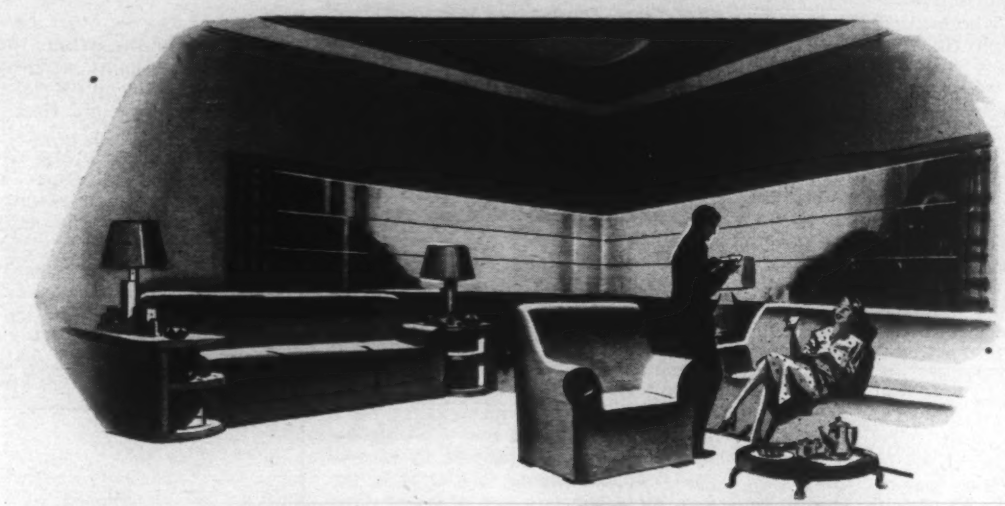
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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Despite Criticism, the Senate is Useful and Can Be More So

By **WILFRID EGGLESTON**

THE Senate has been making the headlines lately. This is partly due to the appointment last June of Gerald Grattan McGeer. It is an ancient grievance of the Upper Chamber that its deliberations do not get the public attention they deserve. Not all senators, however, are welcoming the contributions of Senator Murdock who on October 25 said:

"Thank high Heaven for the appointment of the honorable senator from Vancouver-Burrard. The common man may now get a square deal."

This spontaneous tribute was evoked by Senator McGeer's notice of motion calling for postponement of any increase in the sessional indemnity of M.P.'s until tax relief was given persons in the lower income tax brackets, dependents, homeowners and judges.

Senator McGeer drew further public attention to the Red Chamber at a political gathering at Ottawa in which he was reported as recommending that senators be elected by the people instead of being appointed by the Crown (i.e. by the incumbent of the office now held by Mackenzie King). The Senate would be more powerful and more effective if it had to face the electors periodically, said the senator from the Pacific Coast, adding for good measure that the Upper Chamber seemed more concerned about the welfare of banks and insurance companies than such social welfare measures as old age pensions.

Objection

Exception was quickly taken to these observations. Hon. J. J. Bench rose the next day to submit that these remarks "cast a definite slur on the integrity of every gentleman who sits in this honorable chamber."

"And lady" added another senator.

Other headlines were provided by Senator Murdock, who sought to read into Hansard a portion of an article in a popular magazine on an alleged "used-car racket" to which was linked a reference to a "nationally known senator." This cryptic and somewhat derogatory reference was later explained by the senator obviously indicated, who pointed out that he had acted as counsel for a company charged with practices contrary to regulations of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, and asserted that the facts themselves did not lend themselves to any charge of anything derogatory to the honor of the Senate, to the honor of a senator nor to the honor of a member of the bar. The fact that a lawyer was appointed to the Senate did not thereafter bar him from taking a brief to defend an accused person, even in a case involving infringement of a government regulation.

Incidents like these are adding to the sensitiveness of the Senate to public opinion. A defensive attitude can be sensed from current debates. This is curious, because the present membership of the Upper Chamber is well above the average, as can be demonstrated to some extent on a statistical basis. (It may be objected that it leans very heavily to Liberal party appointments, but that is the inevitable consequence of having the Liberals in office 20 out of the past 25 years, and has no particular relevance on the point of general qualifications).

There are in the present Upper House no less than 14 former Dominion Cabinet Ministers, 48 with previous experience in the House of Commons, many of them with additional experience in Legislative Assemblies; 16 others have been provincial premiers, provincial ministers, legislative party leaders or members. Others have been mayors of large cities. These figures compare very favorably indeed with some analyses made by Dr. R. A. Mackay in 1926 of Senates going back to 1889. As a revising Chamber for legislation, it could be contended that this Senate is one of the strongest since Confederation.

Criticisms of the Senate, made by the public on the outside, or by Senators like "Gerry" McGeer from the inside, change very little through the decades. They point out that it has too little to do, and is always adjourning. That it is composed of elderly and even infirm people. That it is ultra-conservative. That it is tender about the rights of property. That, in Senator McGeer's language, "the senators are appointed for life, and with a comfortable plush-lined chamber to sit in; it is the finest old-age pension in the world". That it compares unfavorably with the U.S. Senate. That it acts as a brake or block on the Commons which seeks to express the direct will of the people.

Ancient Criticisms

Most of the Senators have reached that time of life when the consolations of philosophy are available to them, and they may take comfort from the reflection that these objections are very old, and that despite the fact that people are always talking about Senate Reform, nobody, in the end, does much about it. In the classical work on the subject, "The Unreformed Senate of Canada," Dr. Mackay observes: "The reform of the Senate has been in the air almost since the federation of 1867."

Much of the casual criticism of the Senate is based on a shallow skimming of newspaper opinions and reports. Some of it is voiced in complete ignorance of the useful work the Senate performs. Frequently well-meant proposals for reform completely ignore the function the Senate was deliberately given at Confederation. The elective system was carefully explored and rejected. Mackay contends that to make the Senate elective would be to invite a struggle for power out of which the Senate might well emerge as the more powerful body, as it is in the United States. The Canadian constitution, based on the British Parliament, intended otherwise. The Canadian Senate was to be a protector of provincial rights and the rights of minorities, and a revision Chamber for legislation. It was to give the Canadian electors the advantage of a "second thought." It was to be free from immediate political pressure, able in an independent and judicial way to safeguard the interests of persons and property.

Not everything has worked out exactly as the Fathers planned, but impartial historians looking down the years seem to agree that by and large the Senate has become the kind of body that was contemplated. That is not to say that it is perfect or that reforms are not only feasible but highly desirable. The Senators themselves are at times severely critical of their own position. They become restive at the persistent pattern of each session: long periods of inactivity at the beginning, and then an unholy mass of legislation — sometimes appallingly drafted—flung at them in the dying hours of the last week.

Study National Problems

One suggestion that is repeatedly made is that the Senate should study national problems. It has the leisure and the ability to make valuable contributions to vexatious issues. A practical beginning is the Campbell inquiry into the administration of the Income Tax. Hon. W. D. Euler has been made Chairman and the committee is setting at its task with enthusiasm. It has been suggested that the Senate should study election reform, proportional representation, the single transferable vote.

Another very thorny problem with which we shall be faced in a year or two is redistribution of seats: without adequate reform we are handing Quebec another first-class grievance. The Senate contends, too, that much more legislation should be introduced in the Upper Chamber, that Paul Martin might have been invited to come over and introduce his Citizenship Bill into the Senate. It is largely the Government's fault if the talents of the Red Chamber are not more adequately employed.

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is the time to review your Will

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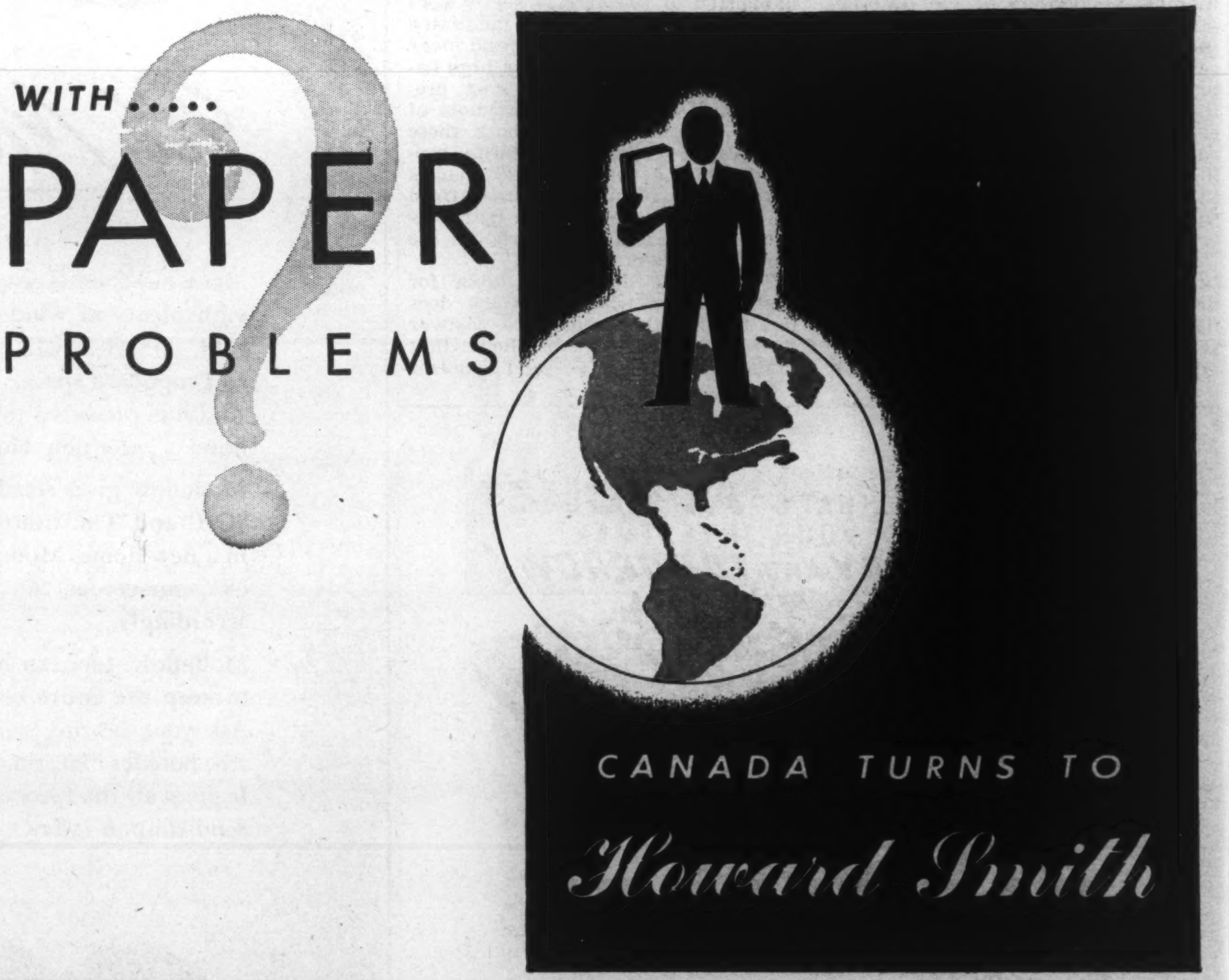

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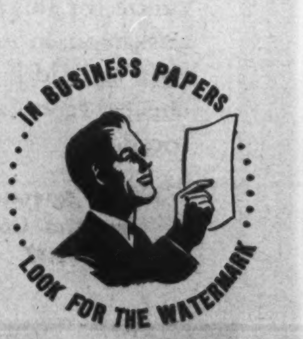

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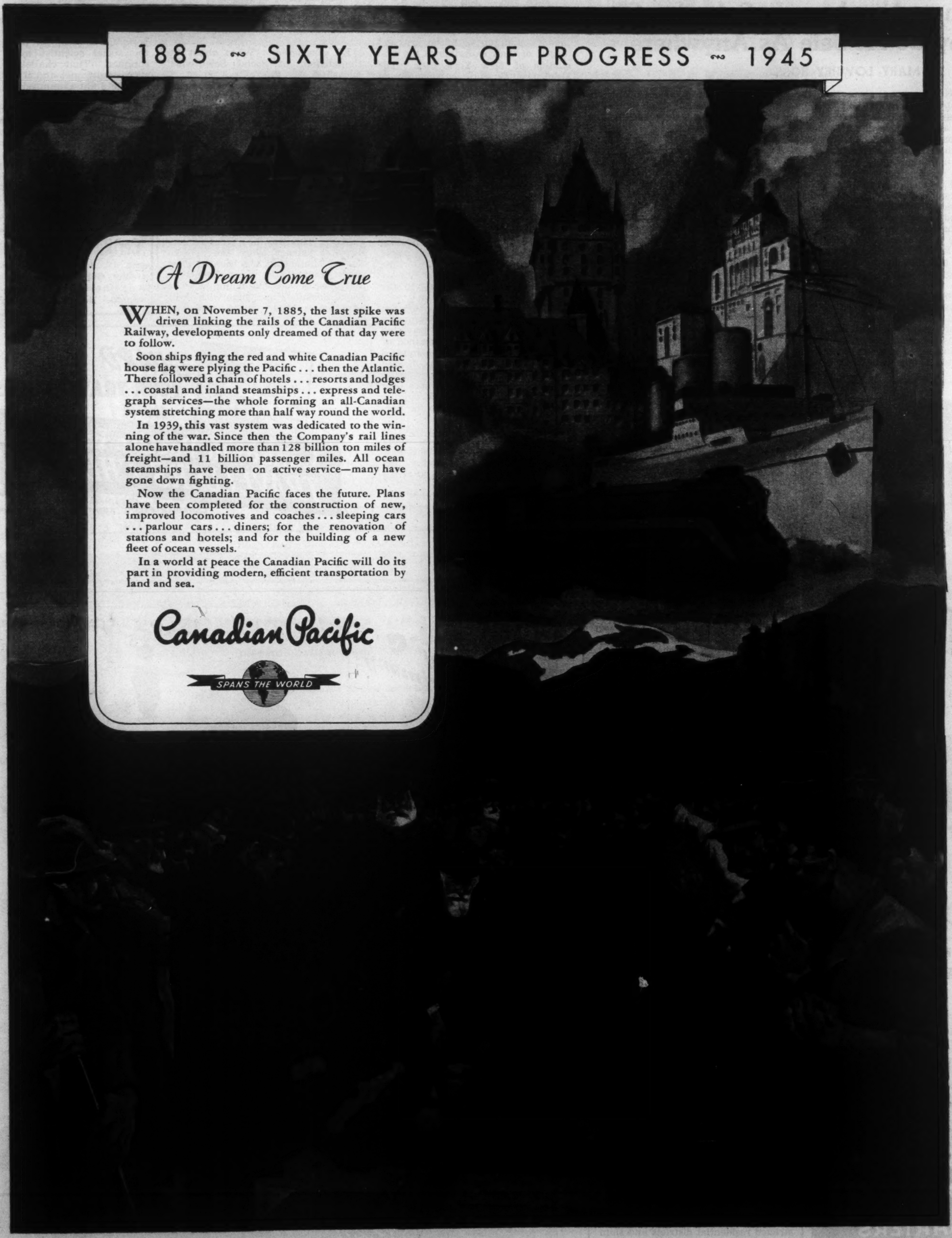

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WHEN, on November 7, 1885, the last spike was driven linking the rails of the Canadian Pacific Railway, developments only dreamed of that day were to follow.

Soon ships flying the red and white Canadian Pacific house flag were plying the Pacific . . . then the Atlantic. There followed a chain of hotels . . . resorts and lodges . . . coastal and inland steamships . . . express and telegraph services—the whole forming an all-Canadian system stretching more than half way round the world.

In 1939, this vast system was dedicated to the winning of the war. Since then the Company's rail lines alone have handled more than 128 billion ton miles of freight—and 11 billion passenger miles. All ocean steamships have been on active service—many have gone down fighting.

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In a world at peace the Canadian Pacific will do its part in providing modern, efficient transportation by land and sea.

Canadian Pacific

SPANS THE WORLD

THE LIGHTER SIDE

When Nowhere Is Safe the City May Be As Safe As Anywhere

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

WHEN it became clear that the dispersal of populations was the only answer to the threat of the atomic age the government appointed a Commission of Social Scientists to see that the cities were emptied as rapidly and thoroughly as possible.

From the first the Commission had realized that since this was America there couldn't, of course, be brutal mass-evictions, with processions of displaced persons trundling their pathetic handcarts and baby-carriages into the zone of safety. The return to the land, it recognized, could be carried out only through the voluntary cooperation of a liberty-loving people. So in order to quicken the cooperative spirit the Commission first moved all the large city industries out to the country, in the hope that the urban population would follow. The results, however, were disappointing. The urban population cooperated to the extent of getting up an hour or two earlier in order to reach the factories. Then at closing time they hustled right back to the city.

The social scientists now tried the educational approach. Supported by the press and radio they flooded the cities with a campaign of propaganda urging the advantages of rural living. They sponsored high school debates: "Resolved that Country Life is Better than City Life," always making sure that the brighter students took the affirmative side. Department stores staged miniature exhibits of government-built garden communities. Public speakers urged that city dwellers in moving to these garden spots would sacrifice none of the amenities of civilization, since the Commission had made provision for a doctor, a public-health nurse, a minister and three plumbers in every community.

Hollywood, joining in, abandoned its city themes entirely and concentrated on rural heroines in Lord and Taylor overalls and cow-breakfasts by John-Frederics. And the public listened to the speeches, read the pamphlets, attended all the debates and free exhibits and lectures, and particularly enjoyed the movies which gave them a fine gratifying sense of being city-dwellers themselves. They accepted all the propaganda cheerfully, and didn't budge an inch.

AT this point the social scientists did what they should have done in the first place. They raised the taxes on city property. What with the cost of garden communities and salaries of the social scientists, now swelled to quite a little army, the rise in taxes was inevitable. Better still, it worked. When the city dwellers found they could no longer meet their taxes, they began, first in a trickle, then in a swarm, to move out to the neat, prefabricated, garden-community bungalows which the Commission offered them in default of their city property.

So the cities slowly emptied themselves; all the great metropolitan centres in Canada and the United States, since the movement by this time was continent-wide. The social scientists were jubilant at the success of their scheme and now devoted all their time to flushing out the last reluctant inhabitants with notices of eviction. Grass began to grow in the city streets, the transportation and electrical systems were withdrawn and the windows boarded up. The cities of America, emptied of life, now lay silent and indifferent under the fearful sky.

The city dwellers in the meantime were finding country living much less intolerable than they had expected. They had brought their radios along and kept them going night and day to defeat the formidable silences of the country. Besides, the garden communities which were very attractively laid out, woke the civic pride that is latent in all Americans. As everyone knows, it's American to want something better, and certainly American to like things bigger. The new communities had hardly settled in before they had appointed a Chamber of Commerce, with a local committee to boost each community and make it the biggest and liveliest garden community in America.

The committees went to work with high energy and enthusiasm. They persuaded manufacturing investors to join the community and set up their knitting mills and rayon factories and radio plants on the outskirts. The workers soon followed and the real estate enterprises and building industries began to boom. Power plants and transportation systems were introduced, along with restricted residential districts and slum areas, quickly followed by slum clearance projects; so that before long it was practically impossible to tell many of the new garden communities from the cities that had been left behind.

AS it happened, this development escaped the attention of the social scientists who had been completely taken up with the last and largest of their experiments, the evacuation of New York City. The Manhattanites clung passionately to their city, declaring that it was utterly impossible for them to live anywhere else on earth. They stayed on stubbornly even after the dispersal inland of Broadway, the night-clubs and the garment trade, and it wasn't until the Commission cut off the elevator service through the entire city that they began to withdraw reluctantly from their island. It was hard work, but the Commission had succeeded in the end. New York was now a ghost town uninhabited except for a few grizzled old settlers who lived, it was said, by shooting jack-rabbits in the overgrown parks and spent the rest of their time lounging in the entrance of Bonwit Teller and spitting morosely in the gutter.

One day two members of the Sunnydale Garden Community Chamber of Commerce travelled down to look over what remained of Greater Manhattan. They wandered through its deserted streets, peered through dusty windows and finally wound up at the Battery, where they sat for a while in silence staring at the vast stone monument to the pre-atomic age.

"Listen Ed," one of them said at last, "I been thinking, this would make a hell of a good site for a new garden community. Healthy climate, nice surroundings, good ocean view."

"You crazy?" Ed said, "How are you going to build a garden community in a junk-heap like this?"

"Matter of fact, I've had my eye on this property for quite a while," said his companion, "Only the other day I was talking it over with a guy in Sunnybank, kind of a genius who's been working on an invention that would lay this place flat in about two seconds."

Ed considered. "What about the Commission of Social Scientists?" he asked.

"The Commission of Social Scientists," the other replied, "would probably be tickled to death to have the whole mess cleaned up. Then we could move in and start a modern garden community right from the ground up." He added, "Now this invention this guy's been working on is what's called a fission bomb—"

IT was about a week after this conversation that the Joint Commission of Social Scientists gathered in New York City for its annual convention. This was, in a sense, a sentimental journey, since the evacuation of Manhattan had been at once the Commission's worst headache and most sensational triumph. The Social Scientists had come with their brief cases and papers and box lunches and case histories, and were gathered in one of the lower floors to listen to their Chairman read his annual and final paper.

"For every mechanical invention in the physical world," the Chairman was reading, "there is a corresponding sociological problem which the social scientist must face and conquer. That challenge has been successfully met and it only remains for the Joint Commission to arrange its own dispersal."

At that instant there came a great blinding flash in the sky followed by a roar that swallowed up every other sound on earth. In a twinkling the total dispersal of the Commission of Social Scientists had been carried out, the atomic threat striking without prearrangement, exactly as everyone had always said it would.

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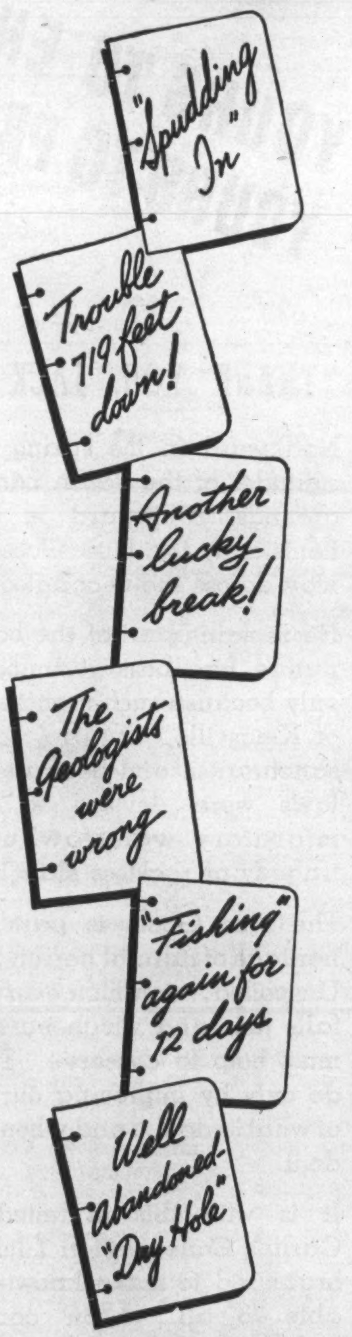
INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OIL

PAGES FROM AN OIL DRILLER'S "LOG" TELL

The Story of a Failure


"Spudding In"
Trouble 719 feet down!
Another lucky break!
The Geologists were wrong
"Fishing" again for 12 days
Well Abandoned-"Dry Hole"

March 24th, 1943, "spudding in"... a big day for the drilling crew. 136-foot derrick completed, we started drilling Imperial Oil's "Royalite Wildcat Hills Well No. 1"—due north of Calgary-Banff highway, 35 miles from Calgary. Hoping for a real "strike"... geologists' survey indicates favorable oil structure at about 7,000 to 9,000 feet.

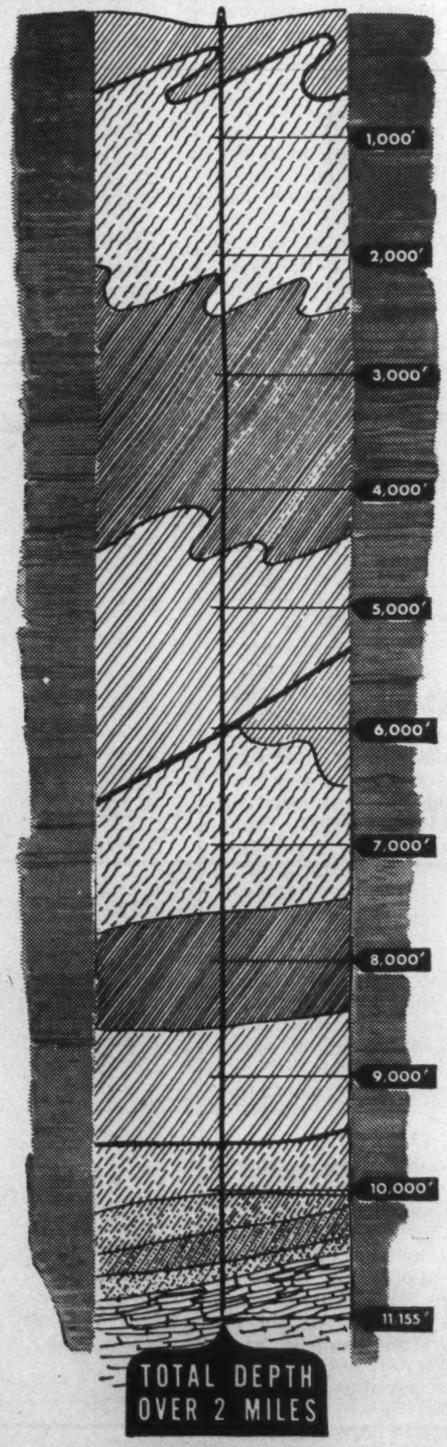
Trouble 719 feet down! Lost drill collar[1] in the hole. Might have been *bad*—but recovered collar and repaired break in drill shaft in 3 hours. Everybody breathed a big sigh of relief—sometimes this kind of accident sets us back days.

Another lucky break! Drill pipe "washed out" and twisted off at 775 feet. Luckily we got going once more in two hours. Using up plenty of drills on this hard rock. It's no easy job—pulling up hundreds of feet of pipe just to change a dull "bit"[2] then lowering the whole "string" again.

The geologists were wrong. Now drilling 2 miles underground, and these have been trying, disappointing months. Nature *can* fool the geologists. On this well, for instance, we expected to hit the formation we hoped would contain oil before this. Instead, one bad "fault"[3] after another—quite unexpected. On top of all that—got stuck in hole at 10,676 feet, taking eleven days to fish up drill pipes and repair.

"Fishing" again for 12 days. Stalled again at 10,688 feet—lost 12 days drilling out stuck tubing. But we still have hopes . . . a "strike" will pay back all the months of hard work and money invested.

April 21st, 1944, well abandoned--"Dry Hole". A black day for all of us. After 13 months' hard drilling, we struck salt water. Wet as salt water is, it's still the oil man's Nemesis—a "dry hole" that produces no oil. So we plugged the well[4] at 11,155 feet down and abandoned it—a grave two miles deep for all our hopes of "Wildcat Hills No. 1."



1—Collar supports drill in underground hole.

2—More than 400 drilling bits were used in sinking the well.

3—A "fault" is a break in the earth's structure—a dislocation of the rock formation.

4—Cement plugs are inserted in the hole as required.

The facts in this record are taken from the drilling log of Imperial's "Wildcat Hills Well No. 1", which was begun on the favorable recommendation of Canada's leading oil geologists, who had explored the ground thoroughly. Estimated to cost $225,000. for drilling, it actually cost approximately $340,000. from start to "dry hole" finish. But the drillers and geologists of Imperial Oil go on undiscouraged—because they know that in opening up Canada's promising oil fields they add much to the nation's wealth ... and help to make Canada ever more independent of foreign sources of the petroleum so indispensable to the life of our country and every one of its individual citizens.

IMPERIAL OIL ★★★ IMPERIAL PRODUCTS LIMITED

This message is the fifth of a series; the next advertisement will tell about the amazing substance called Crude Oil.

Decalogue for Members of the Parliament

(As Inscribed by Tacitus After a Reading of Hansard)

I.

THOU shalt not rise in thy place, and seek to attract the notice of him who presides in the House, unless in sooth thou hast something to say, something which in thy secret heart thou knowest is needful to be said, and which others have not said, nor are likely to say. This something thou shalt say simply, clearly, briefly, and then resume thy seat.

II.

Thou shalt not in any wise speak only for the sake of hearing thine own voice, nor to read thy words in Hansard, nor in the hope of seeing thy name mentioned by the Scribes, nor to send reprints of thy speech to those who have elected thee—for he who so speaks is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

III.

When thou speakest, see to it that thou speak on one subject only, and direct thy words solely to that subject. Thus shalt thou claim the attention and merit the approbation of thy hearers, and of the Scribes, and of the People. Be it ever remembered, that one blow of a pile driver achieves more than a thousand blows of a tack hammer.

IV.

Thus when thou speakest on the Budget (if thou feel that thou art impelled to speak thereon) or in the debate on the Reply to the Address from the Throne, thou shalt not speak as though this were the only speech thou mightest be permitted to make, and thou shalt not seek to unburden thy mind of all the vagrant thoughts and fancies that ever sojourned therein. Thou shalt speak only on the matter contained in the Budget, or in the Address from the Throne, and shalt not occupy the time of the House and vex the Scribes and the People with thy views on the United Nations, or U.N.R.R.A., or the atom bomb, or how the overseers of prices have fixed the price of honey one-half cent too low.

V.

And if it so chance that thou art a Newcomer to the House, thou shalt not be prone to leap to thy feet and express thy views on every subject that is brought before the House, albeit thou knowest of a certainty that thy views are of the highest value, and a glance about the House sheweth thee to thy complete satisfaction that the other members are of a very lowly mentality, and sorely in need of thy guidance. Rather shalt thou possess thy soul in patience, and hear attentively that which is said by those whose experience is greater than thine, and observe closely how they conduct themselves; then, having so listened, and observed, if thou still believest that thou canst contribute something of value to the matter under discussion, say what thou hast to say with diffidence, and with the modesty which becometh a Newcomer to an ancient and honorable institution.

VI.

And whether thou art a Newcomer, or one of the Ancients, thou shalt not talk too much nor too often, for the service that a Member doeth is not measured by the number of times his name appears in Hansard nor the pages of print that are devoted to his words; and wisdom is oftest found in briefest compass, and not to be discovered under much verbiage. For if a Member be known as expounding his views on everything, it shall come to pass that when he rises in his place, many of the other Members of the House, and the Scribes, will say unto themselves, "Here's that guy again," and go out into the corridor for a smoke.

VII.

Thou shalt not regard the House as an arena, in which to joust, nor the proceedings of the House as a game of chess in which thou seekest to outwit thy opponents. The House has been ordained by the laws and by the customs of the nation as the forum in which matters of grave import in the affairs of the nation are to be weighed, considered and decided; and it ill behooves Members of the House to indulge in useless and frivolous and vexatious controversy over matters of triviality or forms of procedure, seeking thereby only the discomfiture of their opponents or some slight advantage to themselves. In very truth they discredit not only their opponents, but themselves and the House, in the eyes of the Scribes, and of the People.

VIII.

Thou hast been chosen of thy People as a Leader, and thou shalt lead them. Thou shalt not keep thine ear to the ground, but rather shalt thou fix thine eyes steadfastly on the good of the whole nation. Thou shalt not cravenly seek first to learn what the People are saying, and then shout from the house-tops as though their views were thine. Rather shalt thou study the question before thee, and seek the advice of those whose counsel may be of best value and greatest weight thereon, and then decide the question in good conscience and in such manner as thou in thy soul believest to be best for the People or the majority of them; and when so decided, thou shalt not hesitate to proclaim thy decision to the People and to the House, with neither fear nor favour of any man.

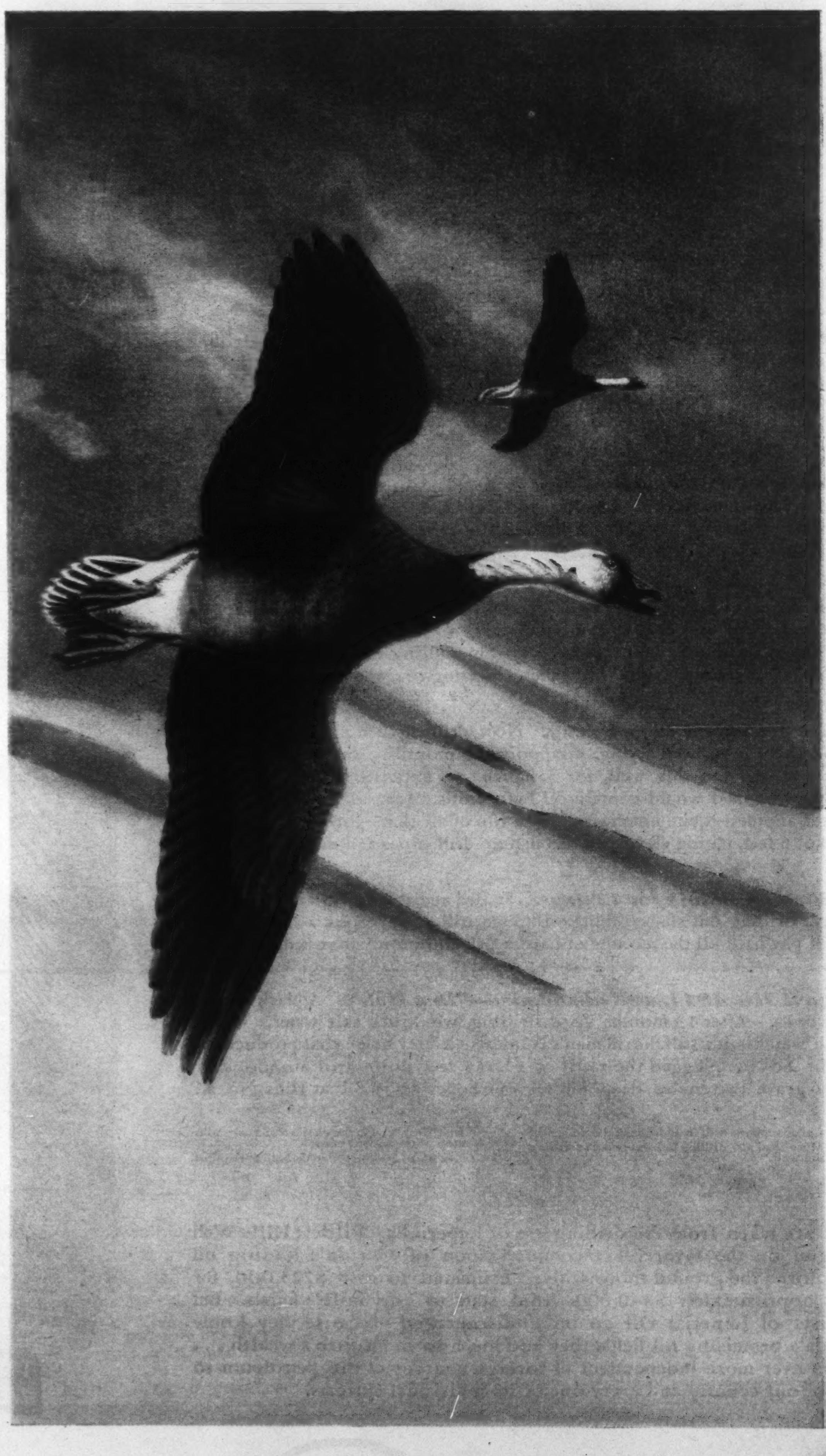
IX.

These things are straitly charged unto thee: the patience of the People is sorely tried with idle debate on many subjects of trivial aspect; with days and months ill-spent in petty controversy and meaningless bickering; with matters of great pith and moment long delayed by wordy and needless debate, and dealt with mayhap in the light of the gain or loss to one group of Members or another, rather than for the weal of the whole People.

X.

And it shall come to pass, that if thou observe these things, the House may regain its high estate, and the People shall look with confidence upon their chosen representatives and hold them in fair regard, and thy name shall be honoured among men, and thy days shall be long in the House to which they have elected thee.

—TACITUS



† *Nature Unspoiled*

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"THANK YOU, JACK MINER!"

Northward in the spring to the vast solitudes of the Baffin Land breeding grounds, southward in the fall to Louisiana, the Blue Goose wings his way across the uncounted years.

He remains part of the bounty which nature has bestowed upon Canada only because such men as Jack Miner of Kingsville, Ontario, set up game sanctuaries, and because wise game laws were devised to protect all migratory waterfowl against the tragedy of reckless slaughter.

The Blue Goose is part of the vast heritage of natural beauty . . . of Nature Unspoiled . . . to which every Canadian falls heir and which each one of us must help to conserve. This we can do only by improving our knowledge of what to do . . . and when and how to do it.

It is with this in mind that The Carling Conservation Club has been organized to make knowledge available to all. ★You can join this club today by writing to Dept. A3, The Carling Breweries Limited, Waterloo, Ontario. You will receive authoritative and interesting information on conservation as it becomes available and at no cost to you.

"THE BLUE GOOSE" *As painted for Carling's by T. M. Shortt, the well-known Canadian Ornithologist*

This picture is one of a series being painted for Carling's by famous Canadian artists on the subject of conservation of Canada's natural assets.

★ A full colour reproduction, without advertising and suitable for framing, will be sent to each member of The Carling Conservation Club upon request to Dept. A3, The Carling Breweries Limited, Waterloo, Ontario.

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Versatility of Plastics Proved in Wartime

By CLIFFORD W. HALE

Public acceptance of plastics has been tardy because the consumer has not always been conscious of the multitude of industrial uses for plastics, Canada's war production has widened the horizon for consumer plastics, and has been a proving ground for many startling adaptations of plastics.

In postwar furniture, home and industrial architecture, in textiles and other functional household products, plastics will be important component parts. War uses have blended plastics with metals, woods, fabrics and other conventional materials to the ultimate advantage of the consumer.

THIS time next year you may decide it is time to replace those worn out window screens, or re-surface the kitchen counters, panel the rumpus room, re-upholster the chesterfield suite or do a redecorating job on the living room. When you do, don't be surprised if you get a good sales talk on nylon screens, plastic-treated fabrics, plastic-laminated wall-board, and a multitude of plastic adaptations which are more numerous now than before the war.

Plastics aren't new, of course! And plastics aren't cheap. They are, however, versatile in their application, and have been ingeniously applied to the utility of many industrial and consumer products. When harmonized with woods, metals, textiles and other conventional materials, plastics provide us with many special purpose products which improve on the natural quality and usefulness of these materials.

If you aren't already conscious of the widespread use of plastics in your home, in your automobile, in the office, in the restaurants and hotels you patronize, and in many consumer products you have already purchased, it is probably because many plastics have been with us for a generation or more. The plastics industry made slow progress in the consumer field until about a decade ago, and when the war came along, the best and most practical uses of plastics went to war, too, along with metals, woods and textiles which have been denied us for the past few years.

Canada's plastics achievements during the war years have set the stage for a greatly expanded production of Canadian-made raw materials. Our investment in molding and fabricating equipment, and our facilities for processing plastics, has been multiplied many times. Before the war we imported practically all the powders and resins, and the greater portion of the finished plastic parts which our industries absorbed.

Today there is the nucleus of an important group of materials manufacturers, particularly in styrene, vinyl, lignin and alkyd resins. In the field of plastic molding and fabricating we developed prodigiously. When the designs and patterns for our war orders were released for production here, the work of adapting plastics to Canadian-made fighting equipment gave momentum to every phase of plastic production.

Postwar Significance

Canadian manufacturers produced plastic hand grenades, prism holders, radio and communications parts, aircraft pulleys and controls, instrument cases, binocular parts, inhalators for oxygen masks, bonded aeroplane fuselages, turrets, and a host of other essential parts which had never been attempted previously in Canadian industry. While these plastic developments were at the time essential to the conservation of metals, the experience gained in producing them has important postwar significance. Plastics frequently proved not only more practical for the specific war purpose but had advantages of lower material, and manhour costs, and ultimately large savings in war costs.

In the past the consumer has come to know of plastics through their novelty uses such as costume jewelry, buttons, luxury gadgets and other trinkets. The plastics industry has been none too happy over this state of affairs wherein its major industrial accomplishments, so far as the public is concerned, have remained obscured in the development of improved construction materials, new textiles, ignition and electrical equipment in the automotive and aviation fields, and in other manufacturing fields in which plastics have shared an important and sometimes vital role. The fact that plastics have crept rather secretively into our everyday life has tended to confuse us when we associate the term plastics with the minor and less important products of the industry's output.

Today, the plastics adaptations stretch almost as far as the architect's, the engineer's, the interior decorator's and the product designer's imaginations will carry them. Too many plastics uses, however, lack for the moment the all important acceptance of consumer demand to bring many of these plastic visions into immediate reality.

Production Costs

The war did a great deal to release this creative impulse and to harness the resources of plastics to meet the metals, and other materials' shortages experienced during wartime. War volume also gave the plastics industry the incentive to expand and to get its production costs in line with competitive materials, and below pre-war costs.

War production turned out to be the proving ground for many industrial applications of plastics. A good illustration of this is the Mosquito fighter-bomber which applies the principles of plastic-bonded plywood, and proved its usefulness in aeroplane construction, pointing the way to peacetime uses in the manufacturing of furniture, boats, refrigerators, and many other durable appliances.

As a component, rather than as an end product, plastics will undoubtedly continue to play the supporting role, not the lead, in postwar consumer merchandise and durable goods. Industrial engineers have learned a lot about plastics, and the manner in which they can be successfully wedded to materials like metal or fabrics—materials which they have previously used exclusively for one process or another. And a great deal of research in reclaiming many waste materials by plasticising them, has indicated that plastic treatments can turn the useless into a useful form.

For years we have been aware of such materials as bakelite and formica — two hard-wearing, colorful, easily washed surfaces employed as counter tops, radio panels and for decorative purposes, but only the industrially-minded few have recognized them as plastics. These acid-proof, water-resistant, dielectric materials fall in the category of phenolic-formaldehyde plastic resins, first discovered by Baeyer in 1872, and brought to commercial perfection by the American inventor, Baekeland, as far back as 1909.

Celluloid or Cellulose Nitrate plastics (now known as Pyroxylin) were the first of the numerous groups of plastics to be discovered and used. The Hyatt Brothers patented the process of molding pyroxylin as a plastic in 1896. This discovery gave us a host of transparent as well as opaque articles which eventually led to the discovery of less inflammable plastic materials. The first dental plates which gave a natural setting for false teeth, grew out of this discovery. Modern surgery still uses this plastic material to seal cuts and incisions. Many of us still recall the old touring car with its rain curtains with the celluloid windows made from cellulose nitrate plastics. Then came the era of imitation ivory toilet articles, and many other celluloid articles which were imitative in character.

The shellac plastics were responsible for the development of the old gramophone after Berliner had perfected the plastic record—an invention now largely responsible for the teen-age craze for recorded music. With shellac resins as a binder the compounding of records acquired greater clarity of tone, and truer musical reproduction as a result of the necessity for a harder but more sensitive surface for recording sound.

Cellulose Acetate Group

The cellulose acetate group of plastics has introduced qualities of transparency, without the fire hazards of cellulose nitrate, and yielded numerous products such as tubing, protective coatings and packaging materials like "Cellophane", molded containers, "Plexiglass" for aeroplane windows and gun turrets, and many other special purpose materials.

The vinyl resin plastics are a recent innovation in the plastics field, and these provide us with many new discoveries in treating textiles against moisture, as a binder for wood and wood waste, as coatings or liners for metal containers in the food processing industries, and the manufacture of paints and floor coatings. Polyvinyl Chloride, a popular discovery in this group, is readily processed to produce practical waterproof clothing, shower curtains, household aprons, and many other accessories dear to the housewife who yearns for a clean and immaculate home.

Technicalities of terms, chemical equations and the pure science involved in formulating plastics for special tasks which have been assigned to them during the war years, have left a big gap in the understanding between the man on the street, and the men who process and manufacture plastics materials into common everyday consumer goods. Plastics are so versatile that they are almost incapable of a simple definition. Plastics have always had to be content with trade names, coined to denote their special characteristics, and descriptive of their qualities. These in no way, however, detract from the high regard and technical interest which industry places on plastics. When the developments of the war years begin to make themselves felt in the consumer field, the recognition of plastics and plastic accessories will be more readily discerned by the consumer.

In the meantime we will become more conscious of their adaptability, while those who design and manufacture consumer products with consideration for consumer value, utility and quality, will be gauging the new uses for plastics with a shrewd sense of their appeal to the user. We know from experience that our wartime tires are stronger as the result of employing nylon fibres in the tire construction, and even if some of our newer products are higher in price it will be because they have an inherent quality all of their own. When many of these plastic trade names become synonymous with the basic plastic materials, our recognition of them will become a reflex in the same manner in which we now recognize quality metals, textiles and woods. The plastics which will ultimately benefit us will bear a relationship to the competitive cost of all consumer products which we now employ, and whose value we have learned to appraise.

• •

HAMLET IN PIDGIN

THEN there was the time culture was brought to the natives of the Solomon Islands—those astonishingly ugly, jet-black Melanesians with their frizzly hair dyed orange with lye. It never got farther than the translation of Hamlet's line, 'To be or not to be? That is the question,' into pidgin English. This masterpiece of translation runs: 'Which way this time you-me do 'em, you-me no do 'em? This now you-me talk him along.' There are possibilities here. Would someone like to furnish our new island bases with a complete native text?" — Donald Stauffer in the New York *Times*.

GOOD NEWS FOR HOME MOVIE MAKERS

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THE WORLD TODAY

Embittered Palestine Question Is Complicated By Many Factors

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

IT IS A little difficult to recall, after six years of world upheaval, the extent of the trouble in Palestine before the war, arising out of the record entry in 1935 of some 62,000 Jewish refugees from the Hitlerian terror. But clearly this trouble will be dwarfed by the disturbances which have now begun, due to Zionist demands that all immigration restrictions be lifted and Palestine be made a National Jewish State, with a Jewish majority in the population, and to Arab reaction to this agitation.

Seldom have people had a stronger emotional impulse than the Zionist leaders in Palestine today, when after the stark catastrophe which their brethren in Europe have suffered they find themselves prevented from rescuing the hapless survivors by the restrictions of the British White Paper of 1939.

That policy, arising out of the civil warfare of the previous three years, set a limit of 75,000 on further Jewish immigration during a five-year period, after which further entry would have to depend on agreement with the Palestine Arabs. This quota, its time-limit somewhat extended, was filled last month.

The Zionist extremists in Palestine have shown their determination to bring in further immigrants illegally. The Zionist World Congress supporting them, has demanded the dropping of all immigration restrictions whatsoever. President Truman has asked the British mandatory power to admit 100,000 of the most pressing cases at once. The British Labor Government, though committed in its election platform—as are both major parties in the United States—to support of a Jewish Homeland in Palestine, finds itself able to offer only a compromise extension of the White Paper quota of 1500 per month. And the Arab world has shown the strength of its feelings in the matter by the widespread rioting in Cairo, Alexandria and other Egyptian cities, and a general strike in Palestine, to mark the anniversary of the Balfour Declaration of Nov. 2, 1917.

Balfour Also Said

Half of the key sentence in that declaration is well known, the part which says that "His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of that object." The remainder of the sentence is almost unknown in America, which is an example of how little publicity or support the Arab side of the case has received here, in contrast to Britain, where it has been presented by many writers with an intimate knowledge of the Arab world.

This part of the Balfour Declaration adds that it is understood that "nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by the Jews in any other country."

Thus the rights of the Arabs are implicitly recognized; and it is quite impossible to deny that they have rights in Palestine. If domicile for 1300 years is not sufficient to establish such inherent rights to a country, then few of us indeed could claim any right to our national territory. Accusations of their neglect of the country, accurate though they may be, can scarcely be held to abrogate their inherent rights.

Here we have the first major point at issue, whether there is to be a Jewish homeland *in* Palestine, as Balfour carefully stipulated, or a Jewish National State of Palestine, with a majority Jewish population as the world Zionists now flatly demand.

Humanitarian Task

The second major point is whether the rescue of the shattered remnant of the once large Jewish community of Central and Eastern Europe is a mainly humanitarian venture, which requires finding a suitable refuge somewhere else in the world, or is to be dictated by considerations of Jewish nationalism, which demand that these unfortunates be resettled only in Palestine.

It has been pointed out before now that the clamor in the United States for the rescue of the remaining Jews of Europe has been unaccompanied by any offer by the American Government to take in a share of the refugees.

One thing about the tragedy to the European Jewish community, as the famous British expert on the question, Dr. James Parkes, has pointed out, is that it has suddenly and sharply reduced the whole problem of resettlement. Whereas before the war the question posed was the vast one of finding a new home or homes for some five million Eastern European Jews (over three millions from Poland alone), it is now only a matter of resettling a few hundreds of thousands.

That could surely be tackled by the United Nations, and by quota arrangement this number might be accommodated in the United States, Canada, Australia, Britain, France, and Russia (to which several hundreds of thousands of Jews fled before the advancing German armies).

But here the feelings of the Jews concerned in the transfer, and the political needs and ambitions of the Zionists in Palestine enter the picture. I have heard of no survey to determine whether the displaced Jews of Europe prefer Palestine to any other refuge. But it is hard to imagine that, faced with a choice between rich, broad and secure America, and tiny, hot and insecure Palestine, the majority would prefer the latter.

For the colony of half a million already established in Palestine there is not only the close attachment to Eastern Jewry, from which most of the Zionist leaders as well as the rank and file in Palestine come, but the vital fact that the surviving hundreds of thousands of Jews in Europe now represents the last large body of settlers which they can hope to secure, their last chance to build up a majority which would give them political control of Palestine as their own state. In a minority position on the edge of the Arab world, their long-term security does not appear much greater to them than that of their kin in Europe today.

This brings up the question of how many Jews Palestine can support, and whether, as some claim, they can set up here a sort of little "Belgium" of the Near East which would make an important contribution to the economy of this backward region. The Jewish achievements, in building the flourishing new city of Tel Aviv; in Haifa and Jerusalem; in the many new settlements and villages; in the setting up of over 4000 small industries and the establishment of the Palestine Electric Corporation and the Palestine Potash Company for the exploitation of the Black Sea deposits, make a strong impression on visitors to this long neglected country.

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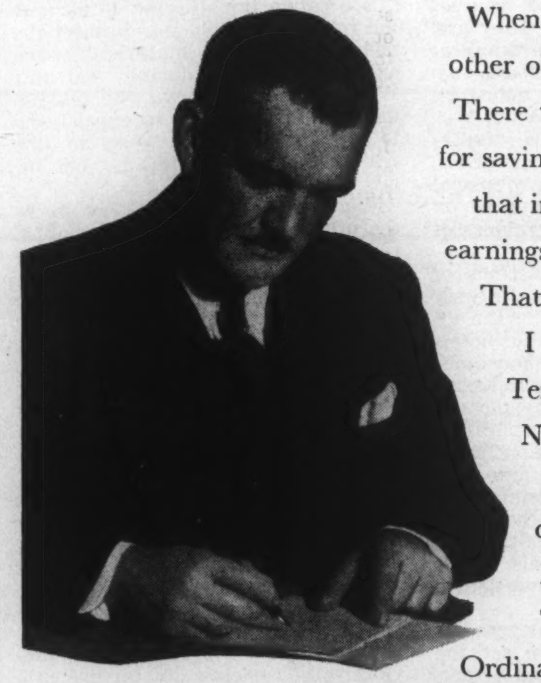

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colonization is extremely small, the only products of the country other than potash are those which can be grown from the soil, and the Zionist economy is not convincingly self-sustaining. It has been supported constantly by contributions from world Jewry; and it is doubtful if unsupported in this way or through war orders it could provide anything like the present standard of living.

There was a critical period, between 1926-28, when more Jews left Palestine than came in. The colony is of course more solidly established now than in those days, but the recession of business after the booming war period may be very severe.

About 100,000 Jews entered Palestine in the first decade after the last war, of whom 25,000 moved on elsewhere. During the next five years the rate of arrival doubled: 91,258 came in, and only 2,345 left. Then came the peak year of 1935, with 62,000 arrivals. With the troubles which this heavy immigration stirred up among the Arabs, the arrivals dropped away steadily, though very few left the country.

The Jewish population, which had been 55,000 at the end of the last war, rose to 175,000 by 1931, and 456,000 by 1940. It can be put today at slightly over half a million. But the majority towards which the Jews were striving, has proven elusive. They would be within a hair's breadth of it today, had the Arab population remained stable at the 1922 level. But the improved health measures introduced by the Jews and by the British authorities, and the new enterprises set up, combined to double the Arab population in this period.

Palestine Majority Elusive

So the Jewish percentage of the population rose only from 13 per cent in 1922 to 31 per cent in 1940. Gaining and holding a Jewish majority, within the present limits of the country, must in any case be a difficult task, requiring the admission of over half a million more Jews, the exclusion of further Arab immigration if that is possible—with the back door of Palestine wide open on Transjordan and Syria, and a competition with the local Arabs in birth rate.

Statistics are necessary, if often dry. More interesting is the question of why Palestine has become of such burning importance to a large part of world Jewry today, and why nationalist spirit has grown so sharply among the Palestinian Jews, bringing the demand for a Jewish State instead of just a Jewish national home and cultural centre.

For decades the spiritual centre of world Jewry has been in Eastern Europe, where the Jews, denied their civil rights, intensified their religious and spiritual life and remained a separate community. Two tremendous developments, coming swiftly on top of one another, have shifted this centre to Palestine.

First came the Soviet Revolution which at the same time gave the Jews of Russia rights equal to those of other citizens, and cut them off from contact with the world. This left the leadership in the hands of the large Jewish community of Poland, freed from the Tsarist yoke but still harassed by anti-semitism. Then this community was decimated by Hitler.

From it had already come, however, the leaders and the bulk of the settlers of Palestine, and a great many immigrants to the United States, Canada and other countries. These, possessing the strongest Jewish communal and spiritual background, are the militant Zionists of today. And because they were denied civil rights and the chance to become patriots in their former countries, in contrast to the freed Jews of the West and of Russia, who have become American, British or Russian patriots and fought as such in the recent war, the Eastern Jews and Palestinian Jews have developed a Jewish nationalism.

Now The Arab Side

We must now take at least a brief look at the Arab side of the picture. Their reaction to Jewish nationalism is an intensified Arab nationalism. Their answer to the new and sometimes violent political pretensions of the Zionists in Palestine has been the formation of an Arab League to present a united opposition by all the Middle Eastern states from Egypt to Iraq to a demand which, from their point of view, would take Palestine from their Arab brothers.

The development of political Zionism is the issue at stake with the Middle Eastern Arabs, though the humanitarian question of rescuing the uprooted Jews of Europe may pre-occupy Western minds. And this political Zionism seems to many qualified observers of the Middle East to portend only harm to the Jewish home already established in Palestine.

Violent currents are stirring in the Arab lands, as elsewhere in the world, as an aftermath to a violent war. The riots in Cairo and Alexandria last week were the first organized anti-semitic demonstrations in modern Egyptian history. Anti-western currents are also running, and these, and a deep-seated social unrest directed against the big landowners and conservative politicians, might produce an uncontrollable Moslem revolution which could upset the whole precarious balance achieved in this region since 1918, halt the progress of the region through infiltration of western ideas, and even place the Jews of Palestine in mortal danger.

No one understands these dangers better than progressive Arabs, trying to find a synthesis of their old but stagnant culture with the newer and more creative western culture. The representative of the Palestine Arabs sounds like one of these, in suggesting as a compromise solution that Palestine would take in a fair share of further Jewish immigration if the United Nations would also take their share.

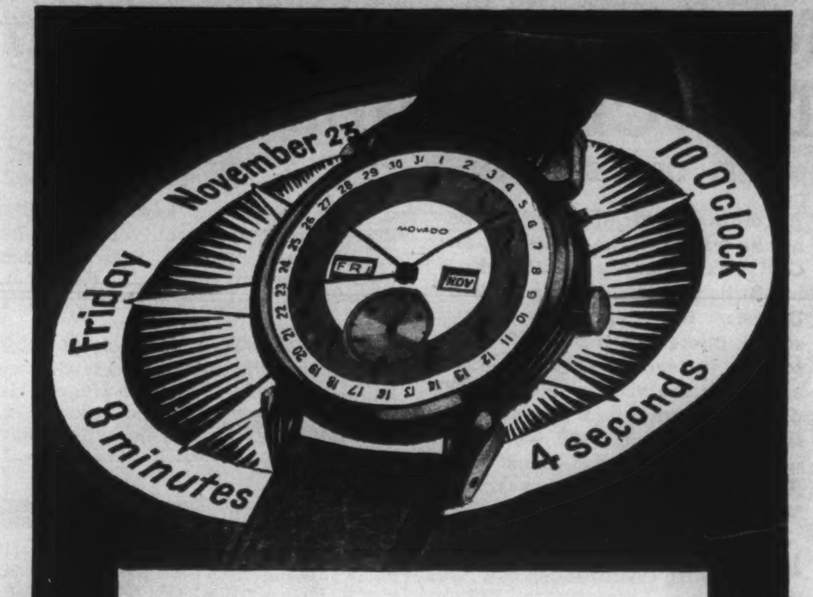
War A Jewish Disaster

As to a Jewish National State, taking over all or a large part of Palestine, it seems as though this could be forced on the Arabs only by military action. The British will not undertake such a war; there is no sign that the Americans are considering it; and how Soviet Russia might exploit such a situation in the Middle East gives the jitters to many chancelleries. For the Jews to try to force through a solution by armed action of their own could only lead to a terrible disaster. They must instead, it seems, trust for their long-term security on a United Nations world organization.

• •

GREEKS HAD A NAME FOR IT

WHILE an undergraduate at Oxford I was once asked by a college servant if I was taking any interest in a current election. I replied, not quite truthfully, that I wasn't. "I believe, sir, that there were people in Ancient Greece called *idiotes*," was the merited rebuke.—D. W. Brogan in "The Free State."



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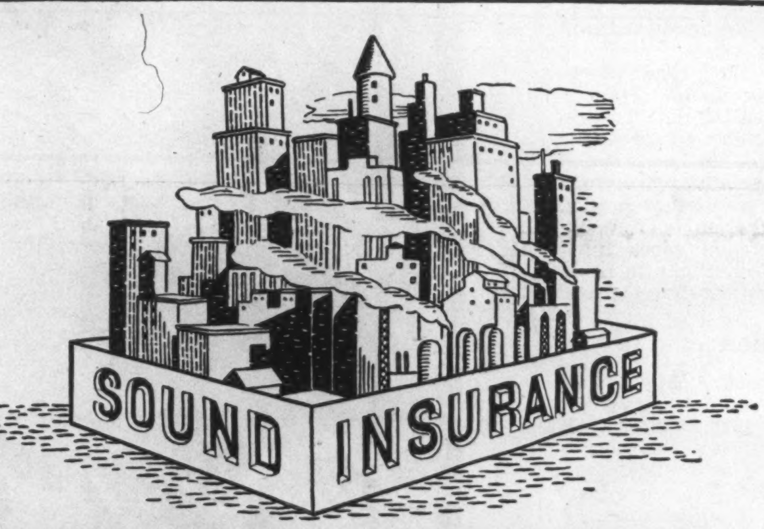

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My British Caddie Won The Championship

By GENE SARAZEN

According to Mr. Sarazen it was not he who won the British Open Golf Championship in 1932, but his British caddie, the aged Skip Daniels, to whose invariably sound choice of the right club to use in each emergency the credit for the victory was really due. The writer had proved this to his chagrin in 1928 when he ignored Daniels' advice and lost the championship that year to Walter Hagen.

ON MY way to the 1928 British Open Golf Championship, I was talking things over with Walter Hagen.

"Sandwich takes a lot of knowing," Hagen was saying. "It takes more than a great golfer to win the Open at Sandwich — it takes a shrewd caddie."

And that's when I first heard about Skip Daniels.

He was just a weatherbeaten old caddie who spent the greater part of his life lugging other people's clubs around the Sandwich golf links, but he won the British Open twice—once for Hagen and once for me.

"If Skip is willing, I'll lend him to you," Hagen offered. "But you must take his advice on every shot. He is expensive. His fee for the Open is £40. He's particular about his clients—carries only for big shots."

When I arrived at Sandwich a few days later, I asked the caddie master if he knew Daniels.

"Everybody on the Kent coast knows Daniels," the caddie master replied. "Skip," he called out, "Here's an American gentleman to see you!"

From the stone caddie house there emerged a stoop-shouldered elderly man in a black woollen jacket, a bit frayed about the cuffs, threadbare tweed trousers, a black bow string tie, and a checked cap such as Sherlock Holmes might have worn.

Ancient Specimen

I was taken aback. Surely this ancient specimen couldn't have piloted Hagen to the 1924 title? Yet on closer inspection, there was something reassuring — something as staunch and enduring as a lighthouse—about Daniels' appearance.

"I've got bad news for you, Daniels," I told him, "Walter Hagen has loaned you to me for this tournament."

"That's quite all right, sir," he said, "when shall we be ready for a spot of practice?"

Before the week of practice was up I had come to rely on Skip's judgment. When I walked up to my ball, he would be waiting for me, the proper approach club already in his hands. "The wind is quartering against you, sir," he would say, "better take this number four iron and fade one in there."

The other caddies, who regarded Skip with an almost religious reverence, insisted he actually talked to the grass!

Every evening, after dinner, Skip would call for me at the hotel with a putter and a bag of balls and suggest an extra practice session in the long English twilight.

All went well in the tournament until I belted a round house hook over a dune barrier into a scraggly patch of rough. Skip was waiting for me as usual, but, to my astonishment and annoyance, he offered me a pitching iron.

"What's that for?" I exploded, "I can make the green with a full brassie poke."

Daniels' blunt answer brought me down to earth, "If you topped a brassie out of this bristly rough, you'd land in that big ditch, sir," he warned. "Better take this niblick, lob one up short of the hazard and play it safe for a five."

His advice was sound, but my vanity baulked at the idea of caution. "Dan, give me the brassie!" Reluctantly he handed it to me.

I topped the shot right into the ditch. I hated to look at Daniels. "Don't let this upset you, sir," he said softly. "It was just bad luck that you caught the ditch. Forget it, sir. We'll make it up."

But we never did.

I'll never forget the look of utter dejection on Daniels' expressive face as they handed the cup to Hagen. He sought me out later and said: "Sir, if it's the last thing I do before they bury me, I'll win the British Open title for you."

Four years floated by: 1932 found me at Sandwich again. The mere sight of Daniels warmed me. My faith in his judgment was stronger than ever after we finished a final practice round in 67.

During the whole tournament Skip did my thinking for me. All I had to do was hit the ball. When my 72 holes total was posted I found that I had not only won the British Open but had set a new scoring record for the event.

I climbed the steps to where the trophy glistened proudly on a linen-draped table. I asked permission for Daniels to come up on the platform with me.

"This is a great moment for the Daniels family," he whispered as he came up beside me.

"Gentlemen," I said, "Standing here beside me is the man who really won the British Open championship—one of your own boys from Sandwich—my caddie, and my friend—Skip Daniels!"

A few months later a friend sent me a clipping. It said:

"Richard Daniels, the caddie, died today at his home in Sandwich, England."

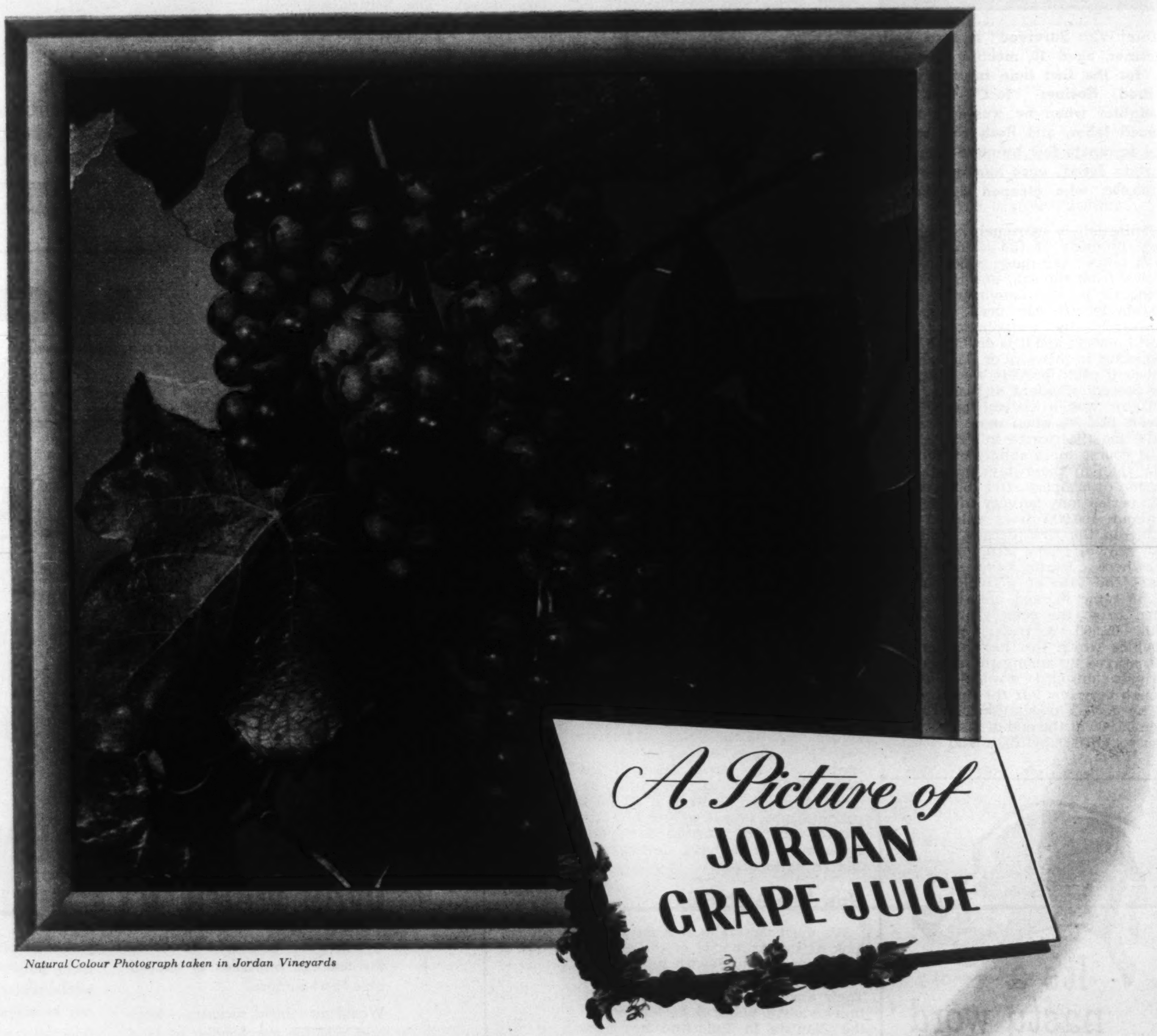
• •

THE TEN-GALLON HAT

LIKE most other items of the cowboy's attire, his hat, though picturesque, was primarily functional. The wide brim, for instance, was not made that way just for the sake of appearances. Even in the heaviest downpours it made an admirable umbrella. When the weather was bright it shaded his eyes and face from the burning rays of the sun.

Around campfires the hat was of invaluable aid in fanning the first timid sparks into life. When wadded up, it made an adequate, if not comfortable, pillow. The hat could also be waved in the air and used as a means of signalling, or slapped against the horse's rump as a whip. And as if that weren't enough, it also served as a pail for extinguishing a fire or watering a horse.

Robert N. Schwartz, in The N.Y. *Times*.



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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Canadian Loyalty Must Be to Whole of Canada Says Laval Professor

By B. K. SANDWELL

I think it is important that English-speaking Canadians should read some extracts from an article which appeared in the place of honor in the September issue of *Le Canada Français*, organ of the Société du Parler Français au Canada, published by Laval University in Quebec. The article is by Professor Antonio Langlais of that university, and is entitled (I translate) "For the Building of a Great Country." Professor Langlais describes it as the result of "what I have read, seen, felt and *lived* during sixty-eight months of war," and especially of the reading of the following letter from a French-Canadian soldier at the front to his mother. The letter, and the entire article, are of course in French:

"We are at most only a few hours from the moment of going into action. Do not be alarmed. Take courage rather, and pray not only that God will protect me, but that he will give us a swift, complete and decisive victory. I have no doubt of the final success of our expedition. I am confident and entirely calm. If it be God's will I shall see it through. If not, be assured that my last thought will have been for you all. My sacrifice will have been made *for my country*. My conscience is at peace. I took communion this morning; I have nothing to fear. Be brave, dear mother, and if need be, make the sacrifice that so many mothers will be obliged to make. I embrace you and all the family. *Une dernière étreinte, et à Dieu.*"

The words "for my country" in this letter are Professor Langlais' text. "To build a great country! Is that the imperious desire, the supreme ambition, which stimulates all Canadian hearts? Are there not too many of our fellow-citizens who say to themselves 'What's the use?—whose egoism and indifference bar the realization of such an ideal? . . . Nevertheless, if nationality and naturalization confer rights on the individual, they also impose duties on him."

Long-term View

The author then goes on to say that to build a great country it is necessary that the leaders of the people shall keep constantly in view, not the immediate moment of today, but the distant morrow, not the local and special interests of the part, but the long-term interests of the whole. And as he proceeds it becomes more and more clear that what he has in mind, what he believes the soldier of the letter had in mind, was not Quebec, not French Canada alone, but Canada the whole, the half-continent, the twelve million people of today and their descendants of the future.

"For a quarter of a century our Canada has gone on towards disintegration. Everybody knows it. It is said everywhere. In every province there is alarm about it, and with reason. Never has our country been divided into so many factions.

"To bring these separated pieces together, we need a cement. To reunite the separated provinces of Canada, we need the cement of mutual esteem and collaboration. There is no collaboration without esteem; one does not work with men whom one despises. The leaders responsible for the scorn which exists between the races composing this great country, the leaders who, to exculpate themselves, cast the blame on the others —as so many are doing today,— ought to find themselves without believers or followers. It is the duty of every true Canadian to denounce them.

Single Aim

"We cannot hope to build a great country without the collaboration of the other races and the other provinces of Canada. Their esteem and their collaboration are indispensable to us. To win the esteem of the others, let us commence by esteeming ourselves. Esteem consists in a proper estimation of worth. There is no esteem for the worthless. Let us have a sense not only of the worth of the individual, of the part, but of the collectivity, the nation — an esteem directed towards one single object, the greatness of our country. Let us permit old wounds to heal over, old bitternesses to disappear in the distances of the past. Let us attend to the fulfilment of *all* our duties, not merely a part of them—our duties towards Canada, towards *all* of Canada, our homeland (*'patrie'*); only then can we demand that others also fulfil all of theirs. Let us be French by all means; let us respect ourselves as true Frenchmen, knowing, as Frenchmen do, how to put the homeland, the *'patrie'*, before all else.

"France must remain dear to us despite her errors and because of her afflictions. But why has France, a land of Christian people, been governed from the beginning of the century by men without piety and often without faith in God? Is it not because her best men, loyal to the core and brave to the uttermost, have abandoned all interest in the politics of their country? They have said: 'What's the use? Politics is a dirty business which must be done by dirty people.' They have repented that saying with tears of blood during the long night of the Occupation; but there was in them so intense a love of the soil, there was woven so firmly into the very texture of their being the principle: 'The country is everything; what matters my death provided that the country survive?' that even during the Occupation there was seen the miracle of the Resistance, prelude to the Raising Again (*'relèvement'*) of France."

There follows an eloquent tribute to the heroes of the Resistance, the thousands of men and women who dared the unspeakable cruelties of the Gestapo, and of whom many fell with "Vive la France" on their lips. "We are of that race. . . Have we degenerated? . . . The conduct of our soldiers at the front answers No. . . The conduct of our people at home —can that be going to answer Yes?

"Let us become once more worthy of our ancestors, and worthy of ourselves. In order that we may not suffer misfortunes comparable to those of France, let us not follow France in indifference towards the tasks of government. Let us imitate her rather in that pure patriotism by which the individual learns to sacrifice himself for the community —for the whole community. Only thus is it possible to build a great country.

"And the country which *we* must build great is Canada, the whole of Canada, *le Canada tout entier.*"

• •

RED TAPE TROUBLE

THEY were having a river-crossing this Spring training and a tank, one of the M3's, slipped off a rubber boat and took a dive in the river. Well, they got the tank out all right, but, when they checked-up, a rifle was missing. So they checked it off on survey and forgot about it. A month later a farmer picked it up in shallow water and returned it to the company. The supply sergeant looked at it and looked at his survey papers and couldn't see how they could put it back on the records. Finally he decided that there wasn't such a thing as that rifle any more, so they took it out and threw it back in the river.

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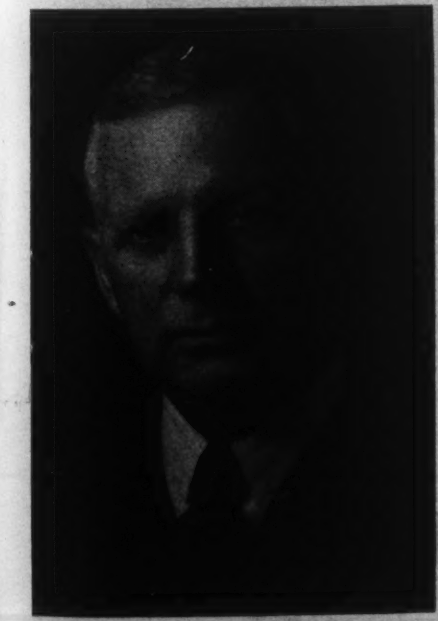

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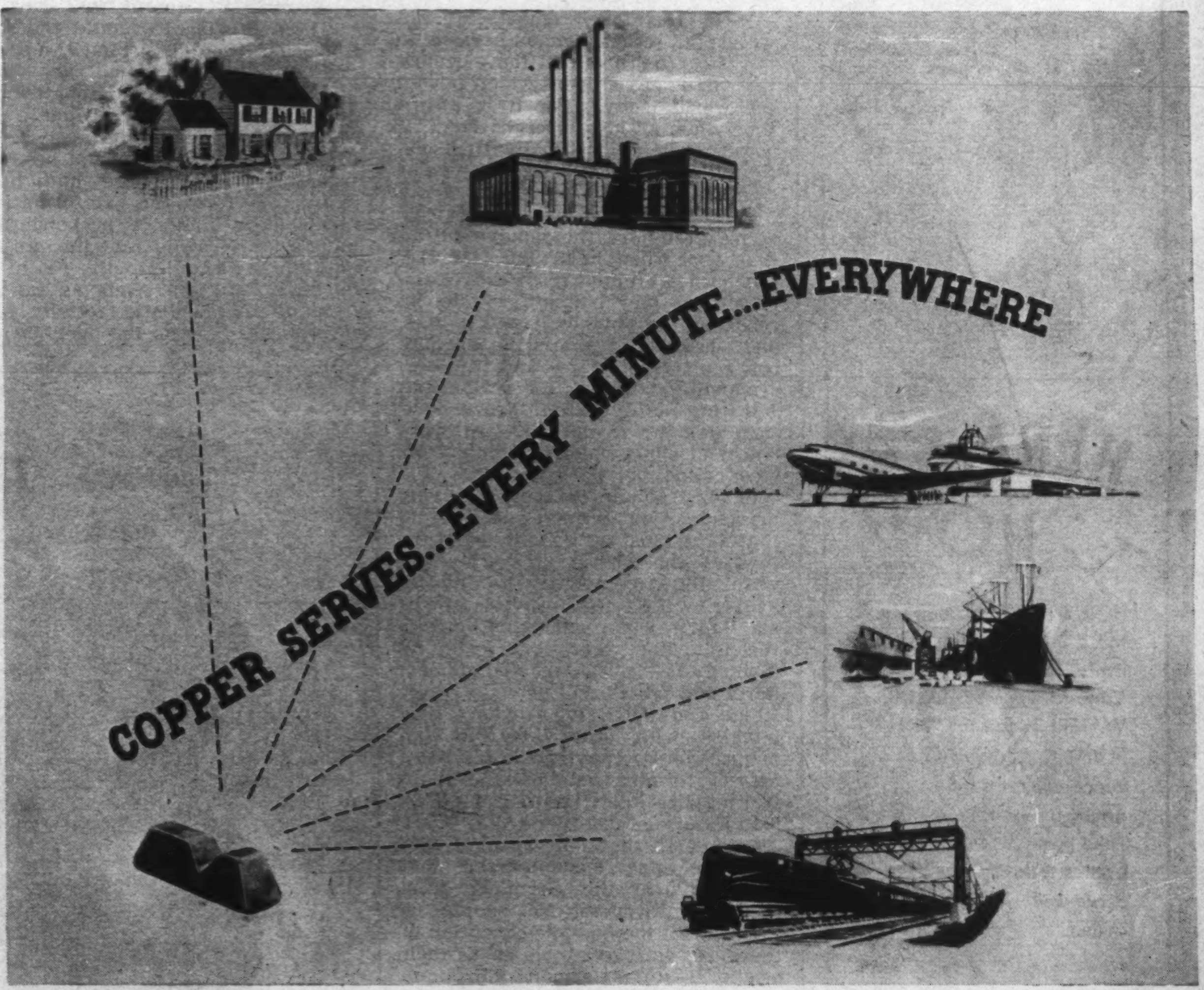

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Education of Germans Will Take Fifty Years

By FRANCIS X. CHAUVIN

Can the Germans be brought by education to our standards of civilized conduct? General Eisenhower is reported to have said that it will take at least fifty years to do that, but the author contends that it can't be done in that length of time.

Mr. Chauvin makes inquisitorial incursions into the pages of history and emerges from the maze of facts and events which he examines with a devastating indictment against Germany and the Germans as a nation. He analyzes unsparingly the German Soul and discovers in the recesses of that 2,000-years-old seat of metaphysics a species of barbarism that seems to him well-nigh incurable.

NOT very long ago, General Eisenhower ventured the opinion that it will take at least fifty years to re-educate the Germans, meaning thereby, I presume, to bring them into harmony with our own standards of civilized conduct.

It is quite evident that General Eisenhower sets down as his premise the notion that there are no such things as hereditary racial cultural characteristics, and that constitutional malevolence in character is a scientific absurdity. If that should be the case, I am not prepared to share his opinion or his hopes.

There exists between us and the past an unbreakable solidarity. This is as true in the intellectual order as it is in any other field. If we should forget that we are "political" animals by reason of our specific difference, we would be astonished to realize how "historical" our thoughts are, and how "traditional" *we* are, even when we pretend to renovate everything.

Roots of Modern Ideas

It is, therefore, compulsory that we should seek as far as possible in the past, the roots and the germinative virtue of the ideas which govern the world today. For it is at the time when an idea emerges from its source—when it is filled with its future—that we best seize its genuine significance.

So far as the Germans are concerned, they are the same today as they were when, in 133 B.C., the Teuton hordes erupted from the North, driven, as they claimed, by the inroads of the northern ocean waves, and swept down across the expanse between the polar Seas and the Alps, demanding territory for settlement, defeating army after army, and spreading terror and death in every land and clime they traversed. They were called the "barbarians."

In 102 B.C., the Teutons, following massacres, plunderings and pillages that devastated the country from the foot of the Alps to the Pyrenees, were almost completely annihilated at Aix by the celebrated Roman consul, Marius, and again at Vercelli, the following year. Whatever remained of them wandered to the north and settled on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, where they mingled with other kindred Germanic tribes occupying the territory, thereby forming what became, twenty centuries later, the Kaiser's German Empire of pre-World-War No. 1.

During all that long span of 2000 years, nothing has occurred that could divorce the Germans from their primitiveness. No people on earth—with the possible exception of the Slavs—are today closer to their origins than the Germans. Christianity, which overthrew the religion of antiquity, was unavailing against the tribes of Germany proper. Thus the Alemanni, the Saxons and the Thuringians, although they adopted many of the arts of civilized life, remained heathens, thereby impregnating the soil of Germany with many characteristics of barbarism which have never been uprooted. Not even the great authority of Charlemagne and his successors of the Carolingian line, aided as they were by the spiritual influences of Christianity, could deter the Germans from their predatory and piratical habits.

Conquests and Tyranny

For more than one hundred years after the extinction of the Carolingian dynasty (911 A.D.), the history of Germany is a long chronicle of struggles, internal and external, of depredations and conquests, of despotism and tyranny, finally culminating in the arrogant notion of Emperor Otho 1, of world conquest and world sovereignty. With Otho, who was the founder of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation," which was to last until destroyed by Napoleon, 844 years later, was reborn and confirmed the long-smouldering idea of a "superior race," and of that vicious ideology of "nationalism," which became such a scourge in our time.

The succeeding era of Franconian and Hohenstaufen dynasties (1024-1254) was marked by the rapid progress of learning, the sciences and the arts, to which the great Gothic cathedrals, monasteries and universities that dotted the land, bear a splendid and abiding testimony. There was a general intellectual awakening in Germany during that period, but politically, those two and one-third centuries record a stagnation, if not a decline. Alone the notion of racial superiority, which is the essence of the German soul, survived.

Martin Luther

After an interregnum of nineteen years, began the reign of the House of Hapsburg, which was to furnish a long succession of German emperors, the most illustrious being Maximilian (1493-1519). But behind Maximilian lay the seven hundred years that followed the fall of the Roman Empire (475 A.D.) — known as the Dark Ages—and in front of him loomed Luther, whose new philosophy of "metaphysical egoism" became the centre of gravitation of all things, in the political as well as in the spiritual realm, and whose "universalization of the ego" gave Germany the element that had so far been lacking to mould the soul which has been disturbing the peace of Europe and the world ever since.

It would be irrational to attribute Luther's tremendous influence in Germany to his breaking away from the church of which he had been an ordained priest. There had been schisms before the Reformation. What made Luther's preponderant success in Germany was the projection of the "ego" into the realm of spiritual truths as well as in the arena of nationalistic activity and government. It was the overflowing of Luther's individuality that captured the German people, because no people on earth were so prepared by instinct, temperament, tradition and experience for the reception and acceptation of a doctrine that deified the principle of individualism, that incorporated the "individual" (or citizen) into the State, that suppressed all authority over interior freedom and spiritual autonomy, and that opened the way for the di-

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vorce of the idea of "personality" from all visible institutions.

It took 2000 years to build that doctrine, and it will take more than fifty years to destroy it. The German soul—the seat of that doctrine—is not the product of any particular age or epoch. It is the product of history. Unfold every page of the early German chronicles, listen to the songs, ballads and legends of the primitive Teutonic tribes before Charlemagne, follow through the centuries the development of the idea of a "chosen people" predestined to exercise sovereignty over the world, study carefully the amplification given to the "egocentrism" of Luther by his successors in the field of philosophy and metaphysics (Wolff, Leibnitz, Lessing, Fithte, Kant, Shelling, Hegel, Clausewitz, Nietzchke, Schopenhauer, Treitschke, Bernhardi, Rosenberg), and you will witness, step by step, the gradual and persistent growth of an original sentiment, a sentiment which first annexes the individual (as opposed to "person") to the community and the State, then by wars and conquests throws off the "yoke" of foreign or "external" authority, subsequently proclaims the inviolability of the "ego" and suppresses all personalities in the framework of collective humanity, and finally expresses itself in the State-Providence of Hegel and the State-God of Hitler, or of somebody else yet to come.

Essentially a Barbarian

Let us not forget that that long chain of historical facts cannot easily be broken. The German of today has nearly the characteristics of the early barbarian. So, what needs to be wiped out is barbarism. The German is a barbarian wherever he may be. And why do I say "barbarism"? Simply because of the intertwinement of causes, events, policies and doctrines which have inexorably made of the German of today a hereditary Nazi.

What gives the German nation its unity is not the geographical configuration of the country; it is blood, that is, the race. Not having natural frontiers, Germany *is* wherever German is spoken, wherever German blood runs. That is why Germany has never wanted to destroy, or even change in her people, the primitive heritage.

It should be remembered that the German civilization came over one thousand years after Greece and Rome, and at least five hundred years after France. For that reason, the Germans suffered throughout history from an "inferiority complex" vis-à-vis the more civilized. For that reason also, the Germans had to build a superiority out of their inferiority, and that can be done only by brutal force.

The primitive forces have penetrated across the centuries as far as contemporary Germany through two channels: the people and nature. The highest summits of German thought, poetry and art have their base in popular life, and in current customs, traditions and language. There is no difference between the German poetry of the Middle Ages and the German poetry of today; or between a popular lyric and the lyric of a Goethe; or between dialects and the literary language. The *volkisch* is nothing but the persistence of the past; it is the survival of the gods in nature.

Rooted in Primitiveness

There does not exist a people with whom the sentiment of nature is more generalized and stronger than with the German people. Yet, no people have had to struggle harder to tame nature (the soil, here) than the German people. The psychology of a German is the psychology of a being who has remained rooted in his primitiveness. The German must live what he thinks, what he dreams, what he wants. He is essentially a man of action. He craves action for the sake of action. That's the primitive in him. "At the beginning was action", says Faust.

The German citizen is a pessimist by nature. That pessimistic German is a warrior who fears neither defeat nor death. The essential is never to stop; he is the primitive tribe on the march: He cannot be static; he must be dynamic. He prefers heroes to gods, and in this it is the barbarian that reveals himself.

Another trait that the German derives from the primitive is his longing for superiority. The German peasant, *Bauer*, is a hard worker with a plan and a method. The German transcendency is interior and produces musicians, metaphysicians and poets; or exterior and produced technicians, organizers and conquerors. In its search for the absolute, that transcendency produced a Hegel, a Wagner, a Hitler. It has produced a form of materialism which might be called a materialism of the blood. In it we find the origin of German racism, which is a mixture of materialism and mysticism.

Throughout history, the German people have been stimulated by the need of expansion. This has produced remarkable results, but it made the German nation a feared and hated one. The German is a being who neither understands nor loves stability, happiness. His perennial bane has been the fear of being encircled, enclosed. To encircle a German is not to contain him, but to exasperate him; it is to provoke war. *To be* does not interest him, but *to become* does. For him the idea of perfection, the ideal of peace and tranquillity are the negation of life.

We of this generation have witnessed, in addition to many other things, the return of Germany to paganism. Hitlerism is paganism. Nazism is the Rousseauist myth that man was born *good*, but that civilization corrupted him. Therefore, let us return to nature.

Her Particular Genius

In this return to nature, Germany takes conscience of her particular genius. Therein she finds her traditions, her originality. Otherwise, she would have had to remain inactive, which is contrary to her mission, to her destiny. When the Eddas were discovered in the eighteenth century, Germany, not yet a political entity, gave herself a soul. That soul is her origin, her traditions, her barbarism. *Sturm und drang* paved the way to German racism. The filiation found its stimulus in the patriotic crusade of 1815; then in the German Youth Movement of 1830, and finally in the revolution of 1848, which gave birth to pan-Germanism. Wagner was one of the instigators of that revolution. Hitler became its expression.

The task now, that of Eisenhower and the Allies, is to get rid of German barbarism. So long as Germany adheres to primitivity as her cult, she cannot be treated as a nation whose technique can be condoned. Christianity must be the philosophy of the cosmos.

• •

A DOUBLED SPEED

I CAN remember my first automobile ride perfectly. It was in a two-passenger open car. We drove a ways up the Hudson. Before my friend started the car, he solicitously asked me (I was in the thirties at the time) if I wore any false teeth. He begged me to remove them if I did as the strong vibration of the car was apt to loosen them. I might swallow them and choke. Or they might drop from my mouth and be lost.

After all, even if we did not then fly along at sixty or seventy-five miles an hour, the usual twenty-mile gait was more than double what we had been used to.

Annie Nathan Meyer in
the *Saturday Review of Literature*

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CANADA'S MOST VALUABLE INDUSTRY

The Atomic Bomb and The World Authority

By THE REV. R. S. LAIDLAW, D.D.

If the atomic bomb is to be "controlled" it must be by a world authority. That authority, says Dr. Laidlaw, must be one which will have regard to the primacy of human values, without consideration of color or geography.

But can the atomic bomb be "controlled" anyhow, and can we hope for a world authority of such lofty characters?

OUR world today stands at the crossroads. We face extinction or survival according to the road we take. This seems to be the judgment of scientists, who realistically face the advent of the atomic bomb. From Washington comes the opinion of Dr. J. R. Oppenheim, reputed to be the world's greatest authority on atomic bombs: "Either have international control of atomic energy or prepare for the end of civilization as we know it." This opinion is in harmony with the judgment of four hundred scientists reporting from New Mexico: "The bomb is a deadly challenge to civilization itself." And they add this significant sentence: "The use of atomic energy must be controlled by a world authority."

The importance of deciding *what world authority* can be trusted to meet this emergency cannot be overemphasized.

It must be an authority which has regard to the primacy of human values everywhere. An authority which sees beyond racial barriers and limitations, which recognizes human personality as of supreme worth and seeks to relate all industrial, economic and political organization to the conserving and developing of the highest human possibilities, whatever the color of skin or the geographic setting. Such an authority will run counter to traditional attitudes which have for too long governed our world.

It must be an authority able to unite all nations into one great human family, members of one international group, mutually appreciative and cooperative.

It must be an authority able to regenerate and redeem the human spirit.

It should be manifest today wherein lies the source of fear in respect of the atomic bomb. It is in the region of the human spirit. It is the devilish destructive spirit which has gained control; the spirit which finds expression in industrial might and in national sovereignty. The spirit of individual and organized selfishness is the root cause of our world tragedy. Until this spirit is changed there is no possible security in our war-crazed world.

It should be obvious that the only world security adequate to meet the present world crisis must be superhuman; must be a spiritual dynamic force working within human personality, which can subdue and direct for human well-being all the resources of our physical and material world.

There is only one voice, heard across the centuries, asserting this high claim; one voice, speaking out of a wealth of human experience as he faced conditions in this very world: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" (Matthew 28, 18). It is the voice of the triumphant Christ, who had met at close range demon forces, out to destroy perfect human personality. "There is none other name under heaven given among men," whereby our world can be made secure. (Acts 4, 12.)

In the recent global conflict, as allied nations, we professed to be fighting to defend Christianity. God has given us, in victory, another chance to build a Christian civilization in our world. Are we ready to accept Christ's authoritative leadership, in our individual and organized life, or are we willing to welcome extinction by way of the atomic bomb? We stand at the crossroads. It is Christ or chaos, it is life or death, for our world.

•

By SEYMOUR CARLIN

THE practice of using very brief extracts from the Bible as "texts" for extended homilies has long been one of the weak points of most of the organized Christian churches. The passage from the 28th chapter of Matthew quoted above by Dr. Laidlaw is the final utterance of Jesus to the eleven disciples after the Resurrection, and reads in full as follows:

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

It is difficult to find in this utterance, viewed as a whole, any suggestion that Christ was thinking of the "power" of worldly authority, of governments, or of a super-government.

As for the passage from the fourth chapter of Acts, it is part of the explanation given by Peter of the miracles wrought by himself and other disciples in Jerusalem, and the "name" is not that whereby the world is to be made secure, or civilization is to be saved—both of which ideas would have been extremely startling to Peter—but is that "whereby we must be saved", an expression which refers to the fate of the individual soul, and its prospect of being excepted from the doom pronounced by Moses and quoted by Peter a few lines above: "every soul, which will not hear that prophet, shall be destroyed from among the people". Those which heard and believed the teachings of Jesus, the prophet predicted by Moses, would be "saved".

That every Christian should do all in his power to ensure that any government in which he has influence—his city, his province, his country,—shall behave in accordance with the noble principles set forth by Dr. Laidlaw is very true. That these efforts will be in vain if they do not result in the setting up of a world government of perfectly moral character, if they do not succeed in preventing the evil use of the atomic bomb, and if they cannot control for the highest purposes the development of atomic energy, is a very different proposition.

There seems to be little prospect of any three nations, even Great Britain, the United States and Canada, succeeding in setting up a world authority which will satisfy the very high requirements proposed by Dr. Laidlaw. Certainly the national authority of Canada does not satisfy them, and it is probably not much worse than the other two. If this means that "the end of civilization as we know it" is at hand, we may have to reconcile ourselves to living in a world without that civilization—or not living at all. Even if we were to succeed in setting up such a world authority, are we sure that it could "control the use of atomic energy"? It could "outlaw" its use for destructive purposes, of course, but will everybody respect the prohibition?

"My kingdom is not of this world." It is not to be entered into by civilizations, nor by nations, but by the individual human soul. It will survive no matter what becomes of "civilization as we know it."

• •

NOT SPECIAL ENOUGH

The King, visiting one of the Dominions, was received on tour by the mayor of a minor town. It was an informal occasion, but the King did ask if the municipality possessed a mayoral chain. "Yes," came the reply, "but it is only worn on special occasions."

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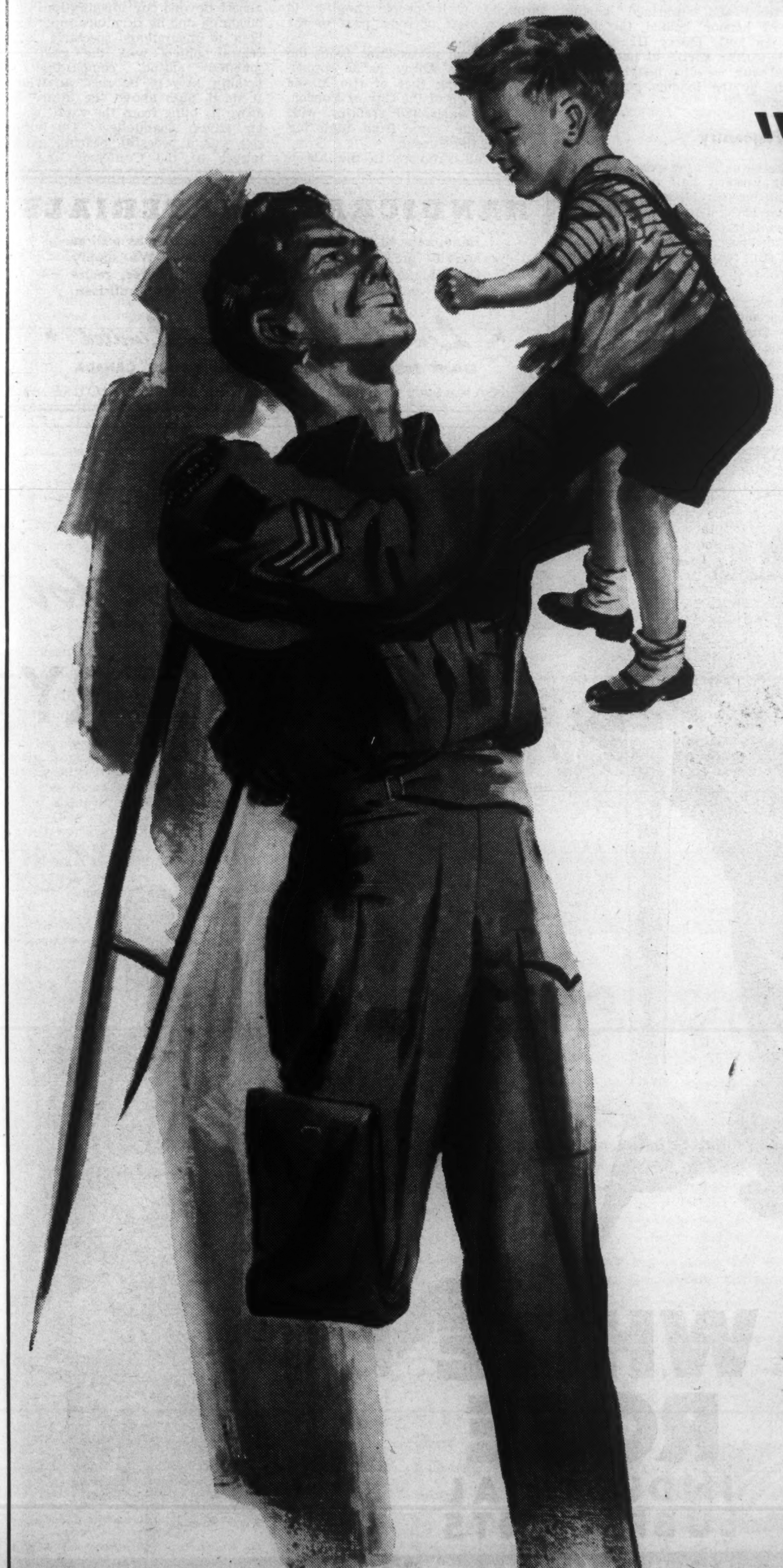

"No wars for you, sonny!"

His little kid . . . the son he has never seen . . . is in his arms at last.

"I'm your Pop!" he says. "I'm your Pop!"

He grins. He has to grin. What would the kid think if the sudden ache in his heart showed in his eyes?

A wooden soldier falls out of the tiny fist.

On the floor, around a tin cannon, are a dozen more.

"Hey!" he bursts out. "The war's over. Didn't you know? Oh, just a game, is it? It's no game, boy. I've been through it, and my Dad . . . my Dad didn't come through the last one. That's two of us. That's enough! No wars for you, sonny!"

He looks at his youngster and thinks: "The poor kid doesn't know what peace is. But, thank God, he'll have a chance to learn, now. He's going to grow up in the better world they've all been talking about. Let's hope these folks who stayed at home meant what they said."

* * *

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Westminister Abbey Is 700 Years Old

By J. G. NOPPEN

Westminster Abbey is enthroned not only in the heart of London but in the heart of every citizen of the British Empire. Because of its long and intimate association with England's history and ceremonial life, and because of its own beauty, it is a place of pilgrimage for every visitor to London. This year Westminster Abbey celebrated the 700th anniversary of its foundation. Mr. Noppen is a Fellow of the British Society of Antiquaries.

SEVEN centuries ago, on 6th July, 1245, the building of Westminster Abbey in London, as we now see it, was begun. The Abbey was already old and famous, but exactly how old is not known. The tradition was that a church had been built early in the seventh century by King Sebert of Essex, whose alleged tomb, covered with a twelfth century slab of black Tournai marble, may be seen in the south ambulatory of the Abbey to-day.

We are on firmer ground in the eighth century, when a monastery, probably founded by King Offa, appears to have existed. It was called Westminster, and the name attached itself to the district. It had previously been known at Thorney Island, situated in the marshy wilderness bordering the Thames, and an eighth century document describes it as *locus terribilis*.

There was a Roman Building here at this time, and a road which ran from the north of England to Dover crossed the river by a ferry at this point; today, Horseferry Road and Lambeth Bridge mark the line of its diversion when William Rufus built the great hall of Westminster Palace at the end of the eleventh century, later largely rebuilt by Richard II between 1394 and 1402.

The ninth century is a dark age in the story of the Abbey, and it may have been destroyed by marauding Danes. In the tenth century it was rebuilt by St. Dunstan, but no trace of these buildings now exist. The indications are that it was a very modest institution.

The greatness of Westminster, however, was established by King Edward the Confessor (1042-1066), and so well established that, owing to its long and intimate association with England's rulers, her national government and ceremonial life, it now occupies a unique place in British hearts, and has an interest for the friends of Britain in other lands, that can hardly be paralleled.

The Romanesque Church erected by King Edward the Confessor, between 1050 and 1065, was the noblest building in the country. When it was consecrated, on 28th December, 1065, the King lay dying in his palace hard by, and shortly afterwards he was laid to rest in a tomb before its high altar.

Edward was said to have expressed a wish that Westminster should in future be the scene of the coronations of his successors, and, certainly, William the Conqueror (1066-1087) and all subsequent English monarchs have been crowned there, except Edward V and Edward VIII, neither of whom was crowned at all.

In 1161, the Confessor was canonized, and St. Edward became a favourite saint of English kings. The palace in which he had lived and died stood between the Abbey Church and the river, and became the chief royal residence and, as such, was the centre of government. During this period the entire administration of the land was conducted in a single room by a few clerks referred to as the Barons of the Exchequer, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was among them.

Abbey and Palace combined to form the scene of great ceremonies. In addition to coronations there were annual crown wearings which imitated them and were almost equalley exciting. State weddings, the crowning of consorts, and, inevitably, funerals also took place here. The chief feast days were grandly célebrated, especially St. Edward's, on 13th October. This was the date on which, after his canonization, his mortal relics were taken from their tomb and enshrined in the place of honour behind the high altar. In 1241, Henry III ordered a more worthy shrine of pure gold, adorned with jewelled images, to be wrought by the leading goldsmiths of London.

Rich Pageantry

The church as it now exists, excepting the western half of the nave, was built by King Henry III between 1245 and 1269. The gold shrine was installed in the new church, on the glittering mosaic-covered pedestal which still remains, when on 13th October, 1269, the consecration took place.

That was a great ceremony. The King, accompanied by the highest in the land, attended in the most gorgeous array: vestments enriched with beautifully wrought orphreys of gold embroidery and brightly coloured heraldry; robes of cloth of gold and other splendid materials; brooches, buckles and belts of gold and precious stones were worn. Crowns, crosses, croziers and mitres, all of costly materials, added to the brilliance of the gathering.

Spectators packed the church, including the spacious triforium, the exceptional size of which was doubtless due to the needs at such times. Outside, the streets would be thronged with people hoping to obtain a view of some part of the proceedings.

There were proceedings from the Palace to the Abbey, as at coronations, including that of the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London. The great earls and prelates, with their retinue, came from their big houses in the Strand.

After the ceremony in the Abbey there were processions to the feast prepared at the Palace. The great and lesser halls (the later stood to the south of the surviving great hall) and the King's private chamber were all filled with guests. Thousands of the poor also were fed, as they always were on St. Edward's day.

The scene inside the Abbey was almost beyond our imagination. The buildings and its furniture must have been a marvellous spectacle. The central object was the gold and jewelled shrine, comparable to nothing now to be seen anywhere. It stood high above the altar, and above it, hung from the vault, was a big silver chandelier. On either side was a pedestal, bearing golden images of the Confessor and the

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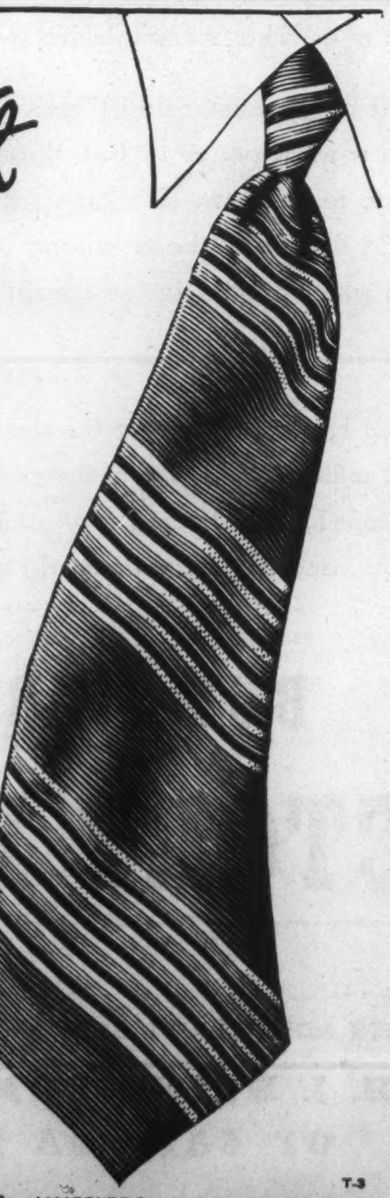

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Pilgrim (St. John in disguise) to whom he was alleged to have given his ring. Candles were everywhere, and at the crossing was a great seven branched candelabrum. The countless twinkling lights cast a soft and mysterious glow over the scene.

The church fabric included much sculptured figure work adorned with gilt and colour. The lime-washed walls were relieved by masonry patterns, and by arcades, some of the arches of which framed large pictures. Two such paintings remain on the south wall of the transept.

Before the high altar was a frontal of which an account has come down to us. It was of cloth of gold adorned with pearls, precious stones and enamels, and it cost the equivalent of some $50,000 of modern money. Above the altar was the rood beam with its crucifix and attendant figures. The lovely painted retable, which, though much damaged, has survived, may have stood directly above the altar.

The solemnity of such ceremonies and the joyful celebrations which followed may be partly responsible for the fascinating atmosphere which still in some measure pervades Westminster, but there is another factor which not only contributed to the creation of Westminster's atmosphere, but gave it a permanence which will continue as long as tradition in England stands for anything at all. The Chapter House, built at the same time as the church, at once was adopted as a meeting place of parliament, and, later, as the regular Chamber of the House of Commons.

St. Stephen's

It is to the reverence in which England's rulers held the great monastery founded by a sainted King that Westminster owes its place in history. The Palace, no longer a royal home, is still the seat of the British Government. Its nickname: St. Stephen's is derived from the patron saint of the Palace Chapel.

The relics of St. Edward, enclosed in an iron-bound coffin, now rest within the upper part of the ancient pedestal upon which their former golden shrine used to stand. After the Dissolution of the monastries in 1539, the House of Commons moved to the Chapel of St. Stephens, in which they met until it was destroyed by fire in 1834. It is now represented by St. Stephen's Hall under which the old Chapel's original crypt may still be seen. The Chapter House became the record office; but, since the removal of the documents to the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane, it has been renovated, and opened for inspection.

In addition to coronations, certain events, such as state weddings and openings of Parliament, are still conducted in a ceremonial tradition belonging to a more picturesque age. The English have always possessed a great liking for pageantry.

The Abbey Church has not come through the centuries unscathed, and much of its ancient beauty has been lost; in some cases owing to deliberate iconoclasm, and in others to carelessness or neglect. But much survives.

In the spandrels of the wall arcades at triforium level, in each corner of the transept, are noble figures of angels, wrought in the time of Henry III, and much other sculpture is in the spandrels of the ground arcades of the eastern chapels and transepts. In the choir aisles are ancient English finely carved shields, and also some of France, St. Edward and Simon de Montfort, matchless examples of heraldic art.

The canopied monuments on the north side of the presbytery, and those which wall in the Confessor's chapel behind the high altar, represent the best craftsmanship of the period between 1275 and 1400. The chantry of King Henry V (1413-1422) with its sculptures is an interesting and beautiful example of mid-fifteenth century work. Only a book could do justice to the manifold attractions of the great chapel of King Henry VII (1485-1509). Henry's effigy and that of his Queen were made by Torrigiani, a worthy contemporary of Michelangelo; but they are not more exquisite than those of Eleanor of Castile and Henry III by William Torch and dated 1291. They are all four of gilt bronze.

Columns and Arches

A remarkable view may be had from a point near the entrance to St. Faith's Chapel, in the south transept looking north-east through a forest of tall marble columns. Once, those columns were all polished and shining.

The graceful arches of the main arcades, the richly carved bosses of the vaulted roof, charming details such as carved heads, diaper work of varying patterns and flowered capitals, combine to give the church a beauty which never palls.

The Abbey forms an outstanding part of the historic background of England, and celebrates its 700th anniversary at the close of a period during which Britain and her Empire have successfully faced the greatest peril that has ever beset "this sceptred isle . . . . this precious stone set in the silver sea". We may be thankful for the Abbey's survival; for truly in some measure, the regard in which it is held by all of British blood, is shared by the friends of Britain everywhere.

Bamboo is generally considered to be a tropical plant. Actually it grows well in West Cornwall, thanks to the influence of the Gulf Stream. Here girls near Truro, in Cornwall, are stripping leaves from the cane.

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GIVE ECONOMICAL NATION-WIDE COVERAGE

ART AND ARTISTS

Montreal Artists Establishing New Landmarks in Canadian Art

By PAUL DUVAL

A NEW, controversial spirit seems to be manifesting itself in the Canadian world of art. With the awakening interest in our native painting, increasingly keen and sometimes bitter differences of opinion are revealing themselves. Not for many years has one met with such surprisingly vigorous outbursts of indignation at "modern" art.

These remarks are prompted by the realization that the paintings of such highly talented Quebec artists as Paul-Emile Borduas, Jacques de Tonnancourt, Pierre Gouvreau and Fernand Leduc have never been displayed in a commercial gallery outside of their Province until the present display of Montreal Contemporary Art Society's canvases was hung at the Eaton's Galleries in Toronto. This is especially worth noting when one remembers that Quebec is, on the whole, producing the most sensitive and scholarly painting being done in Canada at this time.

In the field of painting, Quebec is rapidly assuming the position towards the rest of this country that France has held towards England for almost a century—as a supplier of fertile, graphic ideas. The ideas in our case, though, are mostly syphoned through at second-hand, and Quebec is actually playing a liaison role between France and the English-speaking parts of this country. It is essentially a matter of Canada's catching up with cubism.

Yet, in spite of the important role Quebec can play in our artistic life, their creations are hardly known to the rest of Canada. How many people in Ontario, for instance, are familiar with the works of Pellan or Borduas or Jori Smith? Not, I dare say, very many. Even such Quebec painters as John Lyman, Louis Muhlstock and Fritz Brandtner are but little known outside of their Province. Yet these are artists with something quite vital and worthwhile to express. Because French-Canada's painters tend to underestimate the position of Ontario's Group of Seven in our art history—and possibly to over-rate Morrice's—is no fair reason to ignore them. Some arrangement, in fact, should be made to send Montreal's annual Contemporary Art Society's exhibition on tour across the country as is done with other society's shows. Though the show is not of national scope, it is important enough to merit national viewing.

The 1945 show of the Contemporary Art Society, now displayed at Eaton's, finds its founder, John Lyman, exploring a rather new vein. His two heads, "Stella" and "Dr. Paul Dumas", are unmistakably his creations, but they possess a weight of outline, and a vehemence of execution, which seems to indicate a distinctly transition stage. Lyman's works in this exhibition lack the refinement of form and carefully worked-out tonal schemes of fine earlier works like "Marcelle", yet I suspect that they possess the germs of something more monumental and more intense in character than anything this accomplished artist has achieved to date.

Philip Surrey shows one of his earlier little pieces: a canvas called "Going Home" depicting the interior of a Montreal street car. It is a very conscientiously composed and effective picture. Allan Harrison's "Old House, Montreal" is also a wholly sincere piece of painting, remarkable for its tonal richness.

Two Women Exhibitors

Marion Scott and Jori Smith, the two exhibiting women members, have little more in common than their sex. In Marion Scott we have an almost purely cerebral painter. Her abstract variations on biological themes are highly personal, and such canvases as "Cell and Crystal" and "Cell Dividing" are complex and quite satisfying designs. Jori Smith, contrarily, is probably one of the most instinctive painters we possess. With a natural sense of color and a lyrically fluent technique, she reminds one of Bonnard. The wistful "Communiante" in this year's Society exhibit is one of the best canvases she has done.

The paintings of Eric Goldberg usually reveal more facility than application. A gifted painter, he is apt to toss his pictures off in a manner all too reminiscent of Van Dongen. But, for once, in "Circus Life", he shows how far he can carry a canvas when he chooses to. His favorite shrill color contrasts strike an appropriate note for his theme.

Charles Daudelin is one of the most talented of Montreal's younger painters. In such paintings as his highly-keyed "Composition" and "Cheavlet", to be seen in the current show, he reveals a continuing and logical development. Though the influence of the cubists, in general, and of Leger, in particular, are apparent, Daudelin knows how to apply their discoveries with understanding and taste to his own personal ends. When this artist has passed through his present stage of intellectual acrobatics, his own sensibility will undoubtedly be revealed increasingly and blossom into creations which will be more markedly original.

In opposition to Daudelin's obvious comprehension of his experiments are the works of André Jasmin and F. Bonin. On the one hand, we have a man who is stridently vulgar in order to shock his audience; on the other hand, we have someone attempting to arrive at the dynamic results of the authentic cubists with not the least intellectual grasp of cubism's principles or the innate taste and knowledge to produce harmonious space and color patterns. Such painting, however, unfortunately weakens the chances of sincere and sensitive abstractionists receiving a fair viewing.

With Paul-Emile Borduas we come to a leader of what I should like to call a Canadian school of "fantasists"—men whose creations grow, as they work, from the sheer sensuous joy of manipulating their medium into freely contrived designs mirroring a state of emotional being. They are not, it is clear, very much concerned with deliberately considered free-association of shapes or objects after the spirit of Eric Wadsworth or Rudolph Bauer or the Picasso of "Guernica".

In Borduas and Fernand Leduc, J. F. Mousseau, Pierre Gouvreau and —in a minor vein—Léon Bellefleur, all of whose work stems from the more creative half of surrealism represented by André Masson and Paul Klee, we encounter a group of artists of related tendencies whose works are very likely going to have to be seriously reckoned with in the not too distant future. That their executive aility is not always on a par with their taste and wit is readily granted, but no intelligent and informed gallery-goer can deny that such paintings as Borduas' "Composition", Leduc's "Et leur ombre dit adieu au jour," Gouvreau's "Fonction", Bellefleur's "Jeux d'enfants" and Mousseau's "Aspect Franc" form the bases of what is very likely to become an important trend in Canadian art of the next few decades.

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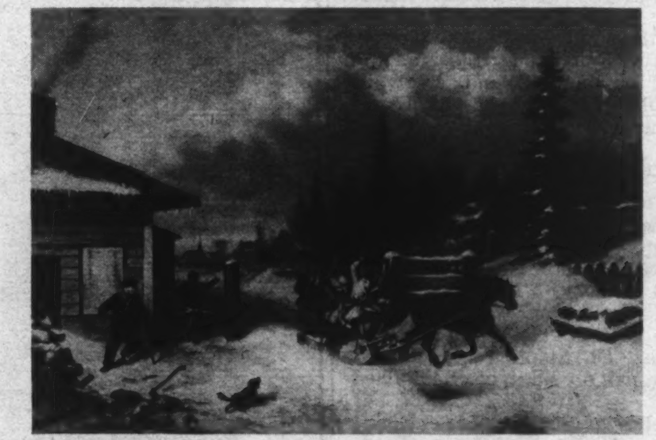

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Charles Dickens Was Also Gay Deceiver

By GRAHAM GREENE

Charles Huffam Dickens was really "a sly-eyed young man with long lashes and long hair with corkscrew curls (he combed his hair a hundred times a day), overdressed, overemotional, self-pitying."

THERE are people who cannot believe in the reality of Dickens's characters, but they have failed to take into account the most Dickensian character of all, the character of Charles Huffam Dickens himself.

Dickens was an adept at mislaying uncomfortable facts, and I for one was ignorant of his middle name until I found it recorded in Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's thorough and painstaking biography— Charles Dickens (Chatto and Windus).

This is the first biography to appear since the publication of the letters by the Nonesuch Press in 1938; it is, thank goodness, not a lively book.

It is marred occasionally by an odd vulgarity (the profession of letters is treated rather like a long distance race, and we are asked to applaud the leading man at each lap—"Come on, Browning," "Well done Thackeray," "Dickens leads") but it does contain all the facts. We can with confidence hew out of it our personal portrait.

The portrait which emerged vividly for me was that of Charles Huffam, a sly-eyed young man with long lashes and long hair with corkscrew curls fixed by a lotion (he combed his hair a hundred times a day), overdressed (an American described him as "flash, like one of our river gamblers"), overemotional, and self-pitying.

He wept over the death of Little Nell—or so, presumably, he told his friends, for it is unlikely that anyone caught him at his tears any more than they caught him at his elaborate hair-dressing. Charles Huffam —and how he huffed 'em!

One is tempted to say that even his reticences were planned to deceive.

The Legend Survives

He was a man who won success as quickly and easily as Oscar Wilde, and yet he was able to put over on the world (with the help of his reticence) a legend that endures today—the legend of a poor little boy rather like Oliver Twist, born in the humbler walks of life, with an impecunious, shiftless father, always in prison for debt, slaving himself as a child in a blacking factory. (It must be an obscure association with black beetles that makes a blacking factory sound so gloomy.)

What is the truth? His father was an official in the Civil Service, earning the equivalent of today's £1,000-a-year salary.

True, on one occasion his father went to prison for debt, but it was only for a few weeks; after he came out he received from the Treasury a pension equivalent to about £600 a year in our money and immediately became a highly successful Parliamentary reporter.

Charles Huffam's experience of a blacking factory boils down to six weeks spent in Warren's factory, owned by a friend of his father, where he was paid the equivalent of, say, a pound a week (good wages for a child), and simply underwent the usual trials of a boy with influential friends beginning "at the bottom of the ladder."

Compare the lot of those unfortunate children of the wealthy novelist (named pretentiously after their father's great friends—Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, Alfred D'Orsay Tennyson Dickens, Walter Landor Dickens, Sydney Smith Dickens, etc., etc.) packed off to the ends of the world, to die in India or barely survive in the Antipodes. Compare this cold, unloving, egotistic treatment with John Dickens's care for his child.

Charles, as soon as possible, was taken away from his blacking factory ("a promising commercial situation" most Victorian parents would have considered it) and sent to school; afterwards his father arranged for him to become a solicitor's clerk, and later introduced him to Parliamentary reporting.

From that point Charles never looked back. By the age of 23 he was world famous, and next to Gladstone the most unlovable figure of his age.

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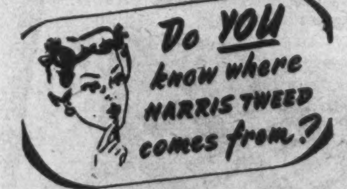
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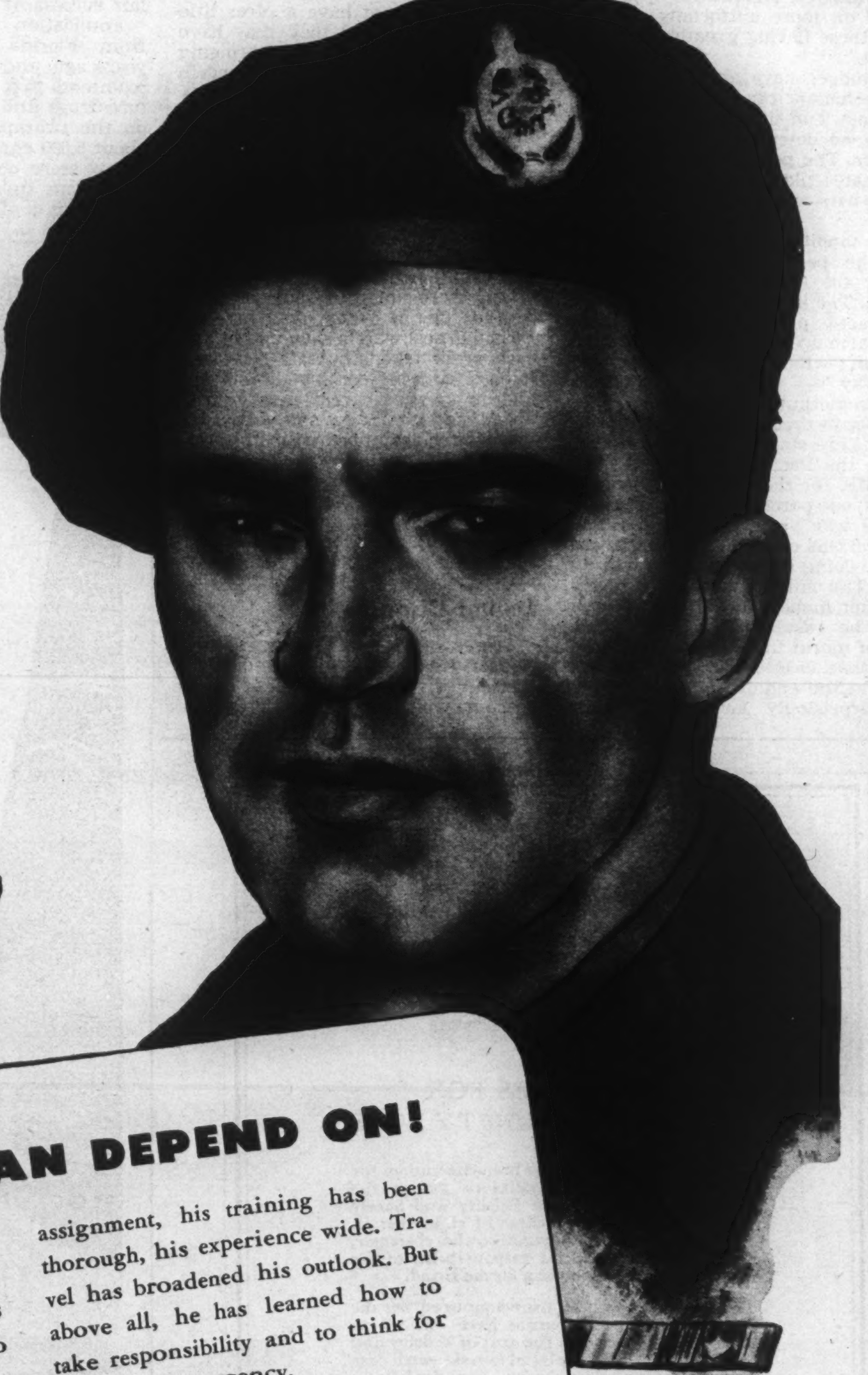

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Bigger and Better Lashings for British Columbia's Bad Men

By W. P. LUCE

HARDENED criminals in British Columbia are to get the lash more frequently in future.

Members of the lower mainland judiciary, which includes judges of the supreme courts, county courts, and police magistrates from Vancouver, Burnaby, and New Westminster, met under the chairmanship of Chief Justice Farris to discuss what could be done to bring the current crime wave under control. It was decided that more drastic punishment might be the answer. Agreement was also reached on more uniformity of sentences, these having greatly varied in the past.

The judges have apparently come to the reluctant conclusion that sending crooks and thugs to the penitentiary is no deterrent to future misactivities. The penitentiary is a fairly comfortable place in which to spend a few years, even if it has its drawbacks.

Most bandits fear the lash far more than the pen, but only when the strokes are laid on often and hard enough. The usual five lashes, though not exactly pleasant, do little more than warm up a man's back. A criminal doesn't wince unless he hears the judge say "——and twenty lashes". That's something to remember.

Youths in their late 'teens and early twenties are staging most of the holdups on the Pacific Coast these days. They are, for the most part, the product of lax parental supervision during the war years, when the father was overseas or in the shipyards, and mother doing her bit in some war industry The children were given plenty of pocket money and allowed to run wild. The result has been a breakdown of moral fibre, and a confirmed belief that easy money can always be got at the end of a gun.

A surprisingly large number of 'teen-agers are among the 75 persons who report each day at the Vancouver police station to register fire-arms, mostly souvenirs brought from the battlefronts.

Officials estimate that there are at least 11,000 small arms unregistered in the province. There are believed to be 5,000 in Vancouver, 1,800 in Victoria, and several hundred in Nanaimo, New Westminster, and Prince Rupert.

Many returned men are reluctant to register their souvenirs. They admit they may not have a clear title to the weapons, and they may have broken some regulation by bringing them to Canada, and the least known about them the better.

Authorities insist they are not interested in the origin of the guns; they simply ask for registration.

An indication of the prevalent deplorable dishonesty among a certain element of Vancouver's population was shown when the aircraft carrier Implacable visted the port. More than $500 worth of equipment and personal effects were stolen by souvenir hunters, not one of whom was arrested. Four nautical watches, valued at $150 each, were taken, but all four were later returned. Scores of bombs, live and duds, were carried away, to be abandoned in garages and vacant lots when warnings appeared in the press.

While the stealing was not confined to any particular class, boys and girls of high school age helped themselves more liberally than any others. When caught with the goods a few days later they just laughed it off.

Dental Disputes

Scores of dentists discharged from the services are idle in Victoria and Vancouver, unable to find office space in which to practice. They complain, rather bitterly, that newcomers from the prairies and the east, are safely ensconced in their former premises and refuse to move.

There are a large number of small communities in the province which lack dentists, but the returned men show little inclination to move into the country.

It does not seem to have occured either to the newcomers or to the displaced dentists that arrangements might be made for some of them to work night shifts. Business patients who have to sacrifice a valuable hour to visit the dentist in the daytime would probably welcome the innovation.

Raising Frogs

Pioneering a new Canadian industry, Ray Reynolds, of Websters Corners, in the Fraser Valley, has gone in for raising frogs and is making a fair success of the venture.

Foundation stock was imported from Florida and California two years ago, and reproduction has been so intense that there are now 500 mature frogs and thousands of tadpoles on the swamp. The female spawns about 5,000 eggs in a season, but only a few score come to maturity.

To date there has been no overwhelming demand for frogs' legs, but the selling price is satisfactory. It is around $1 a pound. Present buyers are mostly Chinese, who insist on getting the whole amphibian, not merely the edible legs. They dry the skin and grind it to powder for medicinal purposes.

The frogs are gathered at night. A strong flashlight attracts them to a deep water spot, where they are scooped up in a net, transferred to tanks, and later disposed of as required.

There is one slight drawback to frog farming. The creatures have to be fed indirectly. They thrive on flies and insects which are attracted to the swamp by offal and meat in an advanced stage of decomposition and strongly odorous.

Frogs legs taste somewhat like white chicken meat, but have a more delicate flavor. Persons who try them invariably clamor for more, but the trouble is to get them to give the first order. That's why hotels and restaurants are not yet ready to put Ray Reynolds' specialty on their menus.

History of Vancouver

A text book on the historical background of Vancouver will be in junior and senior high schools next year. It lists more than a thousand facts in the development of the city and is published by the Tourist Association and the School Board. It is believed to be the first manual of its kind endorsed by any Canadian municipality.

Chinese to Visit Homeland

Over 2,000 British Columbia Chinese are making plans to visit their homeland next year, or as soon as travel facilities are available. Almost no Chinese have crossed the Pacific since Japan invaded their country fourteen years ago, and very few of them have received news of their relatives or friends during that period.

In accordance with traditional custom, the bones of those of the older generation who have died in recent years will be disinterred and forwarded to China for burial with their ancestors. The shipment will aggregate several tons.

Since December, 1941, only one ship has left Vancouver for China with cargo and passengers. This was the 900-ton "Empire Allenby," bound for Shanghai and Hong Kong, which sailed at the end of October. She carried a large U.N.R.R.A. relief shipment, and 35 members of the organization who will supervise distribution.

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THE LONDON LETTER

"Left" or "Right" No Basis for British Bench Appointments

By P. O'D.

LORD JOWITT, the new Socialist Lord Chancellor, rather startled the Press and the public the other day by his suggestion that the ideal Bench of magistrates would consist of two members chosen from the "Left", two from the "Right", and an independent chairman with some legal training. He was addressing the Magistrates' Association at their annual meeting at the Mansion House in London. It seems likely that he startled them more than somewhat, too.

Magistrates of the "Left" and magistrates of the "Right"! Decidedly a new idea, that, and not a very happy one—nor a very popular one, judging by the reception it has had. Immediately indignant voices were raised to ask what such things had to do with the administration of justice. With their long political traditions and their sound political instincts people in this country realize that there are places which should be "out of bounds" to politics, and that the Bench is conspicuously one of them.

Lord Jowitt said that he was very much disturbed about the whole problem of the magistracy, and that a Royal Commission would be appointed to go into the matter. There were many difficulties and anomalies to be cleared away, and he was being put "under very considerable pressure".

When a Lord Chancellor—august personage!—says a thing like that, one naturally wonders what sort of pressure and from where. The suggestion about magistrates of the "Left" and "Right" would seem to throw a little light on the subject.

It must be admitted that Benches of magistrates throughout the country, on which the J.P.'s of each district sit in judgment on their fellow-citizens, do contain a large, perhaps an unduly large, proportion of what might be called the local gentry. They have the leisure and the inclination, and by long tradition such duties seem naturally to fall to them.

Besides, they are more apt to be independent. They generally have less to lose by condemning a fellow-citizen than, say, a local tradesman or working man. I don't mean that the tradesman couldn't be trusted to do his duty, but he might conceivably be much less willing to assume such responsibilities—though a good many of them do.

The fact remains that the bulk of the unpaid magistracy continues to be drawn from a class whose preponderance on the Bench may fill the earnest Socialist with serious misgivings. But the solution proposed by the Lord Chancellor raises even more serious misgivings in a far larger public.

This neat division into "Left" and "Right" seems to be the worst possible way out of the difficulty. Perhaps there should be more Socialists on the magistrates' Bench—and no doubt there soon will be—but they certainly should not be appointed as Socialists. That much is obvious, even in this brave new Marxian world.

Books Out of Battle-Dress

Considering the shortage of paper, the shortage of labor, the bombed-out plants, and all the difficulties and restrictions of war-time, English publishers have put up an amazingly good show. They managed to publish a surprising number of new books, and most of the volumes were very creditable pieces of craftsmanship. But there is no use pretending that they were really attractive, with their skinny margins, their closely packed pages, and their utility bindings. You might as well try to persuade your wife that the dress she contrives for herself out of odds and ends with the aid of the local seamstress is as pretty as the sort she used to buy in Bond Street.

Now that the war is over, it is clear that something must be done for English publishers, if they are to get back their share of the export trade which American publishers have been taking away from them. American books have been anything but slim and austere.

The Government has already promised that publishers will be allowed 15 per cent more paper. Something may even be done about the shortage of printers and book-binders.

At any rate, we are assured that the British book is coming out of battle-dress, and will soon be once again its old plump, well-tailored self. The only disturbing thought is whether the British reader will see very much of it. Nearly everything good is for export nowadays.

Clerics Live Long

Years ago I remember reading somewhere or other that the two longest-lived professions are those of painters and parsons. I am not so sure about painters, in spite of that tradition of the mighty Titian turning out masterpieces at the age of ninety-eight or -nine. The "vie de Boheme" is not often conducive to longevity. But about parsons there would seem to be no doubt.

Recently in one of the London newspapers there has been a discussion going on as to records of incumbency, and some of the cases quoted are very remarkable indeed. At Arbroath in Scotland, for instance, three successive ministers held office from 1754 to 1911—a little matter of 157 years!—and the fourth, appointed in 1911 is still going strong. At Kingsbarns, near St. Andrews, two ministers lasted from 1809 to 1932.

Why parsons should live so long is a question to which many answers can be given—most of them very edifying, no doubt, though anti-clericals may have their own less flattering explanations. But the fact remains. They do live long.

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

The Scientific Advances Which Led Us To The Atomic Bomb

ATOMIC ENERGY IN THE COMING ERA, by David Dietz. (Dodd, Mead, $2.50.)

A GOOD newspaperman, who at the same time is a scientist of high repute, has produced in this book a patient record of the chain of physical and mathematical discoveries that came to their practical climax in the explosion of the first atomic bomb. Loosely it might be called a popular book since it avoids the accepted terminology of Science, when possible, and since it dwells on the dream-like possibilities of atomic power in peace. But it is also technically solid stuff related in sequence and should have a wide circulation.

At the same time it leaves an ordinary reader clawing the atmosphere, reaching for a hold that isn't there. The neat, but not large, helping of physics which was served to us in youth has no more to do with modern physics than Sanscrit has, and our excursion as far as conic sections and spherical geometry is many miles short of an Einstein equation.

Yet the atomic bomb proves that Einstein was right in saying that when mass is transformed into energy, that energy is equal to the mass multiplied by the square of the velocity of light, in centimetres per second. Now the velocity of light is 186,000 miles per second. How many centimetres there are in 186,000 miles anybody can find out, if he has time. And he can square the number, if he has a great deal of time and a piece of paper wide enough to carry the answer.

If the "mass" is a molecule of uranium 235, (ten million of such molecules making a procession one inch long) and if it is split and changed into two wholly dissimilar substances by the impact of a neutron, which is too small even to imagine, much less talk about, energy spouts up in light and heat. Pack a sizable amount of uranium 235 in one end of a bomb-case and bombard it with enclosed neutrons from the other end; then whole cities are wiped off the map and ordinary desert sand is fused into glass. No wonder every public man rises solemnly on his legs and says "We are at the dawn of a new era,"—and then keeps on thinking as he has always thought.

In truth nobody really believes what has happened but the scientists themselves and the survivors of Nagasaki. Things and phenomena beyond our experience don't exist, for us. We're in the state of the farmer who turned away in disgust from his first sight of a giraffe, saying, "There ain't no such animal."

But the "know how" of splitting the atom exists and all mankind had better acknowledge the fact and adjust thought and behaviour to meet it. For if not the menace to life. liberty and the pursuit of happiness is the darkest cloud this world ever saw.

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New Utopia

By MARY DALE MUIR

MR. MIRAKEL, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (McClelland and Stewart, $2.35).

A SLIGHT novel but pleasant enough and with the necessary touch of unreality to make it relaxing reading. The author uses the style he has familiarized in so many of his stories to offer a Utopian solution for the present world situation. His "land of Mirakel" is much like Mr. Hilton's Shangri-la.

That BRAINS should be bombed and so rendered ineffective rouses the mysterious Mr. Mirakel, modern Croesus and owner of the Milan Hotel in London, to whisk off to his Lotus land a charming Princess, a scientist, a Commander, a poetess and an archaeologist. His guests live an ideal existence but curiosity is not encouraged. Questions are neither welcomed nor answered.

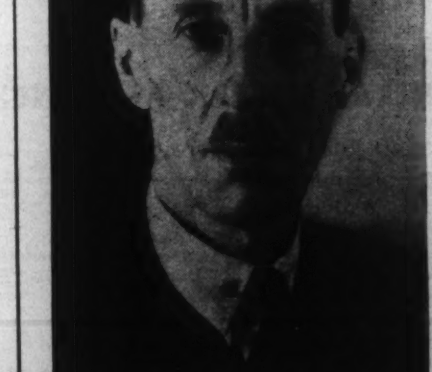
•

Flying Construction

JUNIOR MODEL PLANES, by J. D. Powell, Edited by Ed. Clarke. (Oxford, $1.75.)

THIS is a picture-book in appearance, but in reality an accurate blueprint for the making of four types of model aeroplanes. The author confesses his indebtedness to his own boy whose earnestness in the task led him to overcome all sorts of difficulties, small and large. A lad of twelve or so, with the simplest of tools and the enthusiasm of his time of life, will find this book a treasure.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.



G. E. J. Cumberlege, who has lately been appointed Publisher to the University of Oxford, in succession to Sir Humphrey Milford, retired.

Army Cartoons

LES CALLAN adorned civilian life for fourteen years or thereabouts as a newspaper cartoonist; first for the Vancouver *Sun* and then for the Toronto *Star*. And still he was not too old in 1942 to go big-gunning for Germans. So his talent for getting a laugh out of a few lines must have burgeoned while he was still in rompers.

Not long after he got to Europe, Authority yanked him out of gunnery, set him down in Army Public Relations and dared him to be as funny as he could. His cartoons illuminated many issues of The *Maple Leaf* and brought moments of cheerfulness to the fighting men who certainly needed it.

A collection of his work, which he calls a "Cartooniqué" is on the presses of Longmans, Green and is due for publication on November 15. The title is "Normandy and On," the price is $1.00 and the author's royalties will go to the Canadian Paraplegic Association to help soldiers disabled by paralysis.

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THE BOOKSHELF

United States Chief of Staff Reviews March to Victory

THE WINNING OF THE WAR IN EUROPE AND THE PACIFIC; General Marshall's Report. (Collins, quarto in paper, $1.50.)

SOME modern bombs are so sensitive that in the space of a large room they aim themselves towards a man who enters, in reaction to the normal heat of his body. That statement is by General Arnold, commanding the United States Army Air Forces, and is quoted in General Marshall's Report. Suppose such a bomb, jet-powered, is launched towards a munitions factory perhaps fifty miles away. The furnaces will draw it to the heart of the plant, as a magnet draws a needle.

Recently a German V-2 bomb of the earliest design was tested by British Officers. From Cuxhaven it was launched towards a target 150 miles away in the North Sea. It fell and exploded only three miles short. That is a 2 per cent miss. Proportionately an artillery shell ranged at 10,000 yards would fall only 200 yards from the target—which would be too close for comfort.

So many improvements in bomb-design have been made that a sure hit hundreds of miles away is now almost certain. So that if atom-fission had not been discovered the enginery of war, armed with TNT, would still have put every city on this continent under siege and made war a universal catastrophe. Arm it with atom-bombs, stronger than TNT as thousands to one, and the prospect staggers the imagination.

Commenting on these facts General Marshall says, "The only effective defence a nation can now maintain is the power of attack. And that power cannot be in machinery alone. There must be men to man the machines. And there must be men to come to close grips with the enemy and tear his operating bases and his productive establishment away from him." That is the argument on which the President's call for universal military training is based.

The General's report on the activities of the United States Army in the last two years of the war is very definite and clear. It is a State Paper of the utmost historical importance, especially for its forthright acknowledgment of obligation to the Allies. "Germany and Japan came so close to complete domination of the world that we do not yet realize how thin the thread of Allied survival had been stretched. . . It is certain that the refusal of the British and Russian peoples to accept what appeared to be inevitable defeat was the great factor in the salvage of our civilization. Of almost equal importance was the failure of the enemy to make the most of the situation."

The Report is brilliantly illustrated by contour maps on a global projection.

No Two Alike

By W. S. MILNE

CHARITY STRONG by Marguerite Allis. (Allen, $3.00)

THE WEST WINDOW by L. P. Hartley. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.00)

NOT IN OUR STARS by Josiah E. Greene. (Macmillan, $3.25)

Charity Strong aspired to be an opera singer. Unfortunately she lived in puritan Connecticut in the 1820's, and she met with a good deal of opposition. Her story is highly sentimental and melodramatic, but the interest is well maintained, and the theme affords the reader interesting pictures of New York theatrical life more than a century ago, with side excursions into the beginnings of steam traffic on the Hudson and Connecticut rivers, and a lurid sketch of a cholera epidemic.

The West Window is a tale of two children, a little boy of about nine, and a dominating sister three years older. The title of the English edition was **The Shrimp and the Anemone**, and the story opens with the boy watching an anemone in a tidal pool at the seaside ingesting a shrimp. The shrimp is rescued, but unfortunately it is already dead, and in the process of rescue, the anemone is killed too. The incident is an allegory of the relationship of the two children, and although the story is not carried to its logical tragic conclusion, its implications are grim enough. The style is light and delicate, and the author is remarkably successful in carrying on the narrative as seen through the boy's eyes. It is a sort of nightmare in pastel shades, reminiscent of some of Walter de la Mare's short stories. The children are entirely believable, some of the adults less completely realized. This is a delicate, subtle and disturbing story.

Not in Our Stars is the winner of the Macmillan Centenary Award for the best work of fiction written by an American serving in the armed forces. It is a long, rambling, panoramic novel of close on three-hundred thousand words, setting forth the trials, tribulations, vices, crimes, romances, labor troubles and competitive finaigling of a single community, a small but growing dairy farm and creamery, most of the employes of which "live in." It is a powerful piece of work, frank and realistic, often beyond the bounds of good taste. Its chief weakness is that it attempts to weave together the separate stories.

It leaves a lot of loose ends, and characters who seem to be developing into protagonists suddenly are relegated almost to supernumerary positions as the interest shifts to another group. Indeed, the lack of one single dominant character is the book's main fault. Sympathy is divided pretty evenly between management and labor, and one is gradually forced to the conclusion that the author dislikes both about equally. Theft, arson, murder, rape, seduction, infanticide figure in the story, and most of the characters are a dirty-mouthed, dirty-minded bunch. Nevertheless, it is only fair to the book to state that the story has power, vivid characterization, and considerable thought behind it. Granted a strong literary stomach, if you can get through the first hundred pages and succeed in keeping the huge cast straight in your mind, the book will hold you for the other five, and you will lay it down with the feeling that you have come through a pretty strenuous experience.

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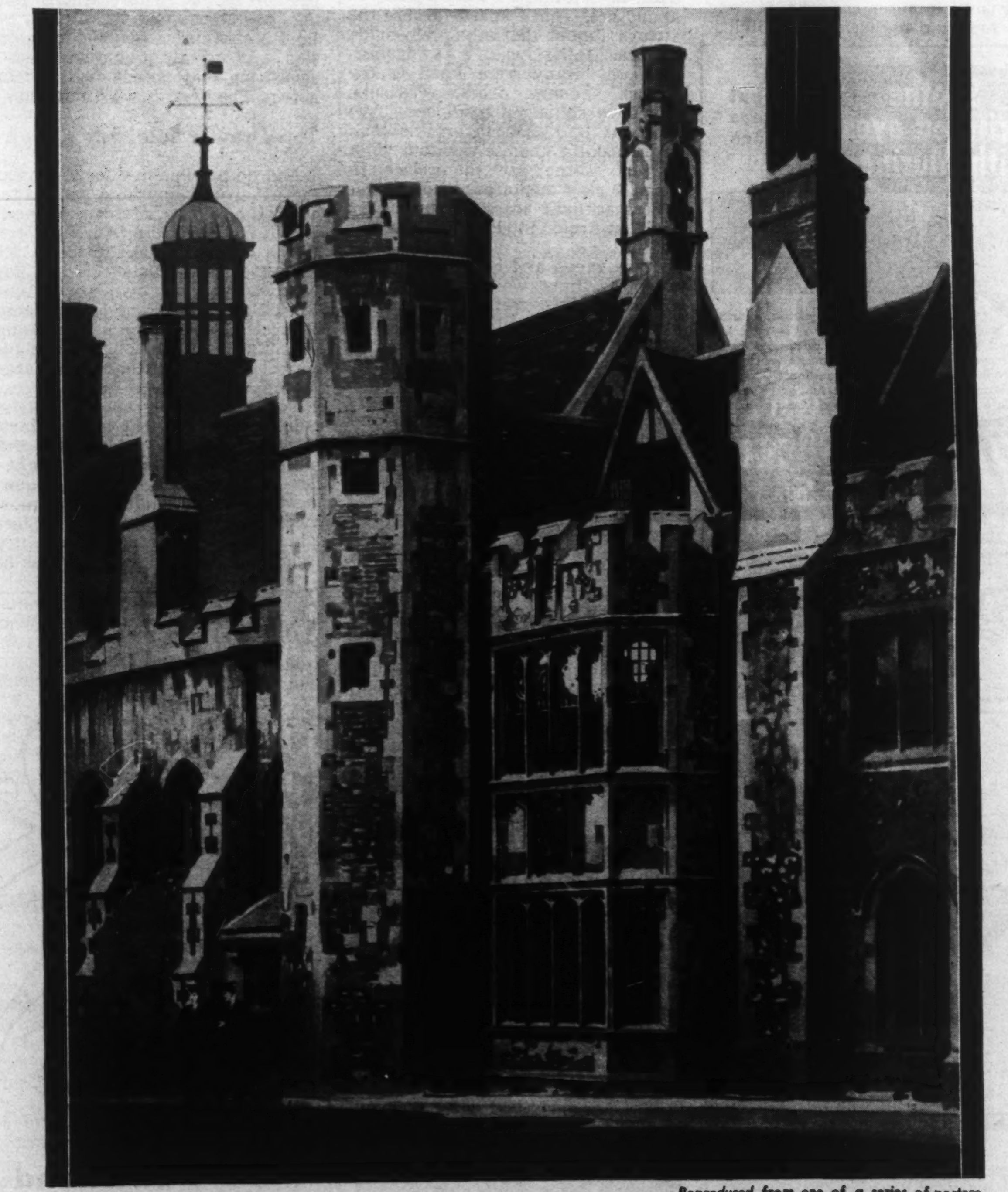

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By **WINIFRED E. WILSON**

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The fairy godmother is Mrs. H. B. Bowen. A violinist in one of several groups of women's strings that played at one another's houses for their own amusement, she it was who first had the idea of combining.

Fate now decreed that Ethel Stark, a well-known concert violinist, was in the city giving radio recitals. As she had formed and for three years directed the Women's Little Symphony of New York, Mrs. Bowen was delegated to ask her to undertake the leadership of a women's string orchestra. Miss Stark admitted that she was not interested in all strings, but was willing to act as conductor if a full orchestra could be got together.

Debut At Chalet

Owing to the eagerness of a few determined souls, just ten days later, on January 29, 1940, a handful of women gathered for the first rehearsal. Violinists there were in abundance, but apart from the strings almost the only ready-made instrumentalist was a tympanist. However, many were keen to try French horns, oboes, clarinets, flutes, bassoons or trumpets. Two violinists had undertaken the task of re-making themselves into viola players; some set themselves to learn to play one of the wood-winds; others tackled a brass instrument for the first time. Students were requisitioned.

Many races and creeds were represented; there were grandmothers and schoolgirls. Yet they worked as one "man". All had set their hearts on a real symphony orchestra, no matter what the obstacles. Cooperation, enthusiasm, stick-to-it-iveness and patience go a long way towards accomplishment. A less ardent and fearless person than Miss Stark might have given up on the spot—there were exactly three professionals!

In six months the Montreal Women's Symphony Orchestra was ready for its first concert, which was given in the Chalet on the top of Mount Royal. As the night was cool, it had been arranged to use the building rather than the surrounding grounds where concerts usually take place. But the management had not guessed that a crowd of about four thousand would be anxious to see these women! The room was jammed, airless, and bad for seeing because of the flat floor. Yet as soon as Miss Stark began inconveniences were forgotten. It was apparent that she was an efficient conductor and perfectly at ease. She held the orchestra under the spell of her personality and she held the audience there, too.

Three Pianos

Another summer concert showed that Miss Stark had no intention of staying in any conventional path. Bach's "Concerto in D Minor" for three pianos and orchestra meant many difficulties—including the hauling of these impedimenta to the top of the mountain. But the result proved that they had not been overambitious.

A further test of their worth came when they were asked, in October '41, to combine with Montreal's two long-established orchestras to play under the baton of Dr. Bruno Walter for the benefit of the British war effort. The evening was a huge success.

The first season went with a bang—the organization was now "on the map". Since then, each autumn an established group of subscribers looks forward to a series of concerts in Plateau Hall. Nor are the young people neglected, for each year there are concerts given especially for them. In this way more homes come under the influence of this truly remarkable body of women.

Programmes compare favorably with those of any of the great symphony orchestras on the continent. Bach, Beethoven and Brahms are well represented, but the moderns are there too: John Barbirolli's "Concerto for Oboe and Strings", Georges Enesco's "Rapsodie Roumaine No. 1", Haufrecht's version of "Ferdinand the Bull", a setting for Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" by Violet Archer, a talented young Montreal composer and member of the percussion section. The splendid playing of Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain", when the organization was exactly two years old, is something that cannot easily be forgotten. The brasses were amazing.

Top Drawer Soloists

And do not imagine for an instant that there is anything second-rate about the soloists. Mesdames Reisenberg and Desjardin, Orrea Pernel, Benno Rabinof, Carl Friedberg, Mischa Mischakoff, Mishel Piastro, Zara Nelsova and our own world-famed Ellen Ballon are some of the names. Henrietta Schumann, in Rachmaninoff's "Concerto No. 2", proved a popular choice; and little Sylvia Zaremba won all hearts.

No special X-ray apparatus is required to discover the leading factor in the orchestra's sudden rise: their music director. Miss Stark brought to her arduous task all the requirements of a good conductor. Her movements are sure and graceful. She is admittedly a genius—one hears it on every side. But not every genius has patience, perseverance and leadership such as she possesses. The discipline is strict, and they all wish it to be so. As one of the ladies assured me, "She does not spare the members of her orchestra—she goes for them!"

In the quiet, home-like atmosphere of Mrs. Bowen's living-room I had the privilege of watching Miss Stark's face light up as she spoke of her orchestra. "There is a certain pleasure," she said, "in being guest conductor with a large, well-organized symphony orchestra that has long been established, but I feel that I have moulded this one—it is mine."

Miss Stark's career is known to most music lovers. She is a Montrealer by birth and education. Asked when she first became interested in music she replied, "Always. My folks were interested in music." She took her Bachelor of Music degree from the McGill Conservatorium, then studied in New York, and later at the Curtis Institute where she held a scholarship for six years, making a special study of violin and conducting.

One of Miss Stark's happy memories is of the time she was able to introduce the Prokofieff "Violin Concerto" to Fritz Kreisler. Mrs. Kreisler had heard her play in Boston. A few days later the young violinist received an invitation to play at the Kreisler home in New York. Not only was Kreisler present, but Zimbalist, Felix Salmond, Josef Hoffman, Rachmanioff, and her former teacher, Fritz Reiner.

She has appeared as violin soloist with most of the large orchestros in the United Sates and Canada; has played in Europe and in Mexico; and

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conducted in New York, Detroit and Philadelphia. Three years ago she was invited to conduct the New York Civic Symphony, and the Norfolk Symphony Orchestra. A little later she was offered a contract to tour South America both as soloist and conductor of some of the major orchestras. Despite the long hours spent with her orchestra she still remains one of Canada's top-reaching violinists by frequent recitals over the C.B.C. network.

Miss Stark and her sixty players are not just driving along with the stream of music-makers. The final concert of the 1944-45 season gave evidence of another forward step. Tchaikovsky's much-heard "Fourth Symphony" was given fresh meaning. There were no frills—simply a clear interpretation of the score.

As the audience is dispersing after a concert, the same three comments may be heard again and again. The factors which seem to make the deepest impression on both profesional critics and the ordinary music-lovers are the enthusiasm of each member of the orchestra; the unusually good support always given to any soloist; and the really remarkable quality of the brass section.

Yes, the Montreal Women's Symphony Orchestra, though only five years old, is now compared with its big brothers; the infant prodigy has already put up its back hair, wears evening dress, and goes into society.

How to Bewilder the Gardener

By FREDERIC MANNING

FOR the past several weeks every magazine and newspaper I have picked up has had long articles on what to plant *now* in the garden so that next spring it won't be necessary to do anything but sit around and admire what one has accomplished by a little foresight.

I am sure that there are many gardeners who have done just that and I also am sure that they will spend the winter telling me about what their gardens will be like next spring. I rather thought, for a time, that I should be one of that group myself, but I know now, quite definitely, that I'm not. I just don't belong.

What I had planned on doing was the planting of some vine, or shrubs, or both, to cover our garage, making of it a bower of flowers and leaves instead of the eyesore it is now. I was looking for something that would grow quickly, nothing that would shoot up and around before I could get the doors closed, but still, a quick grower.

Our garage is not one of those brick affairs with white painted trellises along its sides supporting profusely flowering and wildly growing roses in June. It's one of those nineteen-ninety-eight metal affairs off which the paint has long since vanished and it needs covering up, but good. I also think a good sturdy vine would help to hold it together. Not being anywhere near its first youth it is bulging at the seams, here and there, and, while I have always understood alfalfa is an excellent thing for binding soil, I have my doubts about how it would work on a garage.

I Asked For It

Like people looking for a house to rent, I tossed off my troubles among my friends and acquaintances, and did I get advice! I got advised right out of the entire works.

The advice I got from one gardener was always scoffed at by the next before I could get the vine or shrub ordered, much less planted. I would get all ready to order something that I was told would be a mass of white flowers all summer, only to be told that the leaves would turn brown and all drop off by mid-June.

Another one I favored was greeted by another gardener with expressions of horror, both facial and vocal. How he registered. Just plant that, he said, and I wouldn't have a thing left in the garden. It would undoubtedly cover the garage, in no time at all too, if given a little sip of liquid manure, and while doing so the roots would undermine my entire garden and probably up-root a neighboring verandah at the same time. Something else was too tender, wouldn't grow north of the south shore of Lake Ontario and really did better no farther north than southern New York State.

That certainly eliminated my garage. I can't be running around not only southern Ontario, but parts of the U.S.A. as well, trying to get it thoroughly vine covered.

Beetles And Squirrels

Shrubs seemed no better. Any of the ones I read about and thought I would fancy were ones that attracted Japanese beetles or termites or else had to have sun all day and into the night too, if possible. Maybe a sun lamp would have worked on it, but after a few hours of gardening by day, I am usually in need of it myself by night.

I thought while someone was making up my mind about all this I would fill in time by planting a few bulbs. We have had no new ones since before the war and what are still blooming are spindly and fast disappearing. However, another friendly gardener took me in hand over this little matter. It seems the squirrels and pheasants would get them all unless they were planted two hours before sunrise on the second Thursday after the full of the moon or else two hours before a good frost. This, it seems makes it more difficult, and more fun, for the squirrels.

Well, now it's too late so I shall probably go through the spring complaining as one woman of my acquaintance did this past summer. Hot or cold, wet or dry meant nothing to her, after she had her garden seeds planted. The seeds were just no good, now if she had only bought them from another firm—

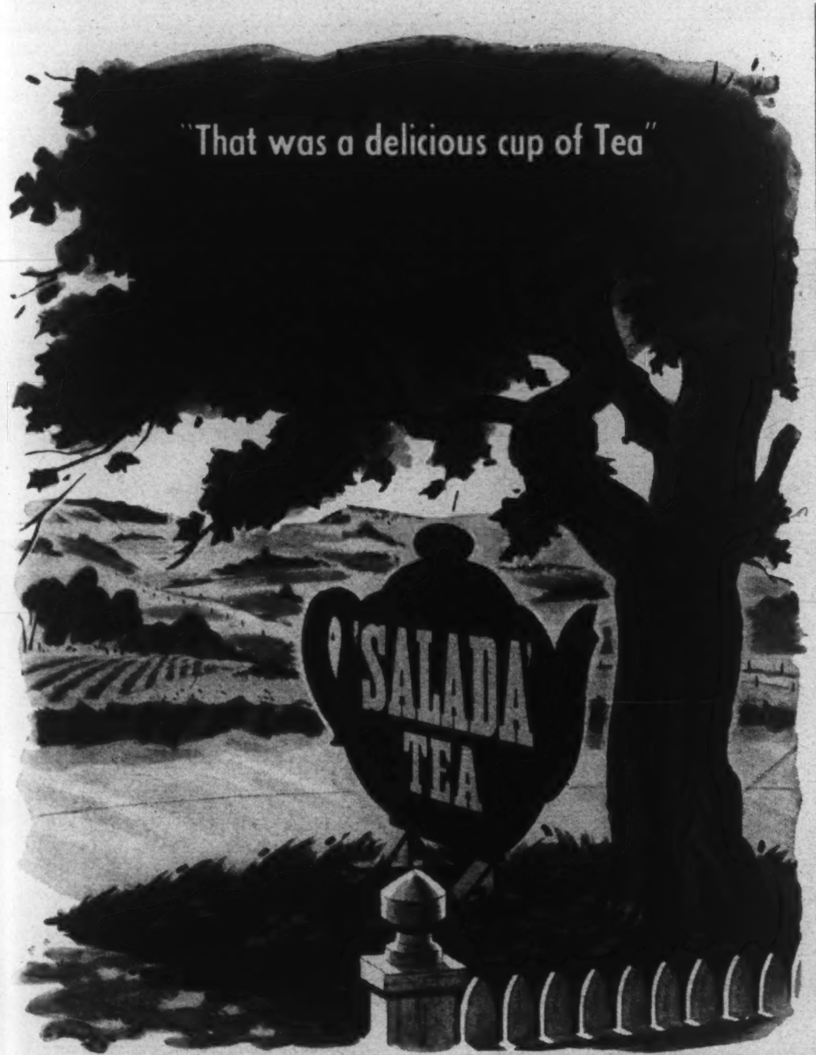
Well, if I had gone elsewhere for advice or, better still, not listened to what I got, I might have southern dogwood, rhododendrons, wistaria and mimosa rioting over my garage and wood-shed by early March. If I only hadn't listened.

• •

Farmer Brown's Fair

The Junior Cradleship Creche of York Township have been busy making plans for their first peacetime party, "Farmer Brown's Fair," to be held November 16 at Columbus Hall, Toronto. All proceeds will be used to send Crèche children and their mothers to summer camp. "Farmer Brown" returns, after an absence of three war years, with bingo, hoopla, games of chance and dancing.

Miss Peggy Price is convener, assisted by Miss Adele Cooper as co-convener. Others on the committee include Helen Haig, Mrs. Richard Maguire, tickets; Mary Ellis and Ardith Gardiner, food; Dorothy Skinner, advertising; Teresa Conlin and Evelyn Henry, prizes; Marion Hahn, Claire Cooper, games; Mrs. G. E. Bunnett and Myrtle Franceschini, decorations; Frances Dickinson and Mrs. Warren Henry, correspondence; Lillian La Bine and Mrs. Paul MacNamara, raffle.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WORLD OF WOMEN

Moving Day for Mrs. Walters to A New, Strange Neighborhood

By EMILY HORRICKS

IT WAS going to be warm enough again to sit out in the lawn-chair and sun oneself. By mid-morning the mist had lifted, and the early October sun beamed blandly from a sky innocent of clouds.

Mrs. Walters gathered up her nail polish and a file, cigarettes and matches. Then, with the screendoor half-open, she stopped.

Her new neighboor, whom moving-day had brought to the other half of the brick double house, was on the back porch hanging out her huge daily washing.

"How she is going to love it—seeing me lolling in the sun, doing my nails at 10.30 A.M.!" thought Mrs. Walters guiltily. But she muttered firmly to herself, "This is ridiculous," and marched out boldly.

Pinning on a smile, she directed it at her neighbor, ready to give a friendly greeting, but the woman had turned back and was sorting diapers from the basket—rather obviously not seeing her. So Mrs. Walters went on silently, gained her objective, and decided to have the cigarette first and do her nails afterward.

First Of October

"And that's another thing," she scolded herself half-audibly, "I've actually begun talking to myself."

It was undeniably true. And it was only since the First of October.

It was almost incredible, thought Mrs. Walters, how moving-day could transform a neighborhood. At least, she amended, the first moving-day after the end of a war. Because all during the six war years, moving-day hadn't meant a thing. Every family lucky enough to have a roof simply stayed put.

It had been a settled, agreeable community—that pleasant suburban block. Most of the families had moved in about the same time. The children had grown up together. Now the oldest ones were in High School, and even the youngest—those who had been babies when they moved to the district—had been promoted from Kindergarten and this Fall marched proudly to Grade One.

The noisy summer was over with its baseball games on the street and games of Scatter in the long warm evenings. This was the time for the neighborhood to settle down to the usual Autumn hush, the calm and drowsy peace of Indian summer.

But suddenly everything was changed.

Or was it really so sudden? It had begun back in September, when the middle-aged Browns across the street with their one teen-aged boy, had moved into an apartment downtown, renting their house to a young couple with a swarm of babies. There were twin girls of three, and little Johnny almost two, and an older girl nearly five who should really have been in kindergarten. Mrs. Walters suspected that she was kept home to mind the younger children. The mother was a slim girl who looked too young for her job, dressed always in slacks or shorts, smoked constantly and let the children do pretty much as they pleased.

New Neighbors

Then Mrs. Irwin, two houses away, had announced excitedly that they had just bought a house and were leaving October First, subletting their place to a young civil servant with—Mrs. Walters held her breath—two small children.

Not more than a week later word came that the Major in the other half of their own double was posted to Kingston. Their two sons had already left for College. Mrs. Walters watched the Major's charming wife struggling with the packing, and was thankful that she herself did not have to go through the upheaval of moving.

Even then she had not felt disturbed. She would miss her old neighbors of course—but still it might be stimulating to have new faces about; one did get in a rut, seeing the same people.

And then had come Moving Day.

Mrs. Walters threw the remaining third of her cigarette in a long arc to the grass, and watched the thin spiral of smoke rising until it burnt itself out, while she thought about moving-day—and after.

When the small van had pulled up next door, she had watched the men unloading for a short time. Mostly cribs and cots, bath tables, toidy seats and high chairs, it seemed. Then she had gone downtown for a couple of hours to escape the first noise and confusion of the moving-in. When she returned, the new people were in possession. A play pen with a year-old baby in it adorned the front lawn; the walk was littered with baby carriage, tricycles, scooters, dolls. In the back yard, a sand box was installed, and a long washing flapped on the line. When she entered her house, she could hear, through the wall, voices echoing from the half-empty rooms and feet pounding on the bare floors.

"It will be different," she consoled herself, "when they get the rugs put down and the curtains up.

But that was a week ago, and still the floors next door were bare, and the walls echoed with childish screams, and the baby cried long and lustily day and night.

Mrs. Walters brushed enamel on her right-hand nails with deft, practised strokes. Funny how she had had the illusion all these years that the house was practically soundproof. This was worse than any apartment; this was as though only a thin boarding-house partition divided her from the family next door.

And she didn't even know their names yet. The woman looked nice enough, though perpetually tired and harried-looking. Mrs. Walters had smiled and called greetings to her on occasion, and had been answered, but that was all.

"I suppose the poor thing really has no time to stop and chat," thought

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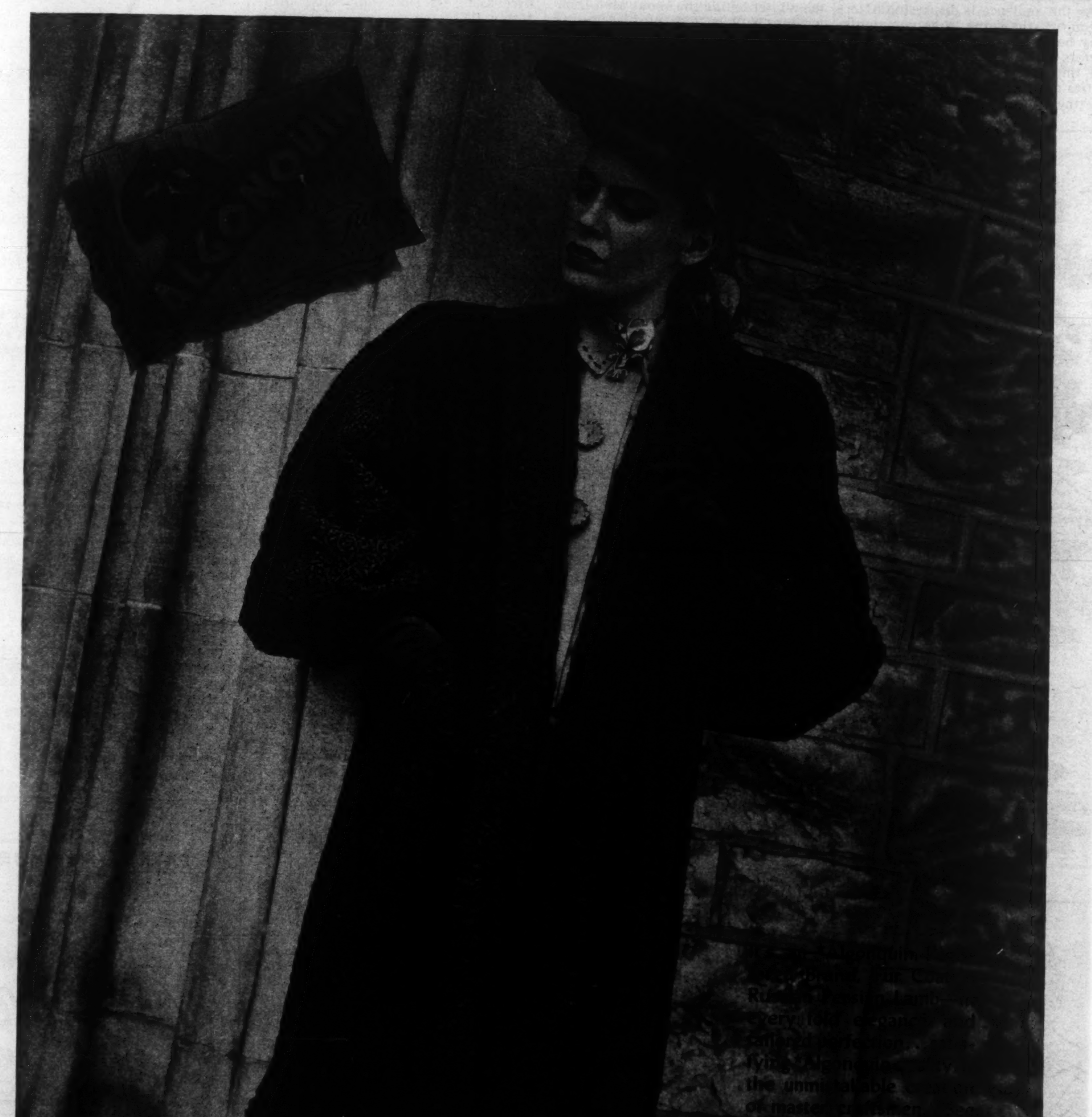

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Mrs. Walters pityingly. "She lives a curiously elemental life—washing and feeding her young."

Mrs. Walters had begun to feel guilty about her own leisure. The long hours of reading, the pleasant sessions at the piano, the occasional lunches downtown with friends while their children ate at the school cafeteria.

And her home. What a contrast that must be to the identical rooms next door! To think she had been vaguely dissatisfied with her furniture all summer! Now it seemed opulent. The thick rugs on all the floors, the walls lined with books and good pictures, the tailored draperies, the pottery vases and choice ornaments.

To think, too, that she had felt a trifle heroic because of doing without a maid for the past two years.

BILINGUAL FOLK

OFTEN in Court, east of the Ottawa,
I have heard questionings
Of some poor, timid witness;
Stern, English questionings,
Sharp and forever sharper,
Until defending counsel in the cause
Rose in objection to "me learned friend;"
Making his argument in graceful French.

Indignant, in the selfsame fluent tongue,
King's Counsel answered, leaning on his right;
While the poor witness, steeped in Englishry,
Looked vacant on the quarrel
And wondered at the meaning of it all.

Then Mr. Justice, glooming on the Crown
Sustained (in French) the protest, said *Continuez!*
And the Defence, bland at a point well won,
Smiled on the witness to encourage him,
And stern King's Counsel, turning to his notes,
Began again. "Now, Mr. Jones, you told me thus-and-so—"
And thus the play went on, for good or ill.

And I have wondered, while in burning speech
Some rabble-rouser, some *P'tit Pierre*
Rails on the English, charging tyranny
And cold contempt for diligent *Baptiste*,
Where else in all the world minority
May use its mother-tongue in Court and State
Even as the "cruel conqueror's" native folk?
Where else do prideful counsellors-at-law
Command two tongues to guard a prisoner's right?
Where else do Judges hear the unfolding cause
In easy double speech, and understand?

J. E. MIDDLETON

In contrast to the poor soul next door, she was a lady-of-leisure. Now that the children were both in school all day. And Frances, at thirteen, was old enough to be a big help.

Invisible Woman

Oh yes, she was lucky.

The right-hand nails were dry enough now. Mrs. Walters began stroking the polish on the left ones. She watched with detachment as the four youngsters from across the street trooped over with doll-carriages and wagons to call on the next-door children. The toddler Johnnie was delighted to discover baby Peter in his play-pen. He reached in enthusiastically and tried to drag the baby out by the arms. Peter howled with pain and rage. Johnnie's sister slapped Johnnie hard, and Johnnie's screams mingled with the baby's. Peter's sister yelled for her mother. Both mothers came running to the scene and grabbed up their shrieking sons. The girls stood around and screeched explanations and accusations.

Mrs. Walters sat through it all, aloof and unnoticed.

"It's almost as though I were invisible," she thought.

Yes, indeed, she was lucky. Then why did she feel so queerly lonely and left out? It couldn't just be that she missed her old neighbors. They had never been close friends really. Nor that the children were away all day at school. That had been going on for years.

The feeling had first come when she had made friendly advances to the little girls next door, and they had looked through her with profound disinterest.

"Of course it's just that I've nothing to offer them," she told herself, "no babies, no playmates of their age."

And she thought wryly how she had used to resent just a little, being known to the neighborhood children only as "Fran's Mummy" or "Danny's Mom". She realized now that phrase had been her password to popularity with them. It had given her standing in the community of children,—a rightful place in their scheme of things. Now she was just a cipher.

Mrs. Walters blew on her nails, and stoppered the bottle of red enamel.

Suddenly she knew that she would, that evening, bring out their old house plans that had been put away for the duration; and discuss with George the possibilities of building—perhaps in that nice district where so many of their friends now lived.

She felt that she had acted like one of those dumb birds that never know it is time to migrate until they see the other birds winging overhead.

That was the trouble. She was a stranger in her own street.

The Outsider

Because she had no right to be here really. These old brick houses with half a dozen bedrooms and modest rent—they were meant for young parents and their broods—for couples just starting on their careers. Not for people with spare time and stable incomes, who liked a little peace and quiet and gracious living. Not for—she got it said at last—not for middle-aged people.

The sun was hot, but Mrs. Walters pulled down the sleeves of her cardigan and shivered a little. She raised her eyes to the maple tree in the yard on which whole branches had already turned a glowing orange and crimson. A little puff of wind struck the tree and half-a-dozen bright leaves fluttered down on the grass.

For the first time in her life, Mrs. Walters thought that Autumn is a sad time. She was looking at a riot of color and the deep blue sky of October; but already she could picture the bare black branches shivering against the leaden backdrop of Winter.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Dvorak Concerto and Firkusny; Molly Levinter's Progress

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE first of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra's subscription series, sold out well in advance, took place last week with a program partly novel, and stimulating in structural contrast. The public heard for the first time a neglected Piano Concerto by Dvorak which goes back to 1876 when the Czech composer was hardly known outside Prague and Vienna.

Mr. Firkusny is a magnetic and fascinating young artist who exhales brilliance. He has a musical touch, plenty of well-governed power and a prodigious execution. His highly ornamented passages are dazzling in steadiness and rhythmical enthusiasm. Even as it stands the work has a common defect considered as a Concerto. It is so heavily scored for orchestra that a just balance is sacrificed, and the pianist has to strive strenuously to keep his head above water in the gorgeous flood of orchestral tone. To me, where I was sitting, Mr. Firkusny's tones came through perfectly, but there were probably listeners elsewhere in Massey Hall who felt that the soloist was being drowned out by the orchestra. On such occasions the conductor is usually blamed, whereas the fault lies with the composer. The orchestral part is wonderfully rich and colorful, and though the piano passages are melodically captivating it is plain that Dvorak's forte lay in orchestral rather than pianistic expression. Both Firkusny and MacMillan were thrilling in fervor of attack, and the whole rendering was a memorable *tour de force*.

Another novelty was a refined and delicious orchestral suite "Light Music" by Arthur Benjamin of Vancouver. The four gleeful movements date back to a time when Mr. Benjamin was a teacher in the Royal College of Music, London; and were first heard as ballet music in a revue devised by students and staff for the entertainment of the present Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales. It is known that the musical tastes of the Prince were frolicsome, (he once tried to learn the saxophone) and Mr. Benjamin's contribution was certainly spirited enough to suit royal taste.

From the established repertory Sir Ernest presented two works; first of which was Beethoven's final overture to "Fidelio". For a long period the composer constantly revised this opera, and the outcome was four overtures all told. The first was never heard in his lifetime and was discovered posthumously. The second, known as "Leonore No 2," was played at the first production of the opera in 1805; the next, composed a year later, was the gloriously symphonic "Leonore No 3" and Sir Ernest gave it a virile, dramatic rendering.

The concluding classic was Brahms' Fourth Symphony in E minor, last of the series that began in 1877 and ended in 1886. While parts of the other symphonies, particularly the First, are more haunting, interest is perhaps better sustained than in the preceding three. It was perhaps due to its superior transparency, that critics who liked their music a bit opaque, expressed disappointment; but it has gripping power in every bar. It constantly suggests the wide horizons of the composer's mind,—and the urge to live. Though not always serene the Brahmsian optimism pulses through it all with incessant, tonic urge. It was in this spirit that Sir Ernest conducted it, and he was recalled again and again after the last grand proclamation.

Mazzoleni Conducts

The second T. S. O. "Pop" was directed by the associate conductor, Ettore Mazzoleni; whose interpretations are invariably marked by distinction, insight and precision. The program was necessarily aimed at tunefulness and emotional appeal. The emotional side was taken care of by three widely known symphonic poems; Smetana's "Vltava" (The Moldau); Sibelius' "Finlandia", and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet". All become exaggerated and garish in the hands of conductors of coarser grain than Mr. Mazzoleni, playing for melodramatic effect. In his case the renderings were beautiful in poetic nuancing, with climaxes nobly developed to their full value. Among the lighter numbers, which included Eric Coates' "Knightsbridge March," Rossini's overture "Barber of Seville" and the "Artist's Life" waltz, I was particularly fascinated with the group "Three Polkas," all played with delicacy, good humor and charm. "Child's Play" (Stix-Ormandy) a tricky pizzicato piece was an admirable technical achievement. Never have I heard the whimsy of Shostakovich's burlesque polka more delightfully expressed. And Strauss's "Thunder and Lightning" had remarkable vim.

Molly Levinter

Anyone who delights, as I do, in witnessing young talent come in bloom must have found satisfaction in the piano recital of Molly Levinter at Eaton Auditorium. In the spring of 1943 a "Talent Search" conducted by the Women's Committee of T.S.O., showed, after careful adjudication, that she was the most brilliant pianist in attendance at the secondary schools of Toronto, and she appeared with the orchestra at Massey Hall. For her age she was unique in tonal power, but I do not think any of the adjudicators anticipated the remarkable virtuosic powers amply revealed at her first full-length recital, last week. Her tone is larger than ever and of mellow, unforced quality, her touch and execution are ravishing in lightness, sureness and musical intuition.

It was amazing to listen to her playing with confidence and ease, transcriptions by star pupils of Liszt, who were super-technicians in their day; Karl Tausig (Bach Toccata and Fugue in D minor); and Alfred Grunfeld ("Fledermaus" Waltz). Few travelling pianists provide programs of such variety and richness.

I mention but two of many numbers in which she was supremely fine, the Dohnanyi "Rhapsody" and "The Lark" (Glinka-Balkirev). I doubt if the girl is yet 20; and it is certain that she has very high potentiality.

John Dall, leading man in "The Hasty Heart" the brilliant comedy to be seen at the Royal Alexandra Theatre for the week starting Nov. 12.

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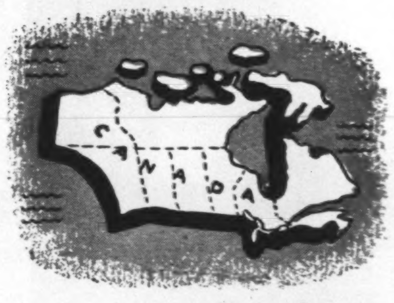

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FILM AND THEATRE

Jean Renoir's "The Southerner" A Success Story Worth Seeing

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IF YOU are tired of the American Way of Life, as illustrated in the four-color linoleum advertisements, and equally tired of its reverse aspect as revealed by the Caldwell-Faulkner school then "The Southerner" is a good picture to see. For "The Southerner" deals with real human beings in a harsh and recognizable situation, softened, though not actually distorted, by idealized treatment and tender camera-lighting.

The story is about an American family which attempts to make the slight, yet staggeringly difficult, transition from migratory labor to sharecrop farming. The family consists of a Texas cotton farmer (Zachary Scott) his wife (Betty Field), their two children and a venomously childish old grandmother (Beulah Bondi.) They settle in a disintegrating shack on a piece of fallow cotton land; and the story takes them through a year of fighting hunger, flood, pellagra and their own recurrent despair.

Depressing as all this may sound "The Southerner" turns out to be a success story, and at moments almost a cheerful one. Jean Renoir, the director, has manipulated his conflict skilfully, balancing character and courage against risk and disaster, with always a just perceptible edge in favor of the human element. If "The Southerner" is a success story it is drawn on finer and more perceptive lines than the success formula usually allows. It is clear from the first that Director Renoir isn't going to let his cherished characters down. At the same time he has made their final triumph a matter of high dramatic urgency.

Certain allowances have to be made of course in the interest of the pictorial lyricism in which the film abounds. Zachary Scott and Betty Field, who are not noticeably earthy types to begin with, retain their cherished good looks through all their privations. Toil, heartbreak and weather never leave a visible mark on them. Nature too, except for the one spiteful cloudburst at the end, is always sweetly ordered and charmingly photographed. The distinction of "The Southerner" however is that in spite of its unwillingness to abandon the Hollywood prerogative of looking as pretty as possible, it still retains a great deal of human honesty and poignancy.

The people in the story hope and struggle and despair, they fight with their loutish neighbor, they go to a party and get wildly drunk and are shocked sober by the menace of the storm that will sweep away a whole year of brutalizing labor. All the way through there is a clear relationship, rather rare on the screen, between the story and the actual life of real human beings; while the acting of the principals, particularly of Zachary Scott, has a sincerity and depth that makes the picture's earnest assumptions valid.

A Furbished Duffy's

Every once in a while one of the Hollywood studios rounds up everybody on the lot—except possibly the people who are operating on the picket line—and tosses them all into one huge star-glittering panorama. "Duffy's Tavern," which is Paramount's current demonstration derives from the radio show of the same name and is conducted practically singlehanded by the Duffy bartender (Ed. Gardiner) a comic whose specialty runs to carrying on long garbled conversations over the telephone. This particular comedy line dates back to the days when "Cohen On the Telephone" was standard parlor entertainment. It was terrible then and it hasn't improved a bit since.

The plot involves the efforts of the bartender to feed fourteen ex-service men at the tavern's expense while they are waiting for a record factory to re-open. Fortunately it also involves Victor Moore who tangles everything so successfully that it takes practically all Paramount's top-ranking talent to extricate him and straighten out the plot. It all ends in a monster benefit, very loud, casual and genial, and occasionally—as in Eddie Bracken's anguished portrayal of a Western hero's double—quite funny. The cast, which reads like Paramount's annual statement to the public, includes Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd, with at least fifty other smaller-type names. The variety show itself looked a good deal like the sort of thing that good-natured people *might* conceivably bat out in an idle moment.

• •

A Ballet Digest of Some Importance

By LUCY VAN GOGH

THE Ballet Russe Highlights of Leonide Massine has been at the Royal Alex. all this week, with some twenty-eight items of repertoire and eight highly accomplished dancers. Before criticizing this offering it is important to establish what sort of offering it purports to be. It is not ballet in the accepted sense, any more than a performance of excerpts from "La Boheme" with six or seven star singers but no scenery or chorus would be grand opera. On the other hand there are now many thousands of pepole on this continent who sit reluctantly through the whole of "La Boheme" for the sake of hearing a few arias and duets, and that very shrewd entrepreneur Mr. Fortune Gallo has perceived that there are also great numbers of people on this continent who have no use whatever for a long narrative ballet like "Scheherezade" but love the "highlight" passages in which the great performers display their maximum skill for a few moments at a time. So Mr. Gallo has devised for us a sort of *Magazine Digest* of ballet, for a public of *Magazine Digest* balletomanes.

The digesting is excellent. The eight dancers have no other assistance than that of an orchestra under the direction of Emil Kahn, who in the early performances of the week was kept so busy ensuring the requisite certainty of timing and accent that he had no chance to bother with tonal qualities. It all sounded rather more like Shostakovitch than like classic ballet music.

It is significant of something that the two youngest members of the troupe are Canadians—Anna Istomina and Ivan Demidoff. Both have progressed notably in their art since they were last seen here, and Istomina has developed qualities of humorous fantasy which greatly broaden her range. Jean Guelis, who is new to this critic and who designs some of his own choreography, is an artist with great powers of characterization, in the genuine Massine tradition. Rosella Hightower is the most experienced and accomplished of the women, but the high moments of every performance are due to Massine himself. This amazing artist, who began his career as a soloist in 1914 and as a choreographer in 1915, can still convert an empty stage into one of General Franco's dungeons merely by the way he holds his head and keeps his hands behind his back; and within the limits of this sort of show his new choreography is as clever as ever. What Arnold Haskell wrote of him in 1938 is true today: "He still dominates the stage in both capacities (soloist and choreographer), one of the outstanding figures in the whole history of ballet." One's only regret is that his talents are now devoted to a sort of ballet miniature instead of the great canvasses on which he formerly sketched with such majestic effect.

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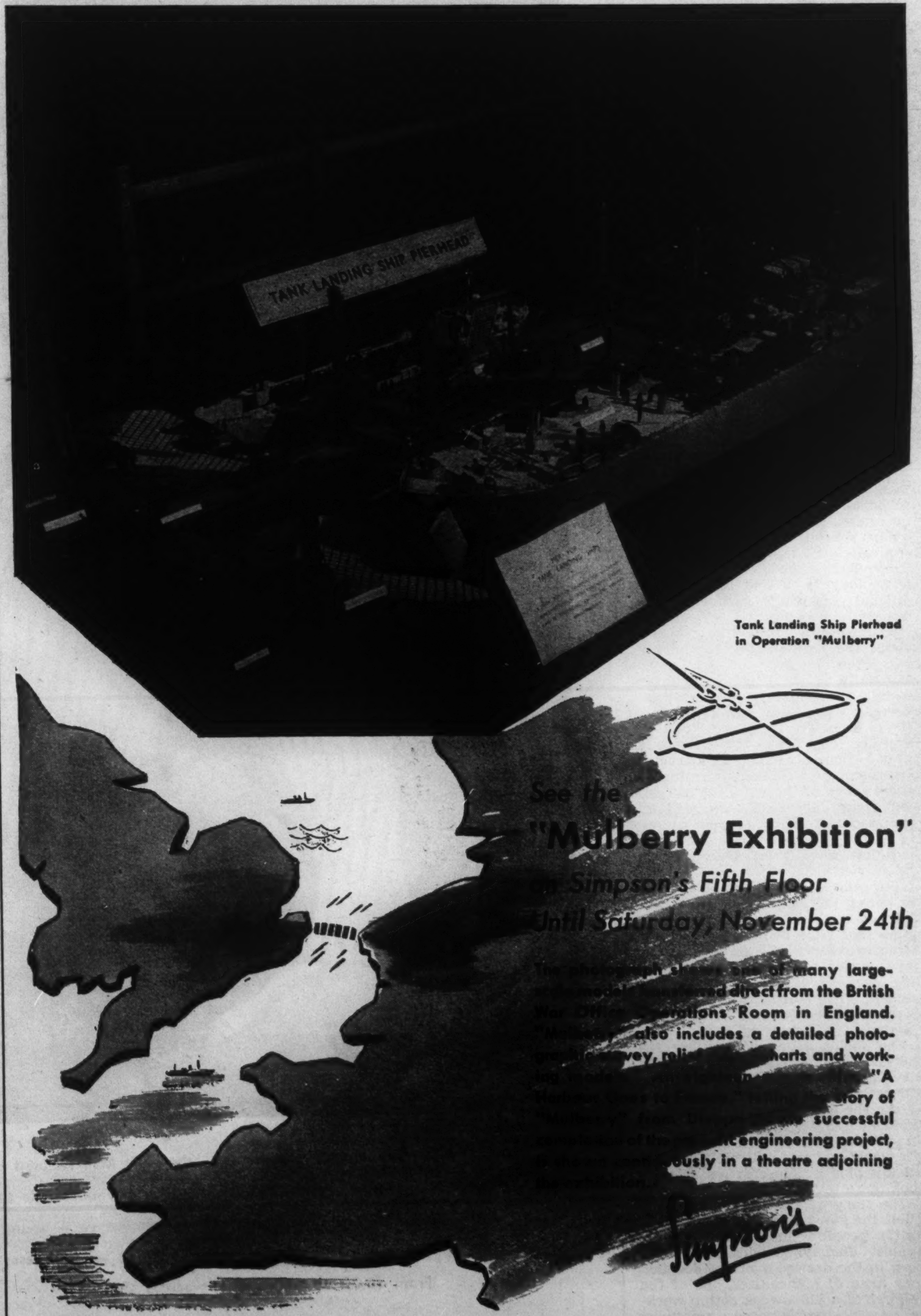

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The photograph shows one of many large-scale models transferred direct from the British War Office Operations Room in England. "Mulberry" also includes a detailed photographic survey, reli[illegible] charts and working models [illegible] "A Harbour Goes to France," telling the story of "Mulberry" from D-Day to the successful completion of the [illegible] engineering project, is shown continuously in a theatre adjoining the exhibition.

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Ellen Wilkinson: She'll Carry Out Labor's Reforms in Education

By HARRY C. WOLFE

DOES Minister of Education strike you as a pretty formidable title? Does it call up an academic personage—say a tall, bespectacled professor? At ease then—you're meeting Britain's new Minister of Education.

The name is Ellen Wilkinson. A veteran Laborite, she is the second woman Cabinet Minister in British history. The Right Honorable Ellen, member of His Majesty's Privy Council, is diminutive, pert and red-haired. There is nothing academic about her vivid personality or her trail-blazing, action-crammed past.

But don't get the idea that "wee Ellen" can't carry through Britain's sweeping educational reforms. Take your cue from that kinetic red hair. It was she who once led Jarrow's jobless shipyard workers in a historic 300-mile hunger march. In the thick of London's air raids the Wilkinson roadster used to plow through the blitzed and blacked-out streets.

The Little People

Its intrepid little driver had organized 5,000,000 women fire guards and she wasn't bossing the job from an air-raid shelter. As Minister of Education she aims, she says, to get young Britain "educated for the atom-bomb era. It's a race between education and extinction, isn't it?"

Today, as administrator of the most comprehensive reforms in Britain's educational history, Ellen Wilkinson again has the "little people's" viewpoint. In fact she is uniquely cut out for the job. She's the only Minister of Education to have been educated in state schools—was a pupil-teacher in one of them.

"We can make the most exclusive public school accessible to a boy with brains from the poorest family," Miss Wilkinson explains. "We intend to bring the best education to the poor people by raising the whole standard of technical and secondary education."

The English "public" schools, remember, correspond to our "private" schools. Getting students into them on brains, and not family or money, means shattering what Ellen Wilkinson calls "the thick crust on English life." Too, emphasis on science and technology, instead of England's traditional classics, is in itself revolutionary.

In the British Isles I kept hearing about the exploits of the dynamic, outspoken Member of Parliament, especially from her political enemies. She was then Parliamentary Secretary to Churchill's Ministry of Home Security. I expected to find a literally pugnacious "five feet of fight." Instead, I met an attractive, unassuming woman charming in every sense of the word. "I'm really only four feet ten," she smilingly confessed. And for all her courage in battling air-raid fires, she admitted that way down deep she was "scared stiff."

For relaxation and escape she likes to putter in her garden. Right now it's not hers. It belongs to the cottage that the bombed-out Cabinet Minister rents for $4 a week. She enjoys music—plays the piano herself. She loves books and has written one herself, "The Town That Was Murdered," the tragic story of industrial Jarrow.

She spoke with pride of her fire guards. They covered every building, city and hamlet in England and Wales "without fuss or heroics." When she had proposed organizing these women, the men "made a fuss." In certain towns, they warned her, she would be "eaten alive." That was all this pioneer feminist needed. She took those towns on.

The story of Ellen Wilkinson parallels the story of modern England's "little people" and their struggle against dismaying odds. She was born in the dreary, overcrowded factory town of Manchester, one of the children of a $16-a-week cotton worker. As a freckle-nosed, ambitious student she earned her way through school and won a series of scholarships that took her through her home-town university. It was the hectic era of the militant suffragette.

On being graduated from the University of Manchester the new Master of Arts got into the fight for women's rights. When the suffragettes split over the war the future civil defense leader of World War II stayed with the anti-war faction. "Votes for Women" crusader, trades union organizer, Labor candidate—they all made the flaming Wilkinson head a familiar sight throughout England. She was elected to Parliament as Labor member for industrial Middlesborough.

When the Labor government fell in 1931 Miss Wilkinson went back into private life.

In 1935, the steel and shipyard workers of Jarrow returned the patriotic Laborite to Parliament. These skilled craftsmen should have been working day and night shifts; their opposite numbers in Germany were. But the great depression was on; Jarrow's idle manpower was hungry. In Commons the eloquent Ellen pleaded their cause.

World War II meant sudden new privations for Engand's poor. When the Churchill government was formed in 1940, social-minded Ellen Wilkinson was given her first ministerial portfolio, that of Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions. Her job was to allocate "hardship allowances." Then in October of 1940 she joined Herbert Morrison at the Ministry of Home Security. Here she made home-front defense history.

That's the big story of "wee Ellen"—so far. The chapter she is starting as Minister of Education promises to lead all the rest. She keynoted the spirit of her new program in a spirited exchange with her fellow Laborite, Harold J. Laski. He was quoted—wrongly, it turned out—as saying that Britain had become a second-class power. Miss Wilkinson, like everyone else, rose to the challenge. "And what," she declared, "makes a first class power? Is it the possession of gold and tribute or of *first-class organizing, brains and high national morale?*" She knows what makes a first-class power. And she's going after it.

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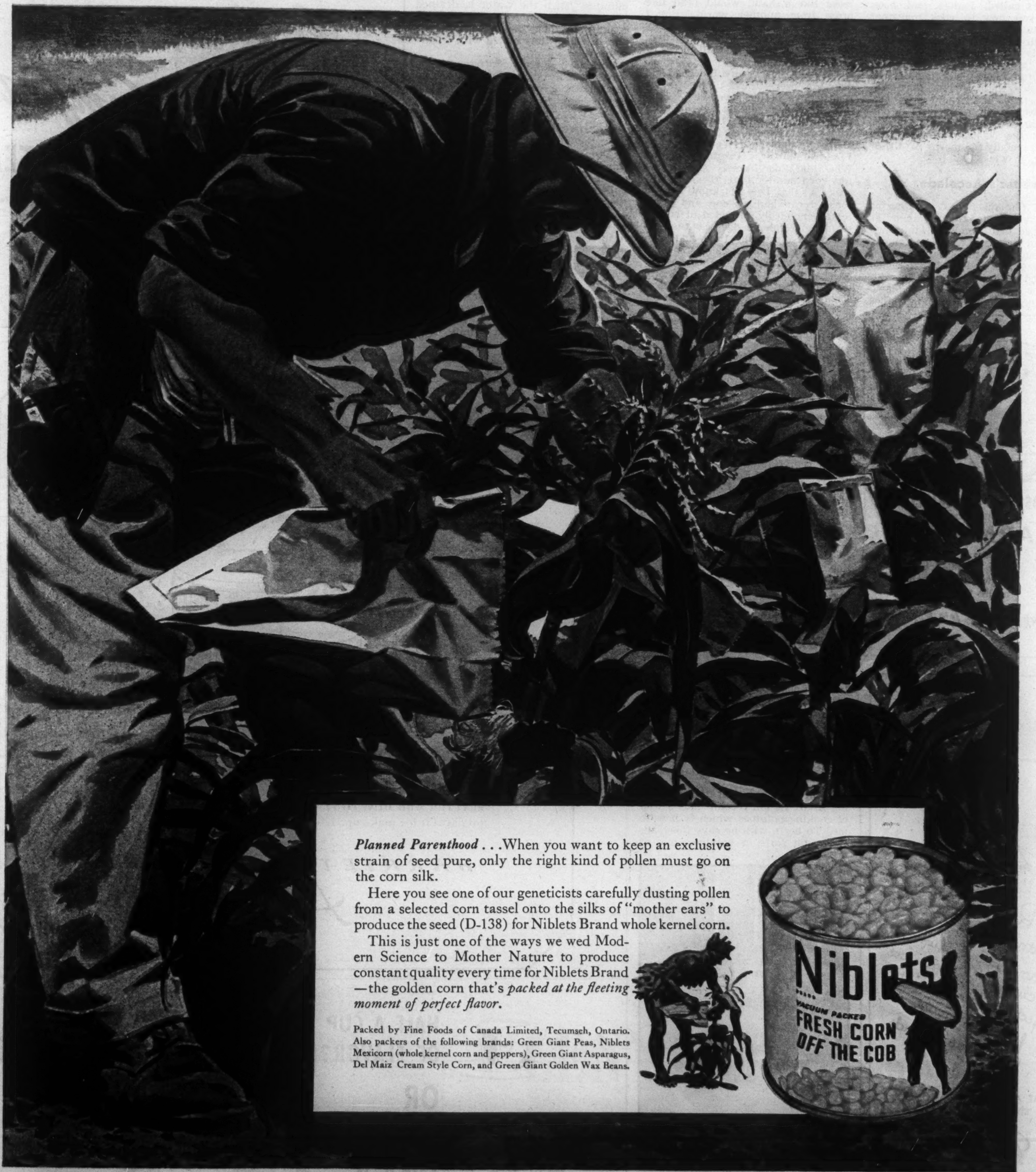

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CONCERNING FOOD

Gold Leaf in the Consommé and Education of Sense of Taste

By JANET MARCH

"WHAT'S this?" said the visitor just arrived from England picking up a book. "'Basic English Fare' it's called. Is it a cook book telling you how to cook macaroni and potatoes without salt, because that's our basic fare at the moment?"

This is not exactly Mr. André L. Simon's idea, though it is a new book, but he takes the optimistic, and we all hope, the true view, that English shortages are on the way out. It is however a nice plain cook book somewhat different from Mr. Simon's earlier books in which he discussed learnedly the merits of different vintage wines.

Headwaiter's Accolade

I can remember too a series of articles he wrote about dinners at various de luxe London restaurants. The head waiter was asked to choose the menu with the correct accompanying wines, and then Mr. Simon came and ate it and wrote it up with praise or a modest amount of blame for an inept combination. The rather highly academic discussion of vintage years was beyond me, and today, when a bottle of Canadian sherry looks like a haul, would read like news from another world. But I could distinguish some pretty flossy food which was described, one item being consommé with small pieces of gold leaf floating in it.

Oh, well, those were the good old days, or were they? Perhaps we really have better ideas now. Anyway there is no gold leaf in this little book which is attractively got up with entertaining little line drawings at the head of each section.

André Simon is President of the Wine and Food Society and in the foreword admits that "I am not a cook . . . that I do not know how to cook. I can boil an egg and make toast very nicely, provided of course that the telephone does not happen to ring at the wrong time, and even now I may be boasting: it is so long since I have had a chance to boil an egg that I would not be too sure how to set about it." For this reason he honestly points out that the majority of the recipes are from the "Concise Encyclopaedia of Gastronomy" published by the Wine and Food Society.

There is an entertaining chapter on Taste in which the author points out that public art collections and popular concerts exist to train people to like art and music. No such assistance is given in training young people to eat olives with pleasure or down their oysters raw.

Mr. Simon says, "In spite of this highly regrettable failure on the part of the Ministry of Education to recognize the existence of the sense of taste and provide for its proper training, we are able, if only we are willing, to give our sense of taste a greater measure of training than it is possible to give to our other senses. It is only on rare occasions that we can visit picture galleries or listen to good music, but every day and twice a day we all have an opportunity of perfecting our sense of taste."

The Lordly Spud

This idea opens pleasing horizons. "Hi there, Johnnie! Get your composition done on the merits of black and red caviar? What? Oh, I didn't know you were away the day we tasted them. Boy! they were super! We're trying out Hungarian goulash and corned beef hash next week to see which stimulates our taste buds best." Education will soon be a wonderful thing.

In the more practical field of cooking André Simon recommends a way of cooking potatoes which is new to me. To begin with he says there are two main sorts of potatoes, one of soft texture, floury and mealy; while the other sort is firm, waxy, and usually darker yellow. When you are cooking the floury kind he says to put them scrubbed but unpeeled into boiling salted water and boil them for twenty minutes, then pour away the water, put a cloth over them and finish cooking them gently in their own steam for another twenty minutes.

Brightly polished silver and sparkling crystal gleam against the background of a lustrous Irish linen cloth. Stylized design of the Royal Crown Derby china repeats colors of graceful arrangement of chrysanthemums, frost-tinted autumn leaves.

The waxy type are to be scrubbed and put in cold salted water which is then brought to the boil and the potatoes boiled for fifteen to twenty minutes. Then the water is drained off and the potatoes are to finish cooking in their own steam in the pan in which they boiled with a cover on it.

Yorkshire Pudding offers a fine way to make the roast of beef go further and here is the recipe given in this book.

Yorkshire Pudding

"Put three large tablespoonfuls of flour in a basin, season with a large pinch of salt, stir in half a pint of milk so as to make a smooth batter, then add three eggs well beaten in a quarter pint of milk. Beat the mixture for a few minutes and then pour it into a shallow baking tin which must be well rubbed first of all with beef dripping. The mixture should cover ½ inch of the bottom of the baking tin. Bake in a hot oven (400F) for about an hour, reducing the heat after the first twenty minutes."

In case any of your family were lucky in the recent pheasant shoot here's a way to cook the bird.

Roast Pheasant

"Draw and truss a young hen pheasant, as you would a chicken; season with pepper and salt in and out. Dredge the breast with flour and brown it in sizzling butter. Then tie some slices of fat bacon over the breast, push a piece of raw beefsteak inside the bird (this helps, but it is not indispensable). Roast upon a spit in front of a bright fire or in a quick oven for 35-40 minutes according to the size of the bird; baste frequently with melted butter, and serve with mashed chestnuts or braised celery. If you have put a piece of beefsteak inside the bird before roasting it the meat must be taken out before the bird is sent to the table; it should be saved and minced to stuff tomatoes or vegetable marrows."

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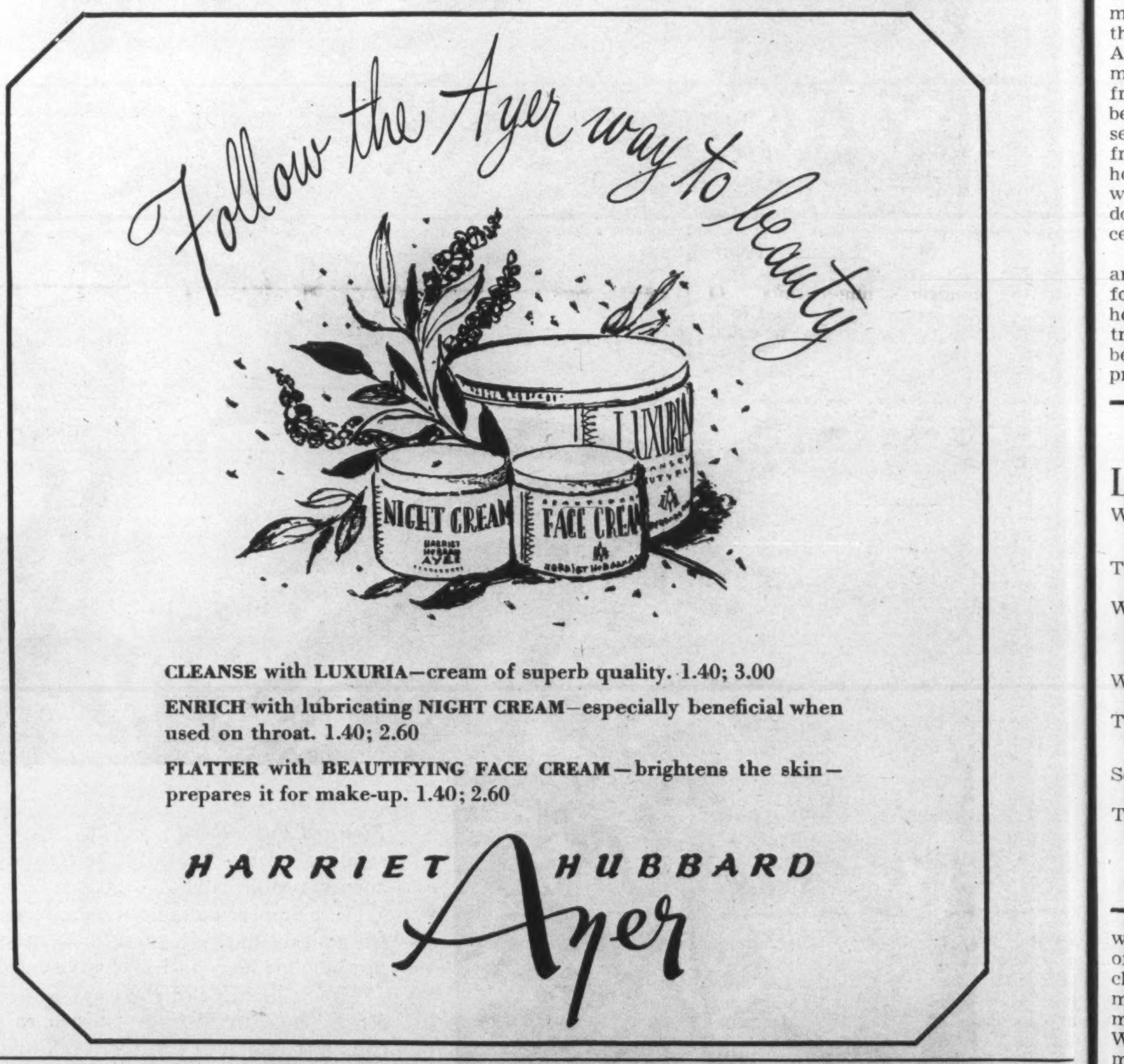

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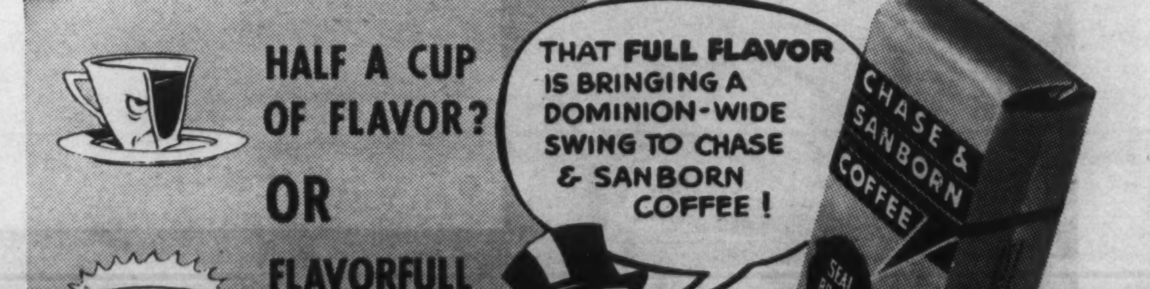

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C-9

Better House Design is the Key to Leisure for Housekeepers

By MAY RICHSTONE

LET'S be lazy. Let's object to the endless repetition of housework which a little foresight could have expedited, or eliminated altogether.

If we're building a house, or remodelling, or refurnishing, let's think about some of the little things that help to make us mistress of our home, rather than its slave.

Just around the corner are all sorts of labor-saving devices. But even with dish-washing machines and cordless electric irons, and such wonders, there is still more work in most homes than there should be.

Take my home, for example. In the essentials, it was carefully planned. Such things as size, cost, appearance and comfort were all taken into consideration. But that a house should also be easy to keep shining—that aspect never occurred to me. Only when I began to wield dust mop and broom did I realize our mistakes.

Casement Windows

Two houses can look almost exactly alike. But one can be a cinch to breeze through at housecleaning time, the other one an endless time-consuming burden.

For example, it's window cleaning time. Our casement windows are very pretty. But every double window has twenty small panes. That makes eighty corners to clean, when there might have been a mere eight. And to clean the outside surfaces, I must either be an acrobat, or dangle from an outside ladder. There must be a type of windows that lend themselves to complete, easy cleaning from the inside. Nothing gives a house so bright an air as shining windows. That's why cleaning windows should be a quick, simple process, not an ordeal.

Come into my kitchen, now. There are the gleaming white cabinets, ripe for the children's fingerprints. O how I long for cabinets finished in a traditional rich maple which could be waxed and polished to a fingerprint-resistant surface! And who wants to mourn over the brief span of cleanliness of cream-colored kitchen linoleum! Let one little boy march across it, and it requires no master detective to follow his trail. Why not a dirt-disguising shade like mottled blue? Then, if mother wanted to play hookey and go on a picnic with the family, the daisies would never tell—and neither would the linoleum.

COMING HOME

LOOK no more to the far fields;
  The fields at home are blue
With drift of cornflowers, and white
  With daisies shining through.

Turn from the far horizons now;
  The skies at home are bright
With clustered stars that burn for you
  Above the pines at night.

Walk no more on the strange roads
  That lead to loneliness;
The roads at home are friendly ways
  That have the power to bless.

Seek no more for a new song
  To stir the hearts of men;
They sing the songs their fathers knew
  And dream their dreams again.

VERNA LOVEDAY HARDEN

Must There Be Corners?

But mother can't go on a picnic. She's too busy cleaning the woodwork. Around the floors are baseboards that simply reek with ridges for the dust to settle into. What a difference in cleaning time a smooth, chaste, unridged baseboard would have made! And the doors! No woman who ever washed woodwork would have designed doors grooved and bevelled to catch the dust. And must there be door frames and window frames to lure heavy deposits of dust? With all the wonderful things architects are doing, I rather think not.

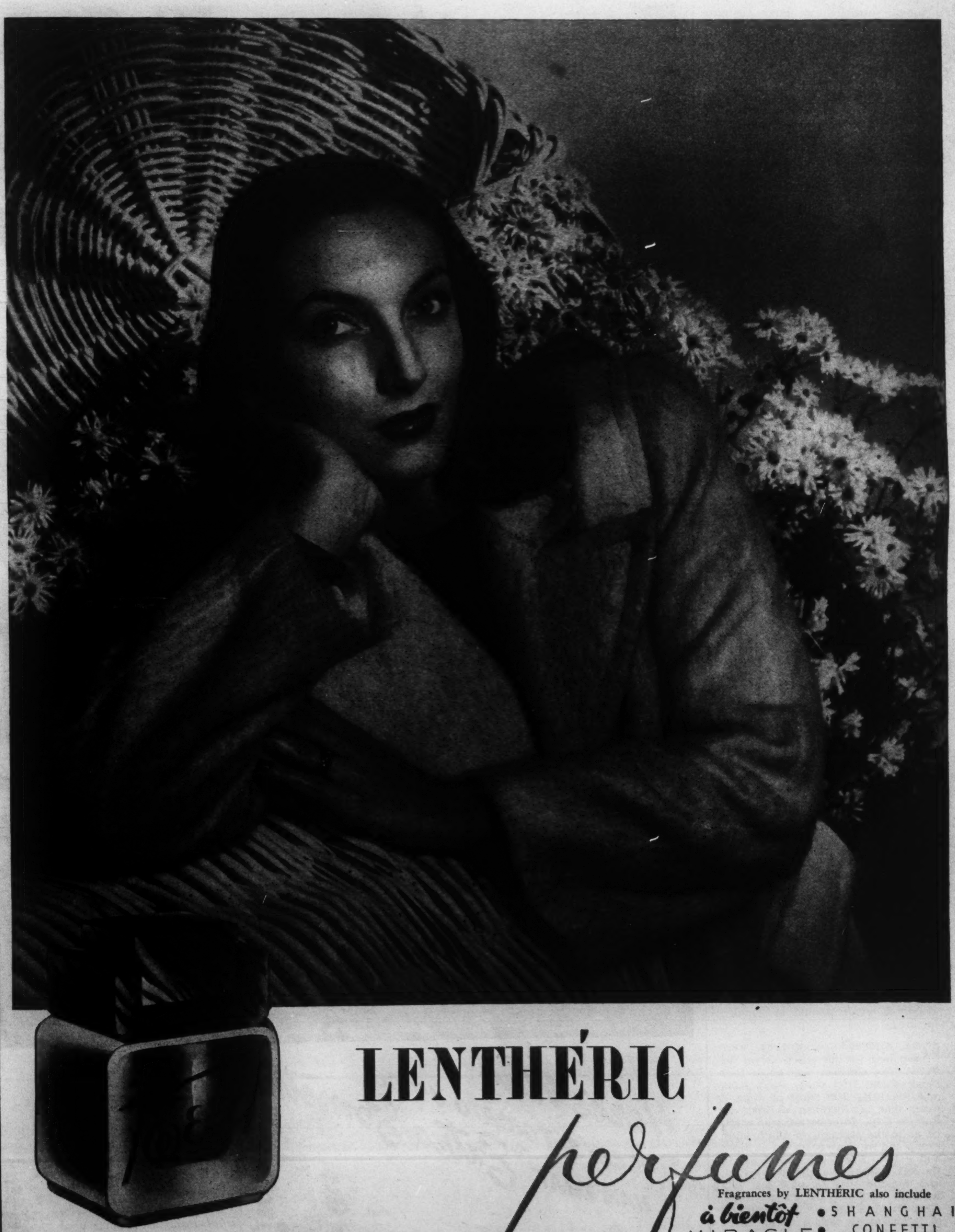
The ideal state of affairs, perhaps, would be walls the color of fingerprints, rugs the color of footprints, and furniture the color of dust. Maybe that's asking too much of interior decorators. But there's no doubt that rugs with a quiet, all-over pattern don't blatantly point up every telltale crumb and foot-mark. Walls that are washable can be kept free from the children's inevitable smudges. And furniture that is blonde or gray doesn't shriek with a twenty-four hour accumulation of dust. Of course, one fine day, we are promised dust-free homes. I am dazzled by the prospect of leisure that prospect affords; but seeing is believing.

We all revel in an open fire on blustery winter nights. A fireplace is a convincing argument that there's no place like home. But every fireplace should have a trap door in its floor through which ashes can drop into some suitable receptacle. That's much pleasanter than to shovel up the ashes manually, wheezing in a cloud of dust.

And who wants to scrub a white-tiled vestibule and bathroom floor every day? Down with white tile! But never again down on my floors. Multi-colored tile could mean an extra bit of leisure. Something else that gives a woman an extra bit of freedom is the best cleaning equipment she can afford. Years ago, I indulged in a fine set of china, and economized on a vacuum sweeper. How often I have rued my folly! From now on, good utilitarian things will come first, aesthetic things second.

Each one of these short-sighted mistakes I made has carried a penalty of an extra bit of work. A bit of extra work here and there eventually adds up to much too much. Perhaps you have your own list of minor errors to add to the list. Think of the leisure we could have if we all pooled our wisdom, and spoke firmly to the architects!

When we're planning that future home of ours, let's make them less demanding of our time and energy. Let's be lazy!



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THE OTHER PAGE

The Metropolitan Scottish Will Remember McHorowitz, M.C.

By L. DEAN CORNELL

OUR casualties were so heavy that we of the Metropolitan Scottish had used up our entire original reserve of officers, and so the replacements were coming to us from every kind of unit under the sun—armored, artillery, and even engineer personnel being seconded to the regiment. Although we were grateful for any kind of help and assistance that we got, some of us, if the truth must be told, took a pretty dim view of this unorthodox influx, especially those of us who had been with the Metropolitan when it was a peacetime militia unit and the decided Highland flavor of its traditions and associations rigorously maintained. Indeed, some of the sarcastic around town used to say that applicants for commissions in the Metropolitan Scottish had to prove collateral descent at least, from the Bruce himself.

It was into this atmosphere that Mannie Horowitz landed. He was a little sawed-off punk, black, wavy hair on his head getting thin, but sprouting thick on his arms and chest, a big beak of a nose superimposed on a small, pale face, an alert way of cocking his head on one side, and a pair of snapping, brown eyes whose dancing light neither hardship nor reverse could quench. Mannie had joined up just after the outbreak, and, starting from scratch, equipped with the same ingenuity, resourcefulness, and industry that had carried him up to be secretary of a cloak and suit union local, had risen from the ranks through successive promotions until he was able to report to the Metropolitan Scottish in the field, as a first lieutenant.

Needless to say, those members of the mess who used to wear the regimental tie to the office back home, were aghast, but others of us who never did like haggis anyway, and thought the silver snuff-box passing after dinner a bit of overdoing, frankly enjoyed the situation, and subjected Mannie to a lot of good-natured kidding. We used to say we were sorry that this wasn't the last war when the Metropolitan had gone into action in its kilts, because Mannie had just the legs for a skirt. He retaliated in kind, claiming that that wouldn't have bothered him because there always had been a Horowitz tartan anyway, and that with his trade he could keep the pleats in press. Mannie would usually end up this kind of a session with, “Well, I'd rather be with you boys than in the ‘Catra Vant Cats’ because I'm allergic to fish.” This kind of back chat and the sensible tact that he had learned to use in union matters soon prevailed, and besides, in the thick of battle, companionship and mutual trust have got to develop or you don't win, and we were winning.

Yeh, we were winning because of the infantry, and in spite of all the wise-acres who knew that air power was going to do it, or the ones who said that the foot soldier had been replaced by vehicles. Every bit of the way had been bitterly contested, advances measured in yards.

Mannie Horowitz excelled at this patrol business, for besides being small, he was very agile and quick. Every time volunteers were called for to take out a patrol, it was hard to get ahead of Mannie in stepping forward.

ONE afternoon, volunteers were required for just such patrol activity. The German was about four hundred and fifty yards away from our line, ranged in front of a small town that lay between us and the Falaise Gap. Information was wanted as to the strength of the holding group and we were to go out at night and get it. I got one patrol off to the left, Graham was off to the right, and Mannie was to pick his way with his squad up the centre. Well, Graham and I had an uneventful trip of it and came back with the intelligence that was required, but not Mannie. In the dark, he ran into a bunch of Germans nosing about on the same kind of a mission as he, and after a bit of a scuffle, he overpowered the lot and took them prisoners.

Now most men would have let it go at that and returned to the lines with the prisoners, but not Mannie; here is how he made a game out of it. He figured that Jerry would, after a bit, wonder what had happened to his patrol, and being curious, send a second party out to reconnoitre, so Mannie decided he'd wait and see what came. Sure enough, it went just as he thought it would, for by-and-by, there in the dark, he could make out six ghost-like figures advancing stealthily. He jumped the lot of them and before they knew what was up, they were being herded back behind our lines.

Well, the Colonel was overjoyed and publicly congratulated Mannie in the ruined building we had as a mess, and, unbending a little, made a bit of a joke by saying, “There's only one thing I regret, Horowitz, and that is that you haven't got an ‘M’ and a ‘C’ in front of your name.”

“Well, sir, if it's all the same to you,” Mannie cut back, swiftly but respectfully, “I'd prefer the letters after my name.”

“And so you shall, so you shall,” cried the Colonel. He was as good as his word, for a couple of days later, Mannie put up the purple and white ribbon of the Military Cross. But we didn't let it go at that, and taking advantage of the colonel's quip, promptly labelled him “McHorowitz,” and were frankly a little bit envious of him, for almost everyone likes a gong.

Mannie kept right on with the war as if the winning of it depended on him personally, and what happened to him was just what always seems to happen to the best guys. The one with his number on came over while we were slugging it out in the Falaise Gap.

We all felt it pretty keenly and, in the days when we toast the empty chairs in the officers' mess in the Metropolitan Scottish Armory back home, none will be more truly missed than our winner of the Military Cross, Mannie McHorowitz.

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STOKELY-VAN CAMP OF CANADA LTD.
ESSEX, ONTARIO

THE OTHER PAGE

Not a Rake in a Carload: Canada's Sons of the Manse

By ANNE FRANCIS

SONS of the manse and the rectory are supposed to be reactions against their parents. And so they are. But not in the way which the public thinks. It is not true that they turn out to be Ralph Royster Doysters, race track touts or Don Juans.

For example, Canada's ambassador to the United States, L. B. Pearson—better known as "Mike"—certainly explodes the clergyman's ne'er-do-well son theory. As a matter of fact, the Canadian Embassy in Washington is a hotbed of parsons' sons. The recent first secretary. Escott Reid, a serious, idealistic young man, and Wynne Plumptree, the witty and scholarly economic advisor, would not make good models for the Rake's Progress even though their fathers were men of the cloth.

Arnold Heeney, the son of Canon Heeney, has a Robert Taylor profile and looks like Beau Brummel in a morning coat, but he also has shown patience, tact and ability in his job of secretary to the Privy Council. F. R. Scott, that Cassius of Canadian life, writes poetry, whips up tracts on economics and politics, brain trusts for the C.C.F., yet manages to lecture fairly and ably on constitutional law in the conservative halls of McGill University. His father, the late Canon Scott of Quebec, beloved padre of the C.E.F. during the last war, might not have approved of Scott's politics, or his verses either, but he could never have denied that his own crusading spirit had been passed along to his son.

J. King Gordon is another example. The only son of "Ralph Connor", he began his career in the footsteps of his father as a "sky pilot" in the United Church, but soon decided that his real call was to social reform. An unsuccessful run on the C. C. F. ticket disillusioned him about Canada. The United States recognized his worth: at present he is managing editor of *The Nation*, that left wing American weekly which Oswald Garrison Villard made famous as a voice calling for social and political reform.

The parsonage has also contributed good men and true to the fourth estate in Canada. The late A. R. Carman, for many years editor-in-chief of the Montreal *Star*, was the son of the great Bishop Carman. Carlyle Allison, managing editor of the Winnipeg *Tribune*, was born in a parsonage. He acquired a love of books and his fellow men from his scholarly father who was a professor of English literature as well as a doctor of theology. G. V. Ferguson, the nineteenth century liberal, Liberal executive editor of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, learned the proverbs in his father's manse. His brilliance as a writer of English is obvious: though he himself may not realize that his roots are in the Old Testament.

There are many other examples of sons of the manse and children of the rectory who belong in "Who's Who" instead of a file in the rogues' gallery. There is "Ned" Pratt, the poet—Dr. Pratt to you and me nowadays. A Newfoundland-Canadian, he has listened to "the unnumberable laughter of the waves". Indeed he speaks with the tongues of men and of angels. He learned charity in his father's Methodist parsonage. "Pete" McQueen, the young professor of political economy, who was killed so tragically in the Armstrong air crash a few years ago, was brought up in an Alberta manse. A rugged man with a clear and analytical mind, a gift for friendship and a fly paper memory for smoking-room stories, he was a strong, much needed western voice on the board of the Bank of Canada as well as one of the economic advisors to John Bracken during his long and enlightened reign as premier of Manitoba. Dr. T. T. Thorlaksen, the wizard surgeon and founder of the Winnipeg Clinic, is the son of a Lutheran minister. An Icelandic-Canadian, "Thor" is one of the outstanding medical men in the country who has made a constructive attempt to solve the social and economic problems which have kept doctors from making the maximum use of their scientific knowledge. At present he is busy dreaming into reality a huge medical centre in Winnipeg which will be a training and research centre for the entire province.

And at least one clergyman's daughter gets full marks in the field of public service: Mary Craig McGeachy, chairman of the welfare branch of UNRRA.

This list of the outstanding children of clergymen is ridiculously incomplete. Every reader could make a list of his own. (Why don't you, and send yours to SATURDAY NIGHT? It would be interesting.)

In conclusion, what is the reason for the success which these Sunday's children have made in life? Three things, I think. First, they come of good stock. Secondly, they were given a good family background and a good education. Thirdly, they were not spoiled by too much money in their youth. In fact, Emerson's plain living and high thinking really has worked in our Canada.

Moving Towards the Future Canadian National Anthem

By LEWIS EVANS

THE article by Charlotte Whitton, C.B.E., on The Other Page of the October 20 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, pointed out most effectively the unsatisfactory aspects of both "O Canada" and "God Save the King" as Canadian national anthems. The author ended by saying, "If Canadians have no national anthem other than 'God Save the King', it is because they have not achieved a common passionate ideal of a common national purpose and destiny."

One of the most successful and popular national anthems, the Marseillaise, was not written when the ideal state its author sought had been achieved; — rather the song played its part in achieving that state, and such a song is what Canada needs today.

The song should be secular rather than religious, so that all Canadians, whatever their creed, may subscribe to its sentiments without reservation. The song should have a philosophy similar to that seen in the work of Robert Browning, urging man forward to higher planes of achievement, never resting on past laurels; only by such an attitude may Canada lift itself from the position of one of the more fortunate of the secondary nations and develop the courage and conscience of a world leader in the paths of peace.

It is not as an answer to the search for a Canadian national anthem, but as a suggestion of the direction in which we should seek one, that the following words are appended. They were written about a month ago to a march tune composed by W. A. Page, choirmaster of the school in which we both work (Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.), with the idea that the song should be used by the boys from time to time.

Forward bravely, our Dominion,
  March ahead in every field;
Seek and hold the true opinion,
  Forcing hate and lies to yield;
Bring new glory to our story,
  Hope our spear and faith our shield.

Onward, every race united,
  From the seaboards to the plains;
Rest not till all wrongs are righted,
  Scorn the base and selfish gains;
Fear nor favour make us waver,
  Strive till perfect freedom reigns.

Men have died to save our nation:
  Shall we waste that liberty?
Let our lives be vindication
  Of their faith and constancy;
Make the ages splendid pages
  Of our country's history.

Rich or poor, by daily labour,
  Forge we now a glorious fate;
Fear we God and love our neighbour
  In a stronger, wiser state;
Ideals royal, people loyal,
  That our lands be truly great.

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Used successfully over a third of a century on LAND and SEA...
THE WORLD OVER

SKI DAZZLE!...
Silhouette sharp and clear as a ski trail . . . everything "tucked-in" and streamlined. The headpiece slips into the sweater . . . the sweater into the sleek ski-pants . . . with nary a crevice for a wintry wind. From the gay gathering of snowy weather "insulators" now assembled at
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THE BUSINESS FRONT

THE MARKET
GOLD AND DROSS

Safety for the Investor

SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 10, 1945

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Britain's Economic Life Hangs on Efficiency

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Despite announcement of nationalization of the Bank of England and Britain's telecommunications services, it appears that, in respect of industry, nationalization is being used as a threat to compel backward industry to make itself more efficient.

Efficiency now means life to the British people. Mr. Layton says that the action of the T.U.C. in pressing for a 40-hour week without a reduction in wages is shortsighted in the extreme and that upon the Government's firm attitude in this connection Britain's economic existence may well depend.

London.

IT WAS an over-simplification to suppose that the election of a Labor Government in Britain would settle once for all the controversy between the free enterprisers and the nationalizers.

For although the Labor Party is tied ideologically to the principle that the earth is the people's and the fullness thereof, the responsibility of governing has introduced some jarring notes into the socialistic garden of Eden.

If it were simply a difficulty of reversing precedent, of re-tossing the coin so that it comes down "head" where previously was "tail," the Government, one may be quite sure, would have not balked the issue, but would have nationalized outright in quick time.

The real difficulty is that no one can be sure that nationalization will work, in the sense of working as efficiently as private enterprise, and if one thing is certain it is that Britain never needed efficiency so much as she does today.

When a Socialist argues along this same line, that he wants socialization only so far as it conduces to efficiency, he is, consciously or unconsciously, committing a profound hypocrisy. The Socialist does not want socialism because of its efficiency but because of its social justice, and when he confuses his politics with his economics he becomes a thing neither hot nor cold.

But it is nevertheless the fact that the majority of people in Britain, even possibly many at Labor Party Headquarters, thought that a sufficiently large Parliamentary majority for the Party would solve the problem, and decide for pretty complete nationalization within a measurable time.

The first shock they received was the almost cooing note of Sir Stafford Cripps's early addresses to the cotton industry, when he told it to put its house in order (by which he meant, make it efficient) and it would undergo no nationalization.

Nationalization, which was a dream of paradise for the people, became overnight a threat to the inefficient producer, which he could avoid by changing his ways.

Whether this is socialism or not, it is plainly good sense, and Britain may count herself fortunate that she has secured a Government prepared so readily to compromise doctrine with practical reality.

Industrial Efficiency

It cannot be too often repeated that the prime need before the British people is to develop in their industrial practices an altogether new standard of productive efficiency, and, since this requirement is demanded by the standard of living of the nation as a whole, it does not matter, except in the short term, that its achievement imposes some burden upon sectional elements, or outrages those lunatic and partisan susceptibilities that induced the Trades Union Congress to press for a 40-hour week without reduction in wages. The question of efficiency is a question of life or mere existence for the British people.

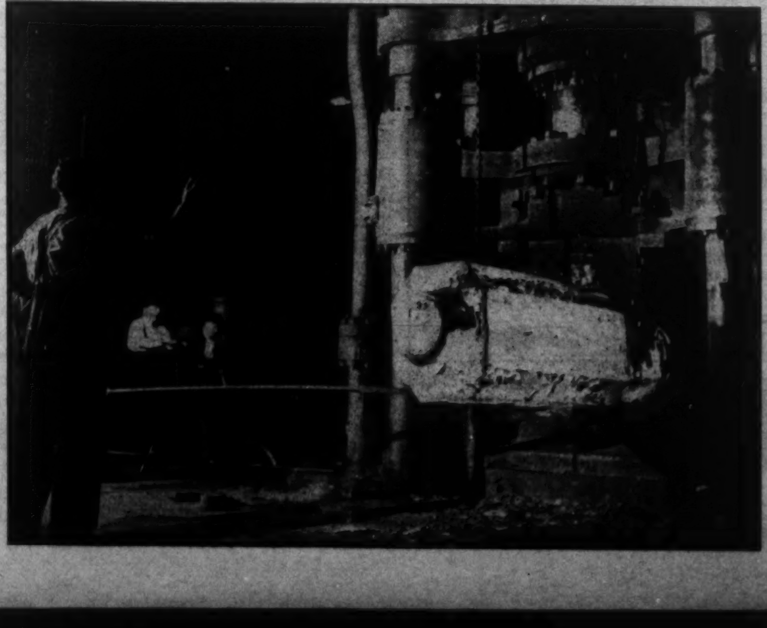
The problem has developed a new acuteness following the end of Lend-Lease. One doubts whether the practical reaction to the impressive

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Steel Makes Quick Turnover To Peacetime Production

Britain has lost none of her skill in super-refining special types of steel for which these electric furnaces are now generally used. Thus, if nickel steel is to be made, the correct amount of shot nickel is added. 97 per cent of all steel made is cast into ingots. Pouring molten steel from a hole in the bottom of this gigantic ladle into huge ingot moulds (below) is known as "teeming." In Bessemer plants the huge ladle remains stationary, while the moulds are moved successively up to the nozzle.

Below: Forging the ingot in a large hydraulic press, not only converts it into a desired shape, but toughens and consolidates the metal.



THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Canadians Against Socialism

By P. M. RICHARDS

LAST week the newspapers published the result of a Gallup poll of current Canadian feeling on the question of nationalizing all the country's industry. It indicated that since November 1943, when the last poll on the subject was held, there has been a fairly decided swing away from the idea of state socialism. Whereas two years ago less than half the people of Canada definitely thought that the lot of the worker was better under private ownership of industry, today nearly two-thirds think so. That is, no less than 64 per cent of those polled voted for private ownership, against only 18 per cent for government ownership under the C.C.F. Of the balance, 15 per cent were undecided and three per cent wanted government ownership under some party other than the C.C.F.

Surprising (at least to this column) is the fact that although government ownership of industry is a basic article of the C.C.F. faith, only 42 per cent of the C.C.F.'ers polled were for it if the government were C.C.F., and 30 per cent of them said they preferred private ownership. Thirteen per cent of C.C.F.'ers were undecided and 15 per cent were ready for government ownership if some other party composed the government. This decline of C.C.F. strength and prestige is, of course, borne out by the results of recent provincial elections, which have constituted decisive defeats for the socialist party in each case. In the federal field, the party has no representatives at all from five provinces.

Private Ownership Preferred

While all this might be regarded as a more or less natural public reaction from the plenitude of government controls in wartime, there is the fact that (despite the obvious waste and extravagances inevitable in so vast and imperative an undertaking as the turning over of a democratic state to total war) the operation of those controls was probably at least as efficient in Canada as in any other country. Under them, everyone had a job, usually at higher-than-normal pay, and no one, or almost no one, showed any worry over the rapidly mounting national debt. The people expressed its approval of the government's handling of the war emergency by re-electing it, contradicting the general rule that a wartime government is turned out with the return of peace.

Yet, with all this, the Gallup poll indicates that a considerable majority of the people of Canada wants to see industry continue under private ownership, notwithstanding the publicity given to claims that "free enterprise" cannot possibly provide full employment. It is, we think, a significant poll.

The fact of this preponderance of desire for private enterprise is stressed here because so many people seem to believe that precisely the opposite situation exists. These people are always threatening industry with socialization if it fails to furnish enough postwar jobs. For instance, the report of the Bovey commission on veterans' rehabilitation, made public last week, remarked that "The Allied victory ensures not the everlasting existence of free enterprise but only another and perhaps the last chance for free enterprise to survive." But what can government do (in Canada) that private enterprise cannot do?

A Charge Upon Producers

It can, of course, create jobs even if only of the leaf-raking kind, but to the extent that such jobs are unproductive they are a charge upon the actual producers in the nation. Is it suggested that government ownership and operation of the means of production will enable this nation to sell its surplus wheat and minerals and forest products and manufactured goods to foreign buyers more advantageously than the present private producers can? It does not seem likely, when one looks at the evidences of government costs of operation during the war. It seems anything but likely.

To most observers, private enterprise seems to mean "big business," the corporations employing thousands of workers. The little enterprisers, who in the aggregate are so much bigger than "big business," are overlooked. It is misleading and dangerous, this column is convinced, to suggest that freedom of enterprise is only the concern of the big fellows. The inevitable trend today is toward extension of the functions of government, and the problem is how to reconcile this trend with preservation of freedom of enterprise.

We need free enterprise more than we have ever needed it before because we must now have a considerably larger national income, volume of production and volume of employment, as compared with pre-war years, if we are to carry our new postwar burdens and remain prosperous. And only freedom of enterprise, in which fields of opportunity are not limited by official planners, can give us the necessary scope.

Because of the pressure of hostile world conditions, preservation of this freedom will certainly not be easy at the best; it may be impossible if all elements—organized labor and agriculture and "little" enterprisers—do not admit it as a common aim. In any case, state socialism is unsuited to Canada because of our dependence on foreign markets. Nationwide recognition of this fact would do much to stimulate enterprise and promote progress.

(*Continued from Page* 42)

statement by Lord Keynes of the relative sacrifice of Britain in this war will be as great in the United States as the moral impression is reported to be.

But whether Britain is counting on generosity or not, the main issue is unaffected, for generosity always comes to an end, but the struggle for Britain to support its great population will never come to an end.

Therefore, whatever comes out of the Washington talks the urgent matter is for Britain to see to it that she can produce and sell goods in the world's markets in competition with all other producers, and at the same time so develop her internal resources that she needs to import no more than is dictated by the sane economic compulsions of the international division of labor.

It is in this context that the continuation, by reason of the Government's apparently kid-glove policy towards industry, of the free enterprise *versus* nationalization controversy must be viewed. And it is this also which colors the whole field of economic direction, in taxation as much as in labor, in finance as much as in material supplies.

If there is one matter which is capable of arousing strong criticism against the Government it is the labor question. The influence which the Trades Union Congress has upon "its own" Government is self-evident, and the T.U.C. is adamant on a labor policy that makes as much sense as a man who, his house disintegrated by fire and his possessions gone, determines to work less and earn as much.

Perhaps the Government may be moved by a sense of partial failure in the field of nationalization to seek to redress the ideological balance by supporting such fantastic labor claims. Whatever the reason, it must be urged upon them that though the blood is gone, the toil and the sweat remain, and that to deny them is to deny the task, and to deny the task is to deny Britain's very economic life.

A Government that has shown its realism in its attitude towards the essential socializing canon of its dogma, can add new credit to its record by dealing realistically with the extravagant demands of organized labor.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Kerr-Addison Likely to Become Canada's Largest Gold Mine

By JOHN M. GRANT

ASCENDANCY of Kerr-Addison Gold Mines to its present prominence is not altogether new information to readers of this column. As many times mentioned this mine is outstanding among those discovered in the Dominion in more than three decades, and now is shaping up to become not only the largest and richest gold producer in Canada, but possibly in the whole North American continent. Until recently the only ore reserve estimates made public were to a depth of 1,450 feet and these were slightly over 8,300,000 tons of 0.2 oz. grade ore. Today, however, estimates down to a depth of 2,500 feet have about more than tripled these and while this mine is still far from fully developed, there is believed to be approximately 25,000,000 tons grading around $8.60.

•

In the less than eight years since production commenced value of Kerr-Addison's production has not been far from $29,000,000 and dividends paid to shareholders close to $8,300,000. The mine however, is still a young one and the estimated ore reserve of 25,000,000 tons is said to be contained within an area 2,000feet in length and some 400 feet wide, in which section there are four principal ore bodies. Despite the huge ore proportions already indicated there is every reason to believe that other ore chances exist outside of the limited area which to date has received development and exploration attention.

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James Y. Murdoch, president of Kerr-Addison, in the annual report for the year ended December 31, 1944, stated "I believe results to date and present prospects justify the belief that your property is one of major importance." The labor situation has hampered development and exploration but with a normal crew there is every reason to believe the company will be announcing the opening of new orebodies. In fact in the third quarter of the current year the company announces the discovery of two parallel carbonate-type ore zones which appear to be of importance as regards tonnage. Drilling on the 1,600-foot level gives a combined length of over 600 feet to the two zones and an average width of more than 25 feet and grade of $11. A carbonate-type ore zone having a length of 480 feet, average width of 34½ feet and grade of $8.47, was also indicated by diamond drilling on the 1,900-foot level, and these finds are in addition to the estimate of the 25,000,000 tons to the 2,500-foot horizon.

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Like other gold producers Kerr-Addison has suffered acutely from the manpower shortage but at the end of September had a working force of 314 as compared with 280 men at July 1st and officials are of the opinion the labor situation will steadily improve. In spite of the labor shortage it has been possible to fully maintain ore reserves and substantial tonnages of ore were discovered on the upper levels beyond the estimated outlines of known orebodies. It is of great significance that at the 2,500-foot level the ore conditions are as satisfactory as they ever have been. In fact that horizon is said to be an exceptionally fine one. The average width there is 60 feet and the grade $9, with the tonnage so far opened up as favorable, if not more so, than met with on the floors above.

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Ken Bay Gold Mines is the new company incorporated to acquire and develop a new gold find made this summer at Little Stull Lake, close to the Ontario-Manitoba boundary and approximately 50 miles north and west of the Lingman Lake area. The find, which is regarded as one of the best of the season, was made by a prospecting party acting for the Brennan Dennis Prospectors Trust and Greenland Prospectors Trust, syndicates formed nine years ago. The largest shareholders of the new company will be Hollinger Consolidated and Coniagas Mines Limited, and it will start with more than $58,600 in its treasury. The gold values on the property occur in a wide zone

(*Continued on Page* 47)

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THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
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Industrial Engineers and Consultants

Maple Leaf Milling Company Limited
and its wholly-owned Subsidiaries

CONSOLIDATED PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT
FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST JULY 1945

Earnings from operations before providing for the charges set out below but after providing for refund of wheat rebates		$1,813,799.80
Income from investments		68,032.52
		$1,881,832.32
Deduct:		
Interest on 5½% first mortgage bonds due 1958 (redeemed 29th August 1945)	$192,059.25	
Interest on first mortgage sinking fund bonds 3¾% series due 1963	2,932.38	
Interest on 3% collateral trust debentures	38,750.00	
Depreciation on buildings, plant, equipment, autos and trucks	210,462.41	
Appropriation for employees' pensions	94,707.89	
Loss on sale of fixed assets and investments	30,311.95	569,223.88
Profit before providing for taxes on income		$1,312,608.44
Provision for taxes on income	$850,000.00	
Less refundable portion thereof	79,000.00	771,000.00
Net profit for the year carried to surplus account		$ 541,608.44

Note: The above provision for depreciation includes an amount of $100,000 which is not deductible for purposes of income and excess profits taxes.

CONSOLIDATED EARNED SURPLUS ACCOUNT
FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST JULY 1945

Balance 31st July 1944		$2,206,345.83
Add net profit for the year		541,608.44
		$2,747,954.27
Deduct:		
Premium on redemption of the balance of the company's 5½% first mortgage bonds due 1958	$ 32,300.00	
Discount and expense on the issue of the company's first mortgage sinking fund bonds 3¾% series due 1963	100,000.00	132,300.00
		$2,615,654.27

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

We have made an examination of the consolidated balance sheet of Maple Leaf Milling Company Limited and its wholly-owned subsidiaries as at 31st July, 1945, and of the statements of profit and loss and surplus for the year ending on that date. In connection therewith we examined or tested accounting records of the company and its subsidiaries; we also made a general review of the accounting methods and of the operating and income accounts for the year and made tests of the year's transactions.

We report that, in our opinion, based upon our examination, the accompanying consolidated balance sheet and related statements of profit and loss and surplus have been drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the companies' affairs as at 31st July, 1945, after giving effect to the transactions set out above, and of the results of their operations for the year, according to the best of our information, the explanations given us and as shown by the books of the companies. All our requirements as auditors have been complied with.

Toronto, Canada,
25th October, 1945.

CLARKSON, GORDON, DILWORTH & NASH,
Chartered Accountants.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

G.A.M., Shawville, Que. — I have no knowledge of the investment counsel you quote. ELDONA GOLD MINES has for some time been endeavoring to clarify the ore picture. Several gold bearing ore zones were indicated by diamond drilling but the consulting engineer pointed out some time ago that a large amount of drilling would be necessary to determine the commercial possibilities of the sections so far disclosed. It was recently reported that a fat-lying sulphide body, containing an estimated 1,000 tons per vertical foot, has been indicated by three nearly vertical drill holes. These holes cover a length of 250 feet and show grade of around $5 per ton. In the opinion of the resident manager this sulphide zone may be a finger from a larger sulphide body in the immediate neighborhood. The above mentioned holes were north of a dike and it is planned to continue drilling westward to extend the sulphide zone outlined and also do some exploratory drilling south of the dike.

B. M. T., Kenora, Ont. — It's too early to say what net will be, but it appears likely that a new record in WINNIPEG ELECTRIC COMPANY'S gross earnings will result from this year's operations, according to W. H. Carter, the company's president. Complete renovation of the transport system is planned when buses are available. This is dependent on the approval of the Winnipeg city council. The renovation plan calls for use of trolley buses on all but a few lines.

C. C., Picton, Ont.—I would suggest you communicate with the Prudential Trust, Company, Ltd,. 217 Bay Street, Toronto, as to the transfer of your holdings in BROWNLEE MINES. This company was succeeded by Brownlee Mines (1936) Limited, which later changed its name to Joliet-Quebec Mines Limited, and your shares, I understand, can be exchanged for the latter on the basis of one new for five old. At the property, adjoining Noranda and Quemont, shaft sinking is under way and diamond drilling continuing. Initial objective of the shaft is 600 feet and four levels will be established to develop and explore a zone in which 1,000,000 tons of one per cent. copper has already been indicated. This tonnage is calculated to include several hundred thousand tons of two per cent. material. The shares are listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

L. S. F., Longueuil, Que. — LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO., LTD., has declared the usual semi-annual extra of 12½ cents a share along with the regular dividend of 25 cents a share for the second quarter. An extra for the same amount was paid in June of this year to bring total distributions for the calendar year 1945 to $1.25. This rate has been in effect for many years and was paid without interruption during the war, or at a time when retail grocery chains were finding operations difficult due to the shortage of merchandise and commodities to the extent that many had to be rationed.

W. J. C., Trail B.C.,—I would be inclined to retain O'LEARY MALARTIC MINES shares as this company has a very interesting and diversified list of holdings. Formed a few years ago as a prospecting organization the company has been quite successful and today has a strong asset position, as well as large claim holdings and share interests. It was a pioneer in Mud Lake (Belleterre) area of Quebec, and its most important holding is 30,000 shares of Belleterre Quebec Mines, a subsidiary of McIntyre Porcupine. Share interests are also held in numerous companies, including Elder, East Rouyn, Marygold, Ortona, Bellemac (Mud Lake), Warrenmac, Westwood Cadillac and Keymor. A 500,000 share interest is to be obtained from a company to be formed on property adjoining east of Belleterre mine. Property holdings are also extensive in various sections of northwestern Quebec.

M. D. E., B.C.—OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. has reported net profit available for dividends for the year ended Aug. 31, 1945, at $1,111,864, equal to $1.62 per common share, comparing with $1,055,004, or $1.52 for the previous twelve months.

N. C. H., New Westminister, B.C.—Sinking of a three-compartment shaft to an objective of 500 feet is now proceeding at AUBELLE MINES, Belleterre area of Quebec. Four levels are to be established. Drilling of the No. 2 vein continues with a number of holes showing the structure, as outlined for 3,000 feet by surface work to persist downward with good width and mineral-

LAKE SHORE MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 103

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty Cents per share, on the issued capital stock of the Company, will be paid on the fifteenth day of December, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the fifteenth day of November, 1945.

By order of the Board.
KIRKLAND SECURITIES LIMITED
SECRETARY.
Dated at Kirkland Lake, Ontario,
November 1st, 1945.

The B. Greening Wire Co. Ltd.

MANUFACTURERS of wire cables and ropes and wire cloth used in a wide range of industries, plans of the B. Greening Wire Company Limited for the postwar period are well advanced. The plant at Hamilton has sufficient orders on hand to assure maximum production for many months and work will begin next spring on a new building to cost from $300,000 to $400,000. Wire cables are used extensively in the development of mines, as well as for many other purposes, and the Canadian mining industry is on the eve of one of the most active development periods in its history following the curtailment of such work during the war years. Products of the company are used by the paper, sugar refining, chemical, flour milling, brewing, distillery industries, etc. In the annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1945, H. B. Greening, President, stated the development of the company's plans during the next two to three years is expected to add greatly to the manufacturing equipment, replacing some old and also installing new machinery. The B. Greening Wire Company Limited has no reconversion problems and is in a good financial position to provide for the postwar plans.

Net profit for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1945, of $167,968 was equal to 88 cents per share of the present common stock, compared with $160,439 and 84 cents per share for the previous year. The 1944-45 net included 24 cents per share refundable tax and that for 1943-44 6 cents a share. Surplus at the end of the last fiscal year amounted to $1,042,477 and was an increase from $696,509 at June 30, 1940.

A consistent increase in net working capital has been reported for years, with the total of $1,175,341 at June 30, 1945, up from $776,336 at June 30, 1944. Current assets of $1,597,829 at the end of June last included cash of $43,087 and Dominion Bonds of $610,828, well in excess of total current liabilities of $422,488.

The company has no funded debt or preferred stock outstanding and at June 30, 1945, capital consisted of 190,000 common shares of no par value. At the recent meeting of shareholders a 3-for-1 split was approved in the present shares which resulted from an 8-for-1 split in 1937. An initial quarterly dividend of 15 cents per share was paid on the present common January 1938 and continued on this basis to date.

The B. Greening Wire Company Limited was incorporated in 1923 to acquire a business originally founded in 1859. Plants are located at Hamilton, Ontario, and Montreal, Quebec.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1939-1945, inclusive follows:

	Price Range		Earned	Price Earnings Ratio		Dividend
	High	Low	Per Share	High	Low	Per Share
1944	13	11	$0.88	14.7	13.6	$0.60
1943	12¾	10½	0.84	15.2	12.5	0.60
1942	11¾	9¼	0.99	11.9	9.3	0.60
1941	11⅛	9	0.96	11.6	9.4	0.60
1940	14⅜	11	1.34	10.7	8.2	0.60
1939	14	9⅞	0.84	16.7	11.8	0.60
Average 1939-1944				13.2	14.1	
Approximate Current Ratio				18.1		
Current Yield				3.8%		

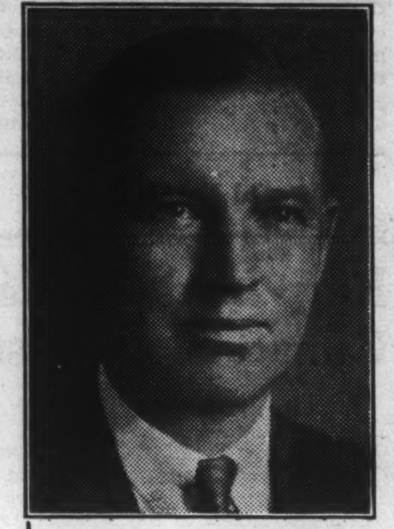
Note—Earned per share is for fiscal years ending June 30, 1940-1945 and includes 24c. per share refundable tax 1944, 6c. in 1943 and 33c. in 1942.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Year Ended June 30	1945	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940
Net Profit	$ 167,968	$ 160,439	$ 188,669	$ 181,685	$ 254,974	$ 158,804
Surplus	1,042,477	993,013	960,080	888,139	821,078	696,509
Current Assets	1,597,829	1,475,150	1,451,822	1,683,407	1,506,257	1,123,078
Current Liabilities	422,488	328,753	373,182	603,355	621,664	346,742
Net Working Capital	1,175,341	1,146,397	1,078,140	1,080,052	884,593	776,336
Cash	43,087	326,804	16,364	24,561	268,547	157,525
Dominion Bonds	610,828	479,866	749,729	634,038	274,800	101,354

Net profit for 1945 includes $46,000 refundable portion of the excess profits tax, 1944 includes $12,000 and 1943 includes $62,000.

Assistant General Managers—The Bank of Nova Scotia



D. A. Y. MERRICK

Mr. Merrick was born at Merrickville, Ontario and entered The Bank of Nova Scotia at Ottawa in 1902. He was appointed Assistant Manager at Vancouver in 1912 and subsequently was the Bank's Manager at Fort William, Saskatoon, Regina, Halifax, Vancouver and Toronto. With this extensive experience extending across Canada and covering all phases of Canadian industrial and agricultural activities, he was appointed Supervisor of Branches at Toronto in 1939 and Chief Supervisor in 1943.

E. S. CRAWFORD

Mr. Crawford is a native of Saint John, N.B. and entered The Bank of Nova Scotia at that point in 1902. His first appointment was Manager of the Bank's Charlotte Street, Saint John Branch in 1911. After several managerial appointments he was made an Inspector in 1919. In 1920 he was appointed the Bank's Agent at San Juan, Puerto Rico, and in 1925 the Bank's Supervisor of Cuban Branches at Havana. Returning to Toronto in 1938, he was thus well qualified for his new post of Foreign Supervisor at Central Office.

Matthews & Company

announce with pleasure, the return from service overseas, of the following members of their organization—

Major-General A. Bruce Matthews, C.B.E., D.S.O., E.D.
Brigadier Frank Lace, O.B.E., E.D.
Colonel J. C. H. Anderson, M.C.
Wing-Commander Paul W. Matthews, R.C.A.F.
Lieut. Commander James Edwards, R.C.N.V.R.

80 King Street West
Toronto, November 6, 1945

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BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 330

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of FIFTEEN CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after SATURDAY the FIRST day of DECEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 31st October, 1945.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking House of the Institution on MONDAY, the THIRD day of DECEMBER next.

The Chair to be taken at 11.30 o'clock A.M.

By Order of the Board.
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager

Montreal, 16th October, 1945.

Notice is hereby given that Certificate of Registry C1023, has been issued to the Century Indemnity Co., Hartford, Conn., authorising it to transact in Canada the business of Accident Insurance, Aircraft Insurance, excluding insurance against loss of or damage to an aircraft by fire or transportation, Automobile Insurance, excluding insurance against loss of or damage to an automobile by fire or transportation, Guarantee Insurance, Plate Glass Insurance, Sickness Insurance and Theft Insurance.

Mr. R. H. Leckey, Toronto, Ontario, has been appointed Canadian Chief Agent.

Canadian Wirebound Boxes LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The Directors of the Company have declared a dividend of thirty-seven and one-half cents (37½c) a share on account of arrears on the Class "A" shares of the Company, payable January 2nd, 1946 to holders of record the close of business December 10th, 1945.

By Order of the Board.
F. H. ELLIS,
Secretary.

Canadian Breweries Limited

COMMON DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of twenty-five cents (25c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Common Stock of this Company, payable January 1st, 1946 to shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1945.

By Order of the Board,
W. C. BUTLER,
Secretary.

Toronto, November 1, 1945.

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ization. The No. 2 vein lies about 800 feet south of and parallel to the No. 1 vein. Some 37 holes ere put down on the No. 1 vein which was traced for a distance of 3,500 feet. While some of the intersections were high grade, others carried little and considerable lateral work will be necessary to get a true average. One estimate is that 800 feet of the vein will run $10 across four feet and another that 1,000 will carry values of better than $7 across 4.4 feet. All outstanding options on treasury shares have been exercised giving the company a total of approximately $500,000, an amount considered ample for completion of the development program and erection of a milling unit.

T. D. J., Saskatoon, Sask.—ST. LAWRENCE FLOUR MILLS' production is sold for several months ahead, and mills will operate full blast for some time to come, D. A. Campbell, president, told stockholders at the annual meeting in Montreal. He pointed out that wage costs have increased as much as 90 per cent., and that the milling industry is going to face the hardest kind of competition, and will run into an era where it will be difficult for the company to hold its own.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Weed Out Second-Rate Stocks

BY HARUSPEX

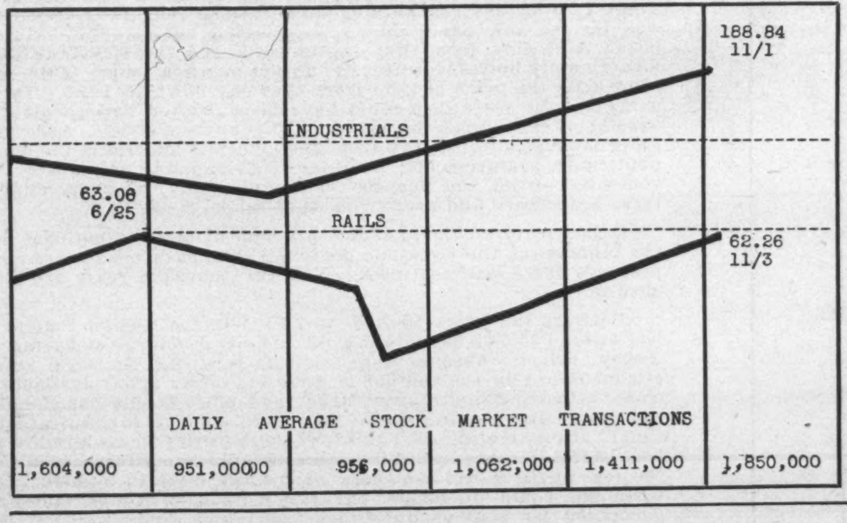
THE CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: We regard stocks, following broad advance on the basis of high war earnings, as in a distributive zone preparatory to cyclical, or substantial intermediate, decline.

THE INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the July/August low points of 160.91 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 51.48 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Discussing the market outlook in one of our October Forecasts, we expressed the view that the rail average would make a try at its bull market peak established in late June at 63.06. This test is now under way and its result will be important from a technical standpoint. If the rails prove unable to go through such top and the rail and industrial averages should then both decline under the July/August bottoms of 51.48 and 160.91, respectively, a signal of major reversal in an uptrend from early 1942 will have been given. To the contrary, ability of the rail average to move above its former peak would confirm similar strength shown by the industrial average some weeks back and such decline in the two averages as subsequently came would have to be regarded merely as a corrective or testing movement (such as was the May/August decline) prior to subsequent attempt at new high ground.

In either event, that is, failure or success of the rail average, over the days ahead, in closing above 63.06, we feel the market is approaching a point from which price recession—intermediate or major, as discussed above—could easily put in its appearance. On this basis we would regard periods of strength ahead as the occasion both for weeding of second-rate war-inflated or so-called "marginal" issues out of accounts and the establishment—where not already effected—of substantial buying reserves.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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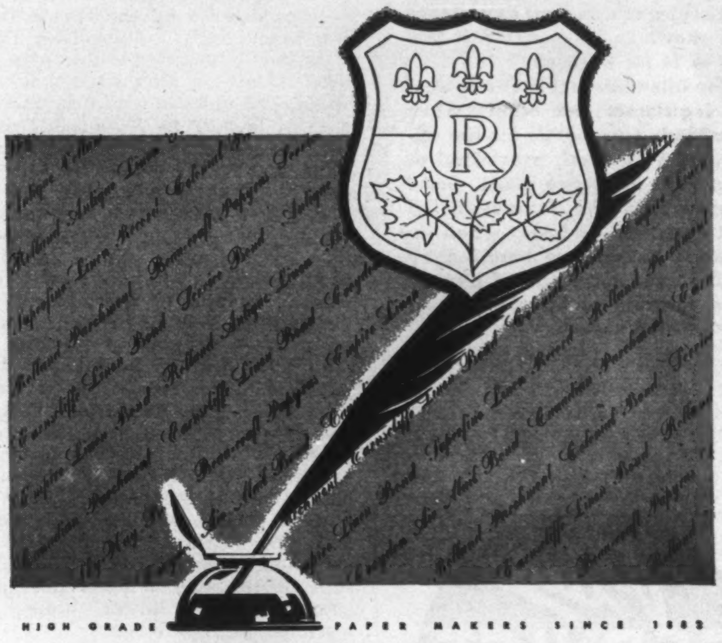
McCALLUM HILL BLDG. - - - - REGINA, SASK.
407 AVENUE BUILDING - - - - SASKATOON, SASK.
1 ROYAL BANK BUILDING - - - - BRANDON, MAN.

A BUSINESS TRADITION



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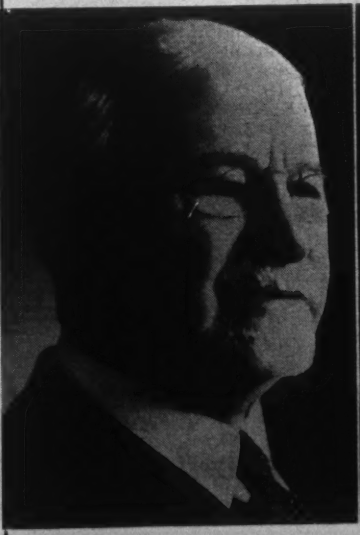
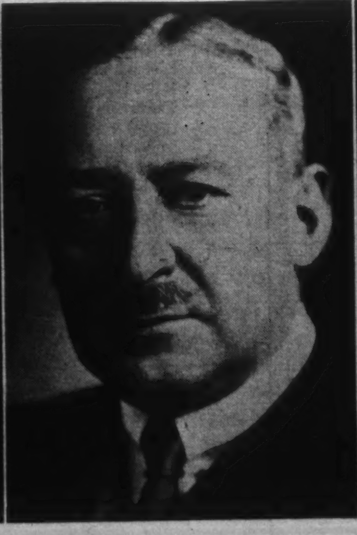
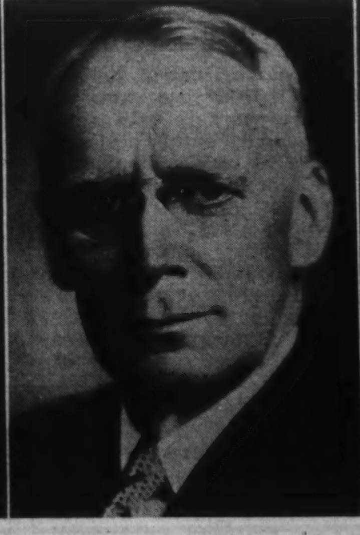
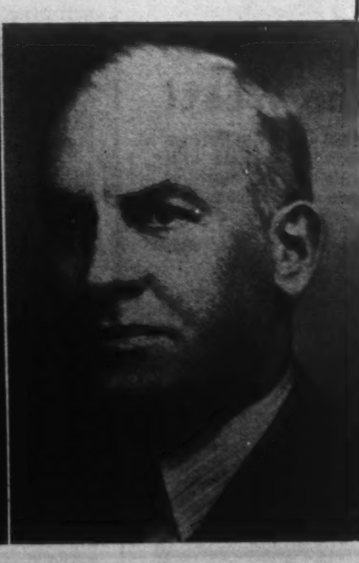
EXECUTIVE CHANGES — THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA


JOHN ANDREW McLEOD


HERBERT DESCHAMPS BURNS


EDWIN CROCKETT


HORACE LUTTRELL ENMAN

J. A. McLEOD was elected Chairman of the Board of Directors of The Bank of Nova Scotia at a recent directors' meeting. He has been President of the Bank since 1934. He succeeds S. J. Moore, who continues as a member of the Board. H. D. BURNS was elected President, succeeding Mr. McLeod. He has been General Manager since 1941 and a Director and Vice-President for the past year.

E. CROCKETT, Assistant General Manager, was elected Executive Vice-President. H. L. ENMAN, Assistant General Manager, was appointed General Manager, succeeding Mr. Burns. He is the ninth to hold the position of General Manager since the founding of the Bank 113 years ago.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Experiment in Compulsory State Insurance Has Growing Deficit

By GEORGE GILBERT

To be safe and able to fulfill its obligations to the insured, every insurance scheme, whether operated by the state or private insurers, must be established and conducted on sound underwriting principles which long experience has shown to be essential if failure is to be avoided.

Too often this fact is overlooked by legislators and others when considering proposals for the setting up of federal, provincial or municipal insurance plans. Some people hold the fatuous belief that costs will be lower when insurance business is handled by civil servants instead of by private insurers under the present competitive system.

IN a previous article on this page the "Rhode Island Cash Sickness Plan," as it is called, was dealt with in some detail as an interesting experiment in compulsory state insurance. This plan has been in existence since June 1, 1942, and is operated entirely by the State of Rhode Island, it being claimed that the individual state can furnish as good a plan as any which might be offered on a federal basis.

As pointed out before, the scheme is administered by the Rhode Island Unemployment Compensation Board. It is not a hospitalization plan, nor does it furnish medical benefits, but simply provides for the payment of a cash benefit to a worker who is out of work because of illness or accident. In the regulations there is no provision requiring the claimant to go to a designated hospital or a certain doctor or to receive a special type of treatment. The claimant is required to give notice that he is sick and unable to work, due to disability, and to have the fact certified by his own personal physician.

Benefits as high as $18 per week, payable for a maximum period of about 20 weeks, are provided under this scheme. To support the scheme a payroll tax of 1 per cent on income up to $3,000 is levied on employees only. One of the main flaws in the plan is that a worker may receive both the sickness benefit and the workmen's compensation benefit, the sum of the two benefits not infrequently being larger than the worker's regular wage.

Double Payments

Another problem has arisen due to the fact that some employers pay wages to workers while absent .on account of sickness. Such payments are no bar to the receipt of the state's benefits also. It is rather curious that while the original measure contained provisions to prevent such double payments as would encourage malingering, they were deleted by amendments.

It is to be noted that the establishment of this scheme, unlike many other proposed government insurance plans, did not require at its inception the employment of additional personnel, as use was made of the facilities of the Unemployment Compensation Board of the State. In Rhode Island employees as well as employers are taxed under the Unemployment Insurance Act, the tax on employees being 1.5 per cent per annum of payroll up to income of $3,000 a year for personal services, while the tax on employers is 2.7 per cent of payroll, or a total unemployment insurance tax of 4.2 per cent of payroll.

Being a highly industrialized State, where for several years there has been little or no unemployment, Rhode Island had built up a large unemployment reserve fund, and this undoubtedly was a strong factor in bringing about the enactment of the Rhode Island Cash Sickness Compensation Act, which was passed with practically no opposition.

While contributions under the Act began on July 1, 1942, there were no disbursements to workers until April 1, 1943, so that during this period a fund of $2,500,000 was accumulated, with one per cent of the amount being set aside for administration expenses. It has been estimated that of Rhode Island's population of about 700,000 about 53 per cent, or 370,000 persons, are covered under the Act. Although policemen, firemen and other municipal employees are excluded, it appears that about 90 per cent of all workers come under this compulsory scheme.

Operating Costs Increase

It has evidently been found that the cost of operating the scheme is more expensive that was anticipated, for at last year's session of the legislature the Board asked for and was granted an increase from 1 per cent to 3 per cent of the income for administrative expenses. The Board also asked for an additional one-half of one per cent of the unemployment tax, to be transferred to the cash sickness insurance fund, but this was refused.

It appears that the cash sickness insurance scheme is operated along the same lines as the Unemployment Compensation Act. Benefits are based upon wages during a base period, the base period being the preceding year. Where the base period wages are under $100, there is no benefit payable. From $100 to $124.99 of base period wages there is a benefit credit of $34. With each increase in base period wages there is an increase in the benefit credit until a maximum of base period wages of $1,800 or over is reached. The total maximum credit benefits at present amount to $364.50.

In view of the rapid increase taking place in the number of claims, the Board in 1943 set up a medical examination board to check on the claims, instead of accepting and paying claims on the certification of the claimant's physician, as was previously the established practice. Investigations made by the Board had disclosed that several claimants were able to drive their automobiles and perform other duties which were comparable to those of their regular occupations.

To End Malingering

It was the opinion of the Board that the establishment of the medical examination board would eliminate chisellers and malingerers and safeguard the funds for the benefit of workers who were really incapacitated and unable to do any work. Such action was not contemplated when the Act was passed, dependence being placed on the certificate of the claimant's physician in order to keep down expenses of administration.

But costly experience has evidently proved the necessity of this medical check up, and claimants who are referred to the medical examination board are required to go to Providence, the capital of the State, for medical examination. Of the first lot, about 6,000 required to report for medical examination, over 1,400 failed to turn up. About 30 per cent of the claimants examined by the medical board, it appears, have been denied any further benefit.

An Appeal Board of three members was also established, one member from labor, one from industry, and the chairman of the Unemployment Compensation Board. Claimants who have been denied further benefit by the medical examination board have the right of appeal to this body, as well as the right of appeal through the courts of the State. It appears that about 35 per cent of the cases rejected by the medical examination board have been appealed, and that about 5 per cent have been given additional consideration.

Despite the safeguards added and the measures taken since the plan was established to keep it on a solvent basis, the annual report of the

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The views expressed in this series of advertisements are those of the advertiser and must not be considered as expressing the opinion of The Saturday Night.

Treatise No. 3 of a series designed to enlighten Investors on the True Place of GOLD in our economic system.

If you are interested in becoming a recipient of this all-important series of Twelve Letters relative to THE TRUE PLACE OF GOLD in our economic system, simply send us your name and address. There is no obligation.

Rome Discovered it Too Late

The majority of people are interested only in those things which they can see, hear, feel or experience within the span of their own individual lives. Factors, forces or influences which require centuries to work out their respective cycles receive scant attention. Consequently the number of people who take the trouble to study these long range forces is small indeed. But, as history shows, this small number has wielded a power altogether out of proportion to its size. It is truly a staggering fact, but something less than one hundred men on this planet can, and do, dictate the finances for the human race. Of course, each of these men is backed up with a staff of experts and scientists, which would bring the total of individuals up into the thousands. But these assistants DO NOT OWN THE ACTUAL WEALTH—they are merely the direct employees, or appendages.

The monument to their power and efficiency is not something recorded in stone or concrete or marble—it is, in fact, a few lines on a chart. It is a chart of the price of gold and the fluctuations of the standard of living down through the ages. These two factors run parallel down to the year 1694, when the Bank of England was formed and paper money was issued against gold-backing. Trading in gold began to decline from that day onward, and the MONUMENT to these unrecorded men (history books, notoriously, do not mention them) is the straight flat line which represents the price of gold from that day down to 1932. Despite all the economic suffering, the wars that could have been averted had people not been starving, the squalor of city slums, the savagery of country districts, these men managed to direct all economic enquiry away from the gold pile and focus the spotlight on unfortunate politicians, monarchs and statesmen and captains of industry (whichever most conveniently served the purpose at the moment), thus diverting public antipathy to these scapegoats and away from themselves.

It has required the insoluble problem of to-day's national debts to bring to light the fallacies of the economic doctrines that have been taught in our schools for the past two and a half centuries. Yet, two thousand years ago Rome had given us the answer.

Between the years 10 A.D. and 15 A.D. the Roman Empire is estimated to have had around $1,742,000,000 in gold and silver coins. Not having the facilities of paper money, ledgers, cheques and credit factors, the Empire's volume of business was circumscribed by the amount of gold and silver metal available from which to make coins. As the Empire grew larger and more people came under its banners, trade and commerce required more and more coinage to lubricate their functions. The supply of new metal failed and for two centuries Rome steadily added more and more base metal into the shrinking precious gold and silver hoard. They had robbed all the rest of the world—so there wasn't any more to be had. Finally came the time when she could no longer pay her mercenary troops (these hard-bitten warriors demanded the real unadulterated coin) and Rome was left defenceless. The last Roman general was defeated at Soissons in 486 A.D. by Clovis, king of the Franks.

For over a century prior to the Empire's downfall, shrewd people had been steadily hoarding and hiding gold. By 500 A.D., it is estimated that there was less than $50,000,000 in gold available for commerce in all Europe. With the yellow metal's disappearance went the last shred of commercial confidence. It is difficult at this late date to fully realize the significance of this fact. Volumes have been written about the "Downfall," but the disappearance of the gold pile has never received the attention it deserves. Yet, because of that disappearance, the entire world slid into a thousand years of misery—a period now called the "Dark Ages". AND NO LIGHT BROKE THROUGH THIS DARKNESS UNTIL THE SPANIARDS BROUGHT BACK THE INCA GOLD PILE FROM AMERICA. Perhaps it was the staggering mental inertia of the previous thousand years which made people slow to realize what was brightening the picture, but the men to whom we have referred in the body of this letter were not so stupid.

In the next letter will be given some further facts in the drama that led to gold's submergence in the economic scheme of things.

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We are most anxious, also, to have your individual opinion relative to the subject matter of each letter. Please write us. The expression of your ideas will greatly aid us in a vitally important economic endeavour.

Board for the year 1944 shows that the amount of benefits paid out exceeded the income by the sum of $587,327. The report also points out that even a larger deficit is anticipated for the year 1945. If nothing is done to remedy the situation, the entire fund could be wiped out in eighteen months. It appears that remedial measures proposed by the Board have failed because of the political situation in Rhode Island, where the Democrat - controlled House and the Republican-controlled Senate refused to act on the Bill that had been passed by the other branch of the legislature.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to get some information about an insurance concern called the Reliable Life Insurance Society, with head office in Hamilton, Ont. How long has it been in business and what are its assets, liabilities, income and disbursements? Is it licensed in British Columbia, and what is its income in this Province?

K. L. C., Vancouver, B. C.

The Reliable Life Insurance Society, with head office at Hamilton, Ont. was incorporated and commenced business in 1887, and until it changed its name a few years ago was known as the Grand Council of the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends. At the end of 1944 its total assets were $2,932,312, while its total liabilities amounted to $2,478,731, showing an excess of assets over liabilities of $453,581. Its total income in 1944 was $373,757, made up of: premiums, dues and assessments, $248,273; interest, $123,974; other revenue, $1,510: Its total disbursements were $393,458, made up as follows; claims, endowments and surrenders, $255,908; dividends, $7,630; head office expenses, $34,899; agency and organizations expenses, $67,980; all other expenses, $15,802; other disbursements, $221; decrease by adjustment of bonds and debentures, $11,017. Its total income in British Columbia in 1944 was $8,855, while its disbursements amounted to $7,116. It is regularly licensed in B. C., and is safe to insure with for fraternal insurance.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 43)

of chlorite schist. One sample taken across a width of 20 feet ran .35 oz. gold and another taken 250 feet to the south gave .32 oz. gold over eight feet. Five separate zones have been located. The property comprises 36 claims covering the strike of the main zone for approximately two miles.

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Ontario's new Securities Act will come into force December 1, 1945, it is announced by C. P. McTague, newly appointed Securities Commisioner. As he points out the recommendation that the proclamation be deferred until that date is primarily to cause the least confusion for the applicants who have filings in the course of preparation. From November 1944, until the end of August of this year, 488 issues were approved by the Securities Commission for sale. Most of them have option agreements running an average of 18 months. These will have to be requalified under the new act.

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Shares of Indian Lake Gold Mines have been listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. The company's holdings of approximately 1,000 contiguous acres are located in the Indin Lake area of the Yellowknife district and blanket a regional quartz-porphyry dyke, occurring in volcanic rocks, for a distance of one mile. Surface exploration has shown the dyke to have a width of from 100 to 300 feet with sampling yielding good gold values over a large area. Diamond drilling commenced in September and three holes have been completed to date and at a depth of 250 feet, initial results confirm dyke width, character and widespread gold deposition, similar to surface.

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Plans for placing its subsidiary, Renabie Mines, in the Missinabie area, Sudbury Mining Division, into production have been completed by Macassa Mines. Construction of the mill is to commence as soon as possible next spring at which time a start will also be made on a new shaft to be carried to a depth of 1,000 feet. The mill will have an initial capacity of 300 tons a day. There has been outlined to date over 314,000 tons of ore averaging better than $11 to slightly below the 250-foot level. Macassa holds 77 per cent of the issued shares of Renabie plus advances made. In the same area other companies are reported preparing for work including Bralcrne's Canbrae Exploration Limited. Lochabie Mines Limited has been formed to take over the Camex Prospecting Trust No. 4 group, to which has been added two additional claims. The discovery of gold on this property created considerable interest at the time and resulted in the staking of several hundred claims.

Company Reports

Maple Leaf Milling

THE annual report of the Maple Leaf Milling Co., Ltd., for the fiscal year ended July 31, 1945, shows that net earnings, inclusive of the refundable portion of the excess profits tax, were equal to $1.30 per share on the 417,617 common shares to be outstanding in the hands of the public and exclusive of the refundable tax equal to $1.11 a share, or well in excess of the proposed 50c dividend. This compares with net earnings on the same basis of $1.59 a share and $1.22 a share for the preceding fiscal year.

Operating profits of the company for the fiscal year ended July 31, 1945, amounted to $1,813,800 and after all charges, including income and excess profits tax exclusive of $79,000 refundable portion, there remained a net profit of $541,608.

While the demand for all products continued to tax the capacity of the plants, production was at times limited by an acute shortage of labour necessitating the closing of half of the capacity of the Port Colborne mill for a period of three months during the winter, the president's report states.

Net working capital of $2,458,597 at July 31, 1945, was up materially from $2,107,335 at July 31, 1944. This net working capital is exclusive of investments in the shares of controlled companies having market value of approximately $1,690,000.

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The Consumers Gas Company of Toronto

NOTICE
of
ANNUAL MEETING

The **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS** of The Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto, to receive the report of the Directors, for the Election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly be transacted at the meeting, will be held in the Company's Auditorium, 55 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, on **MONDAY**, the **12th DAY OF NOVEMBER**, 1945, at 12 o'clock noon.

By order of the Board.
EDWARD J. TUCKER,
General Manager.

Toronto, October 4, 1945.

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75	12.72	8.54	6.45	..	..
100	16.96	11.39	8.60	..	..
150	25.44	17.08	12.90	$ 8.73	..
300	50.88	34.17	25.81	17.46	$13.28

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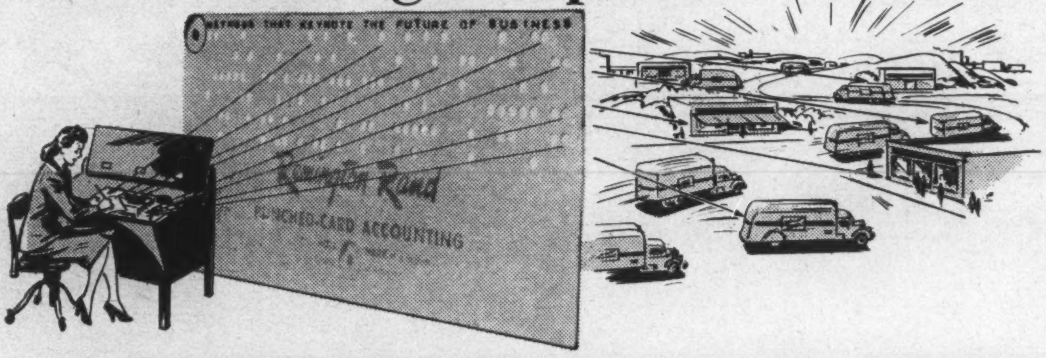
METHODS THAT KEYNOTE THE FUTURE OF BUSINESS
Remington Rand
PUNCHED-CARD ACCOUNTING

of Branch Store and Route Operations

Friend Bros., Bakeries, Melrose, Mass., found Remington Rand Punched-Card Accounting the perfect method for controlling the production and distribution of perishable products.

The fundamentals of the following Friend Bros. experience are applicable to almost any branch store or route delivery of perishables operation:

"We operate 22 food shops and 26 wholesale routes distributing 142 varieties of bakery products, having an annual volume of around three and a quarter million dollars.

"In 1940 we adopted Remington Rand Punched-Card Accounting, when we realized that manual methods of accounting failed to give us the detailed analyses and prompt reports required to direct and control the business satisfactorily. From the punched cards we get detailed daily and summary weekly reports covering every phase of sales, returns, production and costs in any desired breakdown. With these reports we can control the many activities quickly and accurately. Unprofitable items have been eliminated and returns reduced by about 50%—sufficient to cover the cost of operating the tabulating department.

"Route salesmen and store managers are enthusiastic over the system because they get increased quantities of wanted products with a minimum of returns and are confident of the correctness of their accounts.

"Remington Rand Punched-Card Accounting and Tabulating Machines have proven to be perfect for our needs and we are planning an expansion of their use to meet postwar competition."

Interesting details of this operation are given in Certified Report No. 4502, copies of which are available free to interested executives by writing Remington Rand Limited, Tabulating Machines Division, 199 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

• KWIK-FAX •
Only *Remington Rand* Punches can "hold" data for automatic repeat punching.

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Old Man Inflation stands just around the corner ready to snatch at your pay envelope and short-change you in return. It happened after 1918, and it can happen again.

It's strange but true that the only ones who can save us from inflation—excessively high prices—are ourselves. It's spending those *extra dollars* that bids up prices on everything that's still scarce. And once started, inflation spreads like a forest fire to everything we use or consume.

So let's fight the temptation to spend unnecessarily. Let's put every extra dollar into Victory Bonds and hold onto the Bonds we already have.

Think of tomorrow . . . and you'll agree the thing to do is *not* to cash Victory Bonds but to go and buy more!

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM